

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK.)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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A GROUP OF LADIES OF THE REFORM PARTY, AT OTTAWA.

Topley, photo.

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6th JULY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We regret that the illustrations which should accompany Mrs. Arthur Spragge's sketches of British Columbia are unavoidably held over till next issue.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 2nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman, Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skafte, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Chandler, who died recently at Pembroke College, Oxford, of which he was a Fellow, was regarded as the most profound Aristotelian scholar in England.

Messrs. W. and J. Arnold announce a finely printed edition (strictly limited to 400 copies) of "Verse-tales, Lyrics, and Translations," by Emily H. Hickey, author of "A Sculptor and Other Poems," etc.

The death is announced, at the age of 45, of the Rev. William H. Simeox, rector of Harlaxton. He was a contributor to the *Expositor*, *Academy* and *English Historical Review*, and was a man of much culture.

Referring to the announcement that Lord Brassey has placed the *Susbeam* at the disposal of Lord Tennyson, the *Athenaeum* wittily observes that he "will cruise in it as soon as the weather fulfils the promise of May."

The statement is put in circulation by the London correspondent of a Manchester paper that the late Mr. Frederick Martin had written a life of Carlyle, with some 150 letters from the Chelsea sage to illustrate it, and that the manuscript is missing. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that the loss will to many persons be "little short of a calamity." There seem, however, says the *Literary World*, to be mitigating circumstances which may reconcile others to the loss. They will be found in the words put in italics in the following extract:—"The late Mr. Frederick Martin, who edited the 'Statesman's Year-Book,' and was pensioned by Lord Beaconsfield, was at one time private secretary to the late Thomas Carlyle, and learned the most intimate particulars about the family of the sage of Chelsea. Some ten years ago Mr. Martin started a biographical dictionary, the introductory article of which was a long illustrated chapter about Carlyle's birthplace, family and ancestors. This chapter and the promise of others to follow gave great offence to Carlyle, who invoked the law and virtually stopped the periodical. To relieve his injured feelings, Mr. Martin wrote a book about Carlyle—all his early days, his struggles and his domestic affairs, and whatever promised to be of interest." No man is a hero to his valet, and few are heroic in the eyes of their private secretaries.



Percent et imputantur—the years pass away and are set to our charge. In three years more the Dominion of Canada will be commemorating its silver wedding. A quarter of a century of federal administration will have been completed, and our public men—nay ourselves, for we cannot shift our responsibilities—will be called upon to render an account of stewardship. The coincidence of other great anniversaries may, perhaps, be made a pretext for letting that of the Dominion slip by unnoticed. What are twenty-five years compared with ten times twenty-five, with the quarter of a millennium? Or with sixteen times twenty-five, four centuries? Yet to us the shorter period is more charged with significance. In common with all Americans, with all civilization, we share in the manifold meaning and wondrous results of Columbus's discovery. Can we imagine the last four hundred years without this boundless refuge for Europe's superfluous millions. The foundation of Montreal by De Maisonneuve is also an event on which we cannot look back with indifference; and its 250th anniversary deserves the salutation of universal Canada. But we must not forget that, but for the confederation of the provinces, we should still be a sporadic cluster of little colonies without coherence, without co-operation, without plan, or strength or hope. Confederation made us a people, bound us into one, gave us the grasp of the continent, and the control of three mighty oceans. Have we done all that we might have done with the privileges that it conferred? Have we so developed, multiplied, thriven, that, when on Dominion Day, 1892, we are asked to look back to the cradle of our nationhood, we can survey the record of intervening years with the proud consciousness that we have done our duty as citizens, as communities, as a people?

Materially our progress has been extraordinary. Let any of our middle-aged readers recall the Canada of 1864 when the federal idea first commended itself to our statesmen as practicable, and try to imagine what, from the standpoint of that time, the Canada of to-day would have seemed to him. His forecast must, indeed, have been sanguine if the reality does not greatly surpass it. Still there are some who keep insisting that confederation has been a failure, that our actual condition shows no adequate return for the expenditure of means and energies, material, intellectual and moral, that contributed to its creation. To such criticism let it be hoped that, when our silver wedding comes to pass, the friends of confederation will be able to reply. We shall look with interest to the revelations of the next census, the first results of which will be known before Dominion Day, 1892. Meanwhile, it will be the constant aim of this journal to keep the public informed of every step in our advance, of every advantage gained in the development of our vast and varied resources.

The census with our neighbours begins a year earlier than with ourselves. The whole twelve months preceding the enumeration are devoted to the collection of data by individuals. Farmers, for instance, are asked by circular—which has already been issued—to keep careful accounts of

the products of their farms, their live stock, their incomes and outlays, during the year beginning June 1st, 1889. The more accurately such accounts are kept the more trustworthy will be the census statistics. The circular sent out by the census superintendent is, therefore, an appeal to the patriotism and conscientiousness of every householder who receives it. In June, 1890, the enumerators make their house to house visits, and on the character of the returns handed to them will depend the value of the census. It has been suggested that, if farmers would make it a rule to keep accurate accounts of their operations all the time, the task would come easy to them in census years, and the public would have more faith in the census statistics. The advice is as applicable to Canada as to the United States. There is no reason why farming should not, like other occupations, be conducted on a strictly business basis.

We are glad to see that an organized effort is being made to extend the benefits of the experimental farm near Ottawa to the agriculture of this province. The task of initiating the movement has been entrusted to the able editor of the *Pionnier de Sherbrooke*, who, by a series of articles and lectures, will impress on the people of the Eastern Townships the great advantages of scientific and economical, as opposed to haphazard, methods in agriculture. He will also show the value of the manifold experiments that Mr. Saunders has been conducting for some years past with different grains, vegetables and trees, which, though adapted to latitudes, or isotherms like ours in Europe, have only recently been introduced to the northern regions of the American continent.

Every week our attention is called to some new phase in the development of our varied resources. A business which, according to the *St. John Sun*, has of late been assuming large, and is likely to assume much larger, proportions, is the utilization of the native granite of New Brunswick. Near St. George, in Charlotte County, at the mouth of the Magaguadavic River, a place hitherto noted for its lumber trade, there is a mountain of red granite, which, it is claimed, has no superior in the world. Several firms are doing a thriving business in this substance. At Carleton a company has been formed, known as the New Brunswick Red Granite Company, the business of which has of late materially increased. It has a large quarry at St. George, where red, and at Spoon Island, where grey, granite is obtained; gives employment to about a hundred and forty men, and receives important orders from the United States, as well as at home. All kinds of materials for building purposes are manufactured in the company's works.

The *Canadian Architect and Builder* devotes a long and carefully written article to a question which has of late been exciting a good deal of controversy—that of the disposal of electric wires. That the overhead wires, in the present multiplicity of telegraphic operation, have become excessively inconvenient, not to speak of their unsightliness, is generally admitted. Can they be placed underground without disadvantage? The experience of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other American cities, and of the British metropolis, shows, urges our contemporary, that telegraph, telephone, fire alarm, and other low tension wires, can be so worked successfully. With high tension wires, the expense of keeping them in order stands in the way. In many cases double

rates would be the result of their enforced burial. The *Architect and Builder* suggests the adoption of a neat and safe pole line and waterproof insulation (from the lack of which arises the danger). Civic authorities should, therefore, insist on the burial of all low tension wires, and compel electric light companies to erect safe and slightly overhead lines, until they too are able to operate the underground system with economy. In that way, our contemporary thinks, the question might be satisfactorily solved.

No testimony to the desirableness of the North-West as a field for the emigrant, whether from Eastern Canadian or English visitor, has been so enthusiastically outspoken as that which "Eli Perkins," the well-known American journalist, has rendered after a recent visit. A region of 200,000,000 acres, he writes; a region as large as two Dakotas, Iowa, and Nebraska; a region of wondrous fertility and salubrity, and of a climate which, at the central point, averages 35° between November and March, still awaits the population that is to till it and to dress it. A great portion of that region is north of the boundary line. "Do you want a farm?" he asks of his clientèle, the American public. If so, he says, write to the Government land agent at Winnipeg, who will send you pamphlets and maps, indicating the best districts for a homestead, and will also send you letters of introduction to sub-agents all along the line of the C. P. R., who, in turn, will assign you free farms of 160 acres in their respective districts. "I have been simply astonished," wrote the same enterprising journalist to the *N. Y. World*, "at the natural wealth along the entire line of the C. P. R. The miracle of Guthrie has been eclipsed by Vancouver, which has grown into a city of 16,000 in three years." Wherever he went the surprise and delight were the same. "There is no poor soil along the C. P. R." And then the mineral wealth and the scenery, the mountains, the forests of cedars, the mighty rivers, with their majestic canyons. The North-West and British Columbia are the veritable wonderland.

It is a good sign when a country's public and professional men have a taste for letters and find time to gratify it. In this respect Canada, if it cannot set itself up in comparison with its great motherlands, has, at least, not forgotten their good examples. The list of our statesmen, barristers, (including occupants of the Bench), and members of the Civil Service, who have engaged with credit in the pursuit of one or other branch of literature, is not altogether unworthy of our origins, traditions and destinies. The palm belongs, we believe, to our French compatriots, some of whose most distinguished *littérateurs* have also reached high positions in political life. The *doyen* of the literary guild in this province (as Mr. Lighthall reminds us in the "Songs of the Great Dominion") is the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. How little the burden of years has impaired the clearness of his mind or the silver fluency of his tongue, was made opportunely evident by his oration on the inauguration of the Cartier-Brebeuf statue. The mastery of language, the scholarly thought, the exuberant patriotism, the veneration for the mysteries of religion, which impressed the vast audience gathered on the banks of the historic L'Anse-au-Loup, were the same that had thrilled and delighted an elder generation around the tomb of Garneau.

While the "Old man eloquent" is thus, with pristine vigour and learned grace, appealing to the

piety and patriotism of his people in presence, as it were, of the very cradle of New France, a younger son of Canada, who has served his country in the highest position to which one of its citizens can aspire, has been laying before his enlightened compatriots the treasures of a more recent, but not less significant, past—the story of Canadian (as distinguished from French or British) conquest in the North-West. In our last issue (No. 52) we gave an inadequate summary of the events covered by the Hon. ex-Governor Masson's admirable work. "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest" is not only a credit to the learned and estimable author, it is invaluable to the student of our history.

A NEW YEAR.

With this number the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED enters on its second year, and, as may be seen in the proper place, a change has taken place in the title of the administration. The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company will henceforth assume all the duties and responsibilities of the firm of G. E. Desbarats & Son, Mr. G. E. Desbarats holding the position of Managing Director. To what we have already said as to the aims of the periodical—aims indicated in its name—and the manner in which the publishers have endeavoured to carry them out, there is little to add. We shall continue to do our best to make the journal a fair and full representation of the natural wealth, scenery, places of historic interest, sporting facilities, health resorts and public and private enterprise of the Dominion. But this task we can discharge worthily only when we are assured of the sympathy and co-operation of the authorities and people of the Dominion. We appeal, therefore, to the patriotic devotion of all to whom these lines may come to assist us in our undertaking, which, we feel assured, only needs fair play to render it of real and enduring benefit to our great country. We promise to do our part, and if our readers and the public only do theirs, our combined efforts are sure to be fruitful.

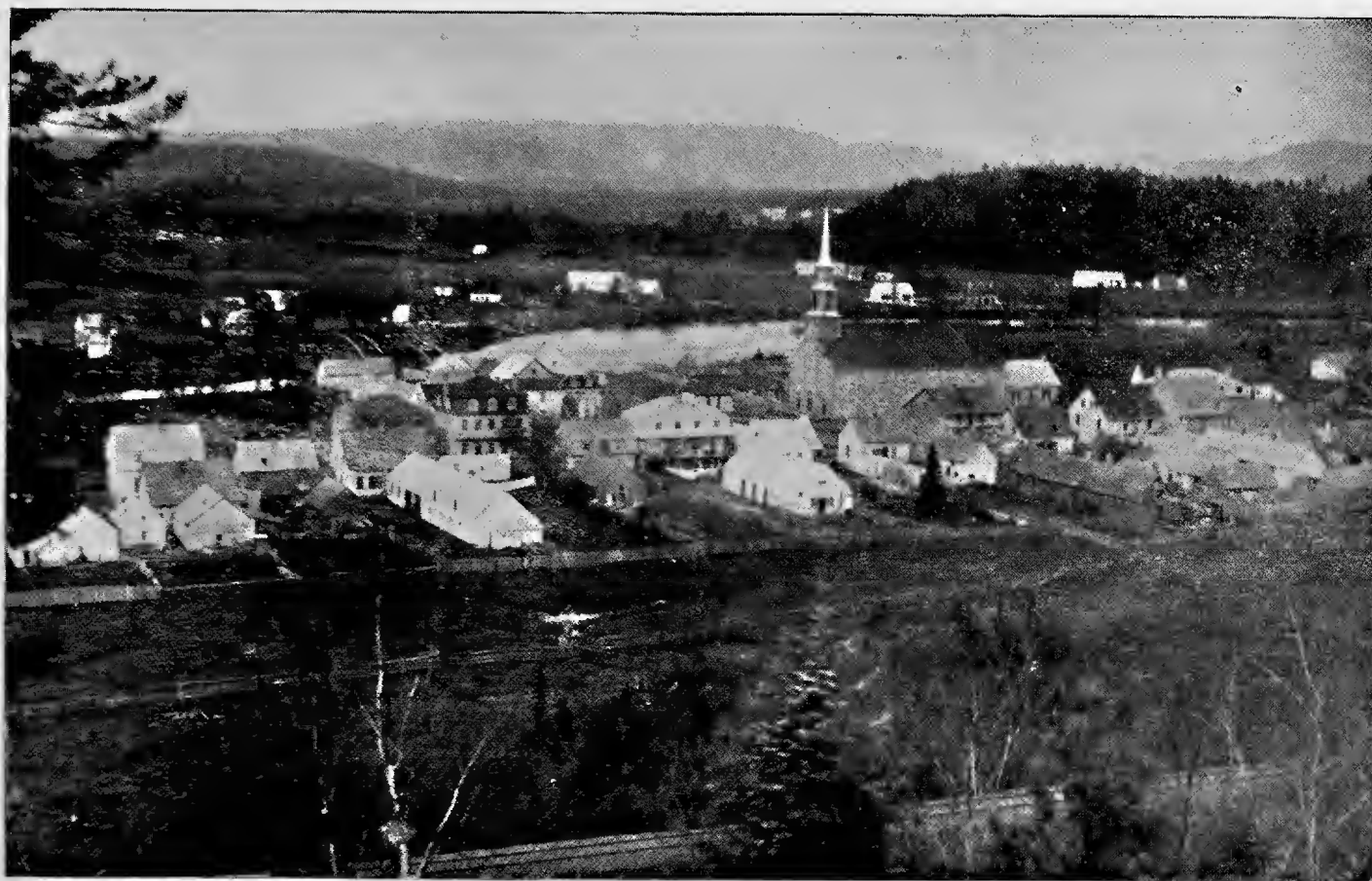
CARTIER-BREBŒUF.

The celebration of the National Festival this year will be memorable in the history of the French-Canadian people. The erection of a monument to Jacques Cartier on the very spot where he wintered more than three centuries and a-half ago, was the happy conception of M. Amedée Robitaille, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec. The idea had often before, doubtless, occurred to patriotic Canadians. It is now about forty-five years since, through the exertions of the late Mr. F. B. Faribault, an enthusiast for all that concerned our historic past, the Mayor of St. Malo collected a mass of interesting information bearing on the career of his distinguished townsman, of whom all Bretons, and all Malouins especially, are justly proud. Not the least valuable of the gifts that were then conferred on Canada was a copy of the famous portrait of the illustrious explorer, so familiar to later generations. We, who see those features under so many different circumstances,—on bank bills, in advertisements, and as simple ornamentation, can have no notion of the surprise and delight with which its advent to these shores was hailed by Mr. Faribault and his friends nearly half a century ago. Nevertheless, though familiar, the lineaments of the brave mariner, to whom Canada owes so much, have lost nothing by frequent reproduction. It was meet

that the pioneer hero of the Canadian people should be a well-known figure to every Canadian child. No school boy or school girl has to-day to be told for what reason the representatives of Church and State, of business and professional life, of agriculture and manufacturing industry, gathered in such numbers at Quebec on the 24th ult. and following days. When they heard or read the impassioned periods of Abbé Paquet, his outbursts of sacred eloquence and appeals to the higher sentiments of patriotism; when they listened to or perused the glowing tribute of that veteran statesman and man of letters, the Hon. Dr. Chauveau, to the glories of the past, and especially to the spirit of noble enterprise and pious zeal which impelled the explorer and the missionary to abandon the ease of home for the trials and dangers of the ocean and the wilderness, they knew that the centre of so much admiration and merited praise was that very Jacques Cartier whose face they had known so well, whose attitude and thoughtful expression have so often excited their wonder. It is well for a people, when it has heroes so great and so good, that the children may be permitted without fear to exhaust their curiosity in asking about their lives. To such a type of heroism Cartier essentially belonged. His career makes a capital boy's story—lacking no element of interest, novelty in scene and character, perils by land and sea, the dramatic conflict of motive. But its interest is a hundred fold increased when it is remembered that his romantic voyages and discoveries, his bold navigation of strange waters, his interviews with the denizens of the forest, his unfailing observance of religious duty, his naming of places after the festivals of the Church, his setting up of the Cross and the arms of France, thus giving all who might come after him to understand that his royal master was already in possession of the region—that all these records of valour and skill and successive adventure, form the opening chapter in the history of Canada and the Canadian people.

It so happened that the same storied spot on the banks of the L'Anse-au-Loup, where Cartier and his companions had spent the winter of 1535-36, was, at a later stage in our annals, the chosen home of the missionaries who came to evangelize the Indians. Of the roll of honour of these martyrs and confessors, one name was selected to serve, in conjunction with that of Cartier, for the commemoration of Religion's share in the building up of the Canadian people. Thus the two names—Cartier-Brebeuf—stand for what is most characteristic in the settlement, growth, and expansion of the French race on this continent, the union of religious enthusiasm with exploring enterprise. If we follow the traces of their advance from point to point westward and northward and southward, over the as yet untrodden expanse of North America, we shall seldom find the black robe long in the rear of the adventurer, and we shall often find him indicating the way, which the trader, the soldier or the man of science was subsequently to make his own. The story of her missions is and will ever remain a most salient and glorious feature in the development of New France. What a train of thought is suggested by that concourse of last week on that spot of clustering memories! In the New World our shrines are few, and the spirit of new-world life is not favorable to their preservation. But Quebec and its vicinity abound in vestiges of the past. Every footstep one treads is haunted by association with names and deeds that are historic.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.



TWO VIEWS OF ST. RAYMOND.

Livermoir, photo.



W. W. OGILVIE, Esq., THE GREAT CANADIAN MILLER.

Notman, photo.



GRAIN FLEET SAILING INTO THE HARBOUR OF KINGSTON, ONT.

From a drawing by Mr. M. Henderson.

But to no spot in it or near it can the visitor repair in which the spirit of the days gone by has fuller mastery than where stands the Cartier-Brebeuf memorial. And, henceforth, it is sure to be one of our most frequented goals of pilgrimage. May its erection bring home to every Canadian the duty of doing his individual share in maintaining and enhancing the glories of his race, by doing, like Cartier, like Brebeuf, his allotted task in his day and generation. Imitation is, after all, the truest homage.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

This institution, of which the closing exercises for the years 1888-89 took place last week, is, perhaps, hardly so well known to the people of Canada as, in view of its services to the country, it deserves to be. It was established in 1876 for the purpose of imparting a thorough education in all branches of military tactics and such other departments of knowledge as come within the range of an officer's requirements. Mathematics, surveying, military topography, reconnaissance, mechanics, engineering, artillery, fortification, chemistry, geology, geometrical and freehand drawing, military history, administration and law, modern languages, and other subjects allied to these are comprised in the course of study. The gentlemen cadets are subject to military rules and regulations, as in the regular army. The commandant is always a British officer of high rank and long experience. The institution was first placed in charge of Col. Hewett, R.E., C.M.G., who held the responsible position with credit to himself and profit to the college until 1886, when he retired on receiving a high appointment from the British Government. To his accomplishments, ability and tact the success of the Military College has been in a large measure due. He was succeeded by Col. Oliver, R.A., who had been associated with the work of the institution almost from its foundation, and, on his retirement, the present commandant, Major-General Cameron, was placed at the head of the college. The staff of professors consists of picked men, each of whom is a specialist in the subject on which he lectures or gives instruction. On graduating, each cadet takes rank as a lieutenant in the Canadian militia, those who obtain commissions in the British army being, however, excepted from this rule. In January, 1880, notification was given of the intention of the Imperial Government to offer annually four commissions to successful cadets of the college. These commissions were to be one each in the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, the Cavalry and the Infantry, and in the summer of the same year Messrs. Perry, Fairbanks, Wise and Freer availed themselves of a privilege which has since then been regularly conferred on deserving graduates. The commissions are offered to each graduate successively from the highest in the list until four have signified their wish to accept. Already there have been nearly forty such appointments, and several of the alumni of the college, who have thus taken service in England's army, have won high reputations for ability and courage. Some of the graduates have been deemed worthy of positions in the college as instructors. A considerable proportion of them served their country with distinction in the Northwest.

The advantage to Canada of having such a centre of military education and traditions can hardly be over-estimated. The years spent at Kingston are not only likely to be recalled as the most pleas-

ant in the lives of those favoured with cadetships, but cannot fail to be most fruitful in the formation of character and habits. The association of young men of lofty aspirations with veterans of the English army, rich in its best traditions and masters in military lore, is itself an education. The moral effect of the training is invaluable, whether the cadet chooses an army career or turns his gathered knowledge to account in the furtherance of the great public works of his native Canada. He is, though professionally civilian, a soldier by discipline and ready for the soldier's patriotic task should ever danger threaten our borders. The Royal Military College is the best link that could have been devised between Canada and the motherland. The presence of native Canadians in the Imperial service tends to perpetuate the sentiment of enthusiasm in our national glories and to make the prestige of connection with them a real thing to every province in the Dominion.

Not the least welcome feature in the operation of the college is the place occupied in its honorable roll by gentlemen of French-Canadian names and lineage. Here on our own soil, for more than a century, the descendants of *la Belle France* have proved their patriotic devotion and soldierly prowess in many a field. In 1775, in 1812, in 1866, whenever a foreign foe dared to threaten or assail our common country, they were always in the van, proud to show the military ardour of old France in defence of the new France which their fathers had won from the wilderness. However changed might be its conditions, it was still their cherished home and contained all that they most prized on earth. The institutions under which they lived had left intact all the heirlooms of their race. Those institutions had, moreover, been made their own by adoption and development, and they looked upon them as the palladium of their liberties. On these grounds had De Salaberry and his valiant Voltigeurs fought for hearth and home at Chateauguay; and later generations have gloried in his example—the initialed record of our army list shows to what effect. A military college, therefore, where scions of both races acquire the art of leadership by learning obedience, self-command and reverence for authority is an institution of which all who wish well to Canada should know the value, and we are sure our readers will rejoice to hear of its continued success.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

I.—THE MILLING INDUSTRY.

In no respect has the industrial development of the Dominion in recent years been more marked than in the enormous expansion of the grain and flour trade. Some of our readers are probably old enough to recall the day of small things, before the era of railroads had revolutionized the carrying trade, when the lonely settler trudged for miles through the forest with his bag of wheat to the little grist mill which had the monopoly of its district. In his interesting sketches of early pioneer life, Mr. Canniff Haight tells of the first grist mill in Ontario, built by the Government for the use of the settlers, to which his grandfather carried his few bushels of wheat in a canoe a distance of some thirty-five miles. In the course of time mills multiplied, but for many years they remained of the same dimensions, the greater number of them having but a single run of stones. As the production of the country increased and machinery improved, a change began to take place in the character and capacity of the mills. It was not, however, till within a comparatively recent time that the business assumed the proportions which give Canada its repute in this important branch of

industry. Some twenty-five years ago a Hungarian devised a small porcelain roller as a substitute for the stone roller previously in use. In 1867 Mr. Ogilvie went to Europe to gather information on the subject, and the result was the introduction of the new invention into Canadian mills. Its adoption inaugurated a new era. Ever since then Canada has kept pace with the march of improvement, and every new idea has been promptly turned to account.

Montreal has long been the headquarters of the milling trade, and among its noteworthy firms that of Messrs. A. W. Ogilvie & Co. has for years held a leading position. We, therefore, associate Mr. W. W. Ogilvie with this opening article on our grain and flour industries. The first flour exported to Europe, under British rule, was ground at his grandfather's mill at Jacques Cartier, near Quebec. That was in 1801, shortly after Mr. Ogilvie's arrival in this country from Stirlingshire, Scotland. Seeing the prospects of a profitable business, he built a mill at the Lachine Rapids. The farmers from the surrounding country were accustomed to bring their grain to Montreal market (then held on what is now Custom House Square), and Mr. Ogilvie had no difficulty in obtaining their wheat. In 1802 an important bakery was established on the site of the present Balmoral Hotel. In the deed, the land is said to be "on the King's highway, leading to Lachine and near Montreal"—a description of which shows that our city limits have considerably extended since the beginning of the century. At the close of the last century the magistrates fixed the price of the brown loaf of 6 lbs. at 7½d. or 15 sols, the white loaf of 4 lbs. being rated at the same figure. In the year when Mr. Ogilvie started his bakery, the grand jury, owing probably to a scarcity of flour, ordered the price to be raised to a shilling.

In 1852, Mr. A. W. Ogilvie and his brothers, Messrs. John and William Ogilvie, erected the Glenora mills on the Lachine Canal. Subsequently they erected the Goderich, the Seaforth, the Winnipeg, and the Royal Mills. The daily capacity of these mills is 25,000 bushels or 5,650 barrels of wheat. No less than 32 elevators, all owned by Mr. Ogilvie, situated in Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories, are employed for the storage of the wheat supplied by the farmers. In 1877 Mr. Ogilvie inaugurated the regular export of wheat from Manitoba, beginning with 500 bushels. It was forwarded in bags and shipped by Red River steamers to Fargo, whence the North Pacific conveyed it to Duluth, on Lake Superior. From that point it was forwarded to the mill at Goderich, where it was ground. Though the quantity was small, the venture sufficed to establish the reputation of Manitoba wheat, and from that date the shipments steadily increased. In ten years the exports had grown to 12,000,000 bushels—24,000 times the quantity of the experimental year.

In 1880 an important impulse was given to the North-West wheat trade by the extension of the St. Paul and Minneapolis Railway to the southern boundary of Manitoba, and its connection with the Emerson branch of the Canadian Pacific. An uninterrupted route was thus secured between the North-West wheat fields and the outside world. Shipments by rail were then first made, via Chicago, to Eastern Canada and Montreal. The following table shows the increase that Mr. Ogilvie's shipments subsequently underwent from year to year:

YEAR.	BUSHEL.
1881.....	200,000
1882.....	400,000
1883.....	650,000
1884.....	1,000,000
1885.....	1,250,000
1886.....	1,500,000
1887.....	2,100,000
1888.....	3,900,000

Up to the present, in fact, Mr. Ogilvie has purchased more than half of all the wheat grown in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway he has shipped largely to Japan. That Canada is destined to secure a large share of the trade of the lands beyond the Pacific may, indeed, be regarded as certain. Our neighbours have already

begun to feel how formidable is the competition induced by our great transcontinental line. The grain business of Canada is only one—though a most important—phase of the railway, our advantages in which American firms do not pretend to ignore. The extent of our grain business will be best shown by the complete returns for last year.

In 1888 Canada exported, of her own production, 9,370,158 bushels of barley, valued at \$6,494,416; 566,721 bushels of oats, valued at \$185,010. Of these two grains Canada exported none of foreign growth. The export of peas was 2,164,049 bushels, valued at \$1,532,245; of wheat, 2,163,754 bushels, valued at \$1,886,470; of wheat of American and other growth, there passed through Canada 5,125,910 bushels, valued at \$4,535,484; of flour of wheat, of native growth and grist, the export was 350,111 barrels, valued at \$1,580,019; of flour of wheat of foreign production, 5,768 barrels, valued at \$23,693, were exported; of Indian meal, the export was 345 barrels, valued at \$1,305; the export of the same commodity of foreign production, was 442 barrels, valued at \$942; of beans, the export was 66,768 bushels, valued at \$124,795; of beans, not grown in Canada, 151 bushels, valued at \$464, were exported; of oatmeal, the export was \$13,849, valued at \$53,525; of oatmeal, of foreign production, 510 barrels, valued at \$1,426, were exported; of all other kinds of meal, 12,465 barrels, valued at \$48,714, of native, and 102 barrels, valued at \$396, of foreign production, were exported.

These figures will give our readers some notion of the progress that Canada is making in this branch of industry.

There are at present in the Dominion more than 2,000 mills, giving employment to a large number of hands, which exported last year 376,770 barrels of flour of all kinds. When the extent of our grain-raising areas is considered, we may imagine what proportions our production and export of these necessities of life may assume before the century has closed.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VI.

WOLF CREEK—KOOTENAY INDIANS—LAKE PASILQUA—MR. HUMPHREY'S RANCHE—INDIAN RACE COURSE—SIX MILE CREEK—SECOND CROSSING OF THE KOOTENAY—CRANBROOKE—DESTRUCTION OF COLONEL BAKER'S RESIDENCE IN 1889.

Leaving Sheep Creek early in the morning on the 4th September at noon, we came to a rapid stream called Wolf Creek, where a party of Indians, on their way to spear salmon in the Columbia, were encamped. During the morning we passed whole family parties riding along on their cayuses, sometimes a mother and three children inexplicably mounted on one small animal, which was further decorated with their household gods, while numerous colts and dogs followed in their train. They all looked happy and prosperous and greeted us with "Clahow-gah?" their equivalent for "How do you do?" Some of the Indians near the spot where we watered our horses were playing cards with a remarkably greasy, dirty pack; they were gambling for tobacco. It is curious how the red man copies and exaggerates the vices of civilization. All Indians are inveterate gamblers. Our attendant Baptiste, during his expedition to Cranbrooke, won seven horses in the notorious game of Seven-up. Not content with these ill-gotten gains, however, he desired to increase his stud and in the effort lost them all, and his handsome Mexican saddle into the bargain, returning with us in sorry plight a sadder and wiser Indian than when he left the Columbia Valley.

We left the main trail at Wolf Creek and entered upon the newly prospected government wagon road, which traverses a beautifully wooded park-like country some miles from the river. The September sun was so particularly warm and penetrating that we were duly grateful for the cool shade afforded by the magnificent evergreens beneath which we rode all the afternoon. At five o'clock

we turned off the Government road for the benefit of a particular camping ground, of which we had heard great things, as being a most attractive and beautiful spot practically unknown to ordinary travellers through the district, and being on the shore of a lake not located at that time upon any provincial map.

It certainly far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. After an abrupt descent from the woods, and a short canter across an open grassy plateau, a sudden break in a belt of forest trees revealed a lovely little lake lying immediately at the base of the Rocky Mountains, which rose in woods and crags from its surface, and were tinted every shade of purple, blue, amber, and gold by the rays of the setting sun, each line of colour, together with every stick and stone on the surrounding banks being faithfully reproduced in the calm, deep water as clearly as in the most perfect mirror. The land on the opposite side to that by which we approached was in deep shadow and sloped down to the lake in a succession of bold promontories, each clearly outlined in sombre tones, contrasting curiously with the gorgeous coloring of that portion still illuminated by the sun. The effect of the light and shade mingling thus in the centre of the sheet of water gave a curious impression of mirage. This lake is called by the Indians Pasilqua, a name which has to my ear a soft, suggestive sound that is singularly appropriate. It seemed about five miles long, varying in width, the lower end, opposite to which we pitched our tents on a high grass bluff, being entirely concealed from view by the farthest headland which hid the sweep of its glistening waters, while a distant golden mountain formed the background of the picture, on which nature at that hour seemed to have exhausted her palette. With the soft evening lights of a perfectly cloudless sky, without a sound in the air above or on the earth beneath, the scene as we drew rein and gazed would alone have repaid the most arduous journey.

The next morning we resumed our journey and returning to the ordinary trail by the Government road, over which we had come, we inspected the ranche near Wolfe Creek of Mr. Humphreys, a wealthy Englishman, who, after visiting Australia, India, and various other parts of the globe, elected to settle in British Columbia. He bought 960 acres of land originally, to which he has added greatly since. Upon it are some excellent log buildings, a new house, and the finest corrals in the country; they are all charmingly situated on high ground, rising gently from Wolf Creek (which, by the way, contains large quantities of trout), and command a lovely view of the broken range of the Rockies on the east. We declined all offers of hospitality, the master of the house being absent, and rode on two miles further, stopping to dine by the shores of a woodland lake. Grassy slopes and glades opened out of the heart of the forest down to its very waters, which were covered in the shallows by beds of reeds and rushes, offering a good cover for numbers of wild duck, and a brace of these, by a good deal of manoeuvring, my husband succeeded in obtaining for our mid-day meal.

We were in our saddles and off again before three o'clock, and rode for miles during the afternoon through the same wooded park country I have described, following the course of the Kootenay, which came occasionally into view. We passed, on our way, close to a long, winding inlet from the river, set in a background of dark trees and hills, reminding me of many pictures of the English lake country; indeed, the beautifully cultivated aspect of this valley, with its boundless meadows of native grass, impresses the mind with an idea of civilization and settlement, yielding only to the absence of horses and human beings. We gradually descended, towards evening, from high ground, and entered upon a broad bit of prairie, rejoicing in the name of Hummer's Flats, extending between the river and the wooded land above. They are used by the Indians as a racecourse, and their level surface of wild grass is one that every devotee of the turf might envy them. We made the best of time over it for a distance of two miles, when the trail led us again on to high ground, and we pitched our tent, for the sixth and last night under canvas, by a small stream, embowered in trees and known

as Six Mile Creek. We found the Rocky Mountains close to us once more, and I much enjoyed gazing again up into their purple depths. The evening was clear and not unpleasantly cool, and the forest dell where we camped, with its mountain foreground and the silver crescent of the new moon rising behind us among fine trees, seemed a typical sylvan retreat worthy of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our camping ground proved so seductive that we overslept ourselves, and it was eight o'clock before a start was effected. Once in the saddle, we continued our way over the high grass benches, amid which we had found a resting-place the previous night, following the course of the river farther and farther up the beautiful Kootenay valley. A cold wind blew down upon us from the Rockies, near which we rode, making the temperature anything but agreeable for early September, especially as the sun was concealed behind heavy gray clouds, while masses of mist rolled along the sides of the range and threatened every moment to envelope us in a downpour of rain. We caught occasional glimpses of the Kootenay winding far below us through its yellow hay marshes and broad flats, similar in character to the one we had traversed previously. At noon we reached the second crossing of the river. Here the ferryman has a picturesque log house, charmingly situated on a cliff high above the water, commanding a most extensive view of the country we had just ridden through, as well as that upon which we were about to turn our backs. We dismounted and descended on foot the steep gravel road leading down to the Kootenay, which we crossed, animals and riders, in a large flat-bottomed scow, propelled by the force of the current and worked with pulleys upon a heavy rope stretched, in primitive fashion, from a tree on one bank to another on the opposite side, the river here being only some hundred feet wide at low water. Mounting again, we left the Kootenay behind us and rode on through a wooded bottom of young poplars, where some grouse got up under our horses' feet, but escaped immediately into the thick cover. We soon reached the end of the flat and ascended a high belt into park country beyond. A gallop over this brought us to one of a chain of small lakes, covered with wild fowl, where we stopped to dine, and were *en route* again by three o'clock. We had not gone far before the threatening clouds of mist that had hung over us all the morning descended in a solid, penetrating rain. After cantering for a mile, enveloped in mackintoshes, Colonel Baker's ranche came suddenly into view and was hailed with delight. It consisted of a number of detached buildings, situated on a slope rising gently from the broad plain below known as Joseph's Prairie, which stretches away to some wooded grass benches, and is bounded in the gray distance by the main range of the Rocky Mountains, rising in serrated peaks upon the horizon. The dwelling-house proper was burned to the ground during Col. Baker's absence in Victoria in January last, 1889, on which occasion Mrs. Baker narrowly escaped with her life, and both she and her husband lost many valuables which can never be replaced, as well as their personal effects, books, papers, saddles, gems, etc. Being so far from civilization, their losses were all the more trying from the time it took, in the depth of winter, to supply them.

The strong and the weak alike wither at the touch of fate.
Plough deep, while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.

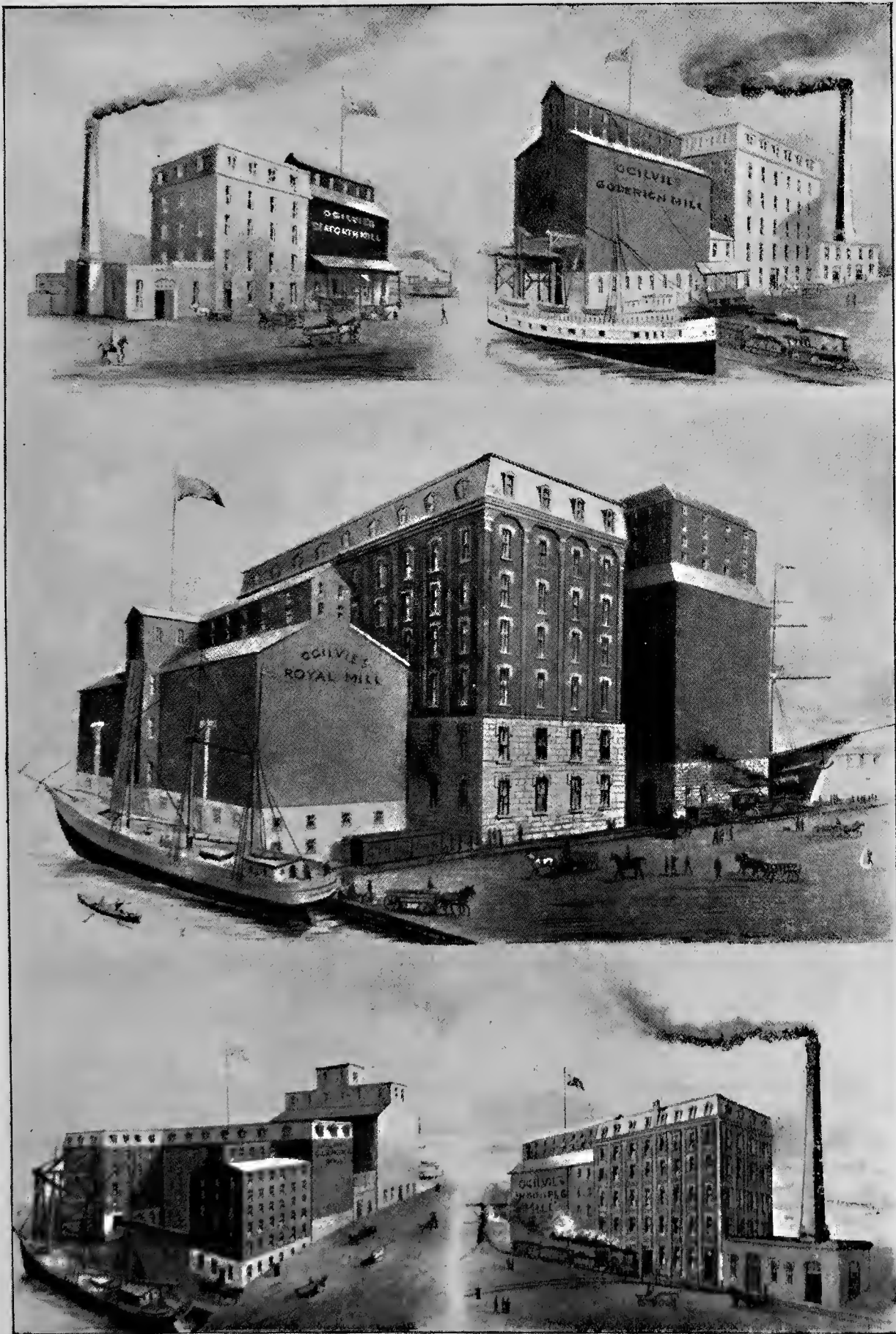
Once having determined in your conscience that you are sailing under the right colours, nail them to the mast.

Three things are known only in the following way: A hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.

Much of worldliness consists in mutual and moral atmosphere; and the beauty of Divine things, bringing with them their own especial joy, surrounds us with a supernatural atmosphere, which assimilates our inward life to itself after a time.

To live well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a little space because God wills it, to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching . . . who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero, but he is one of God's heroes.

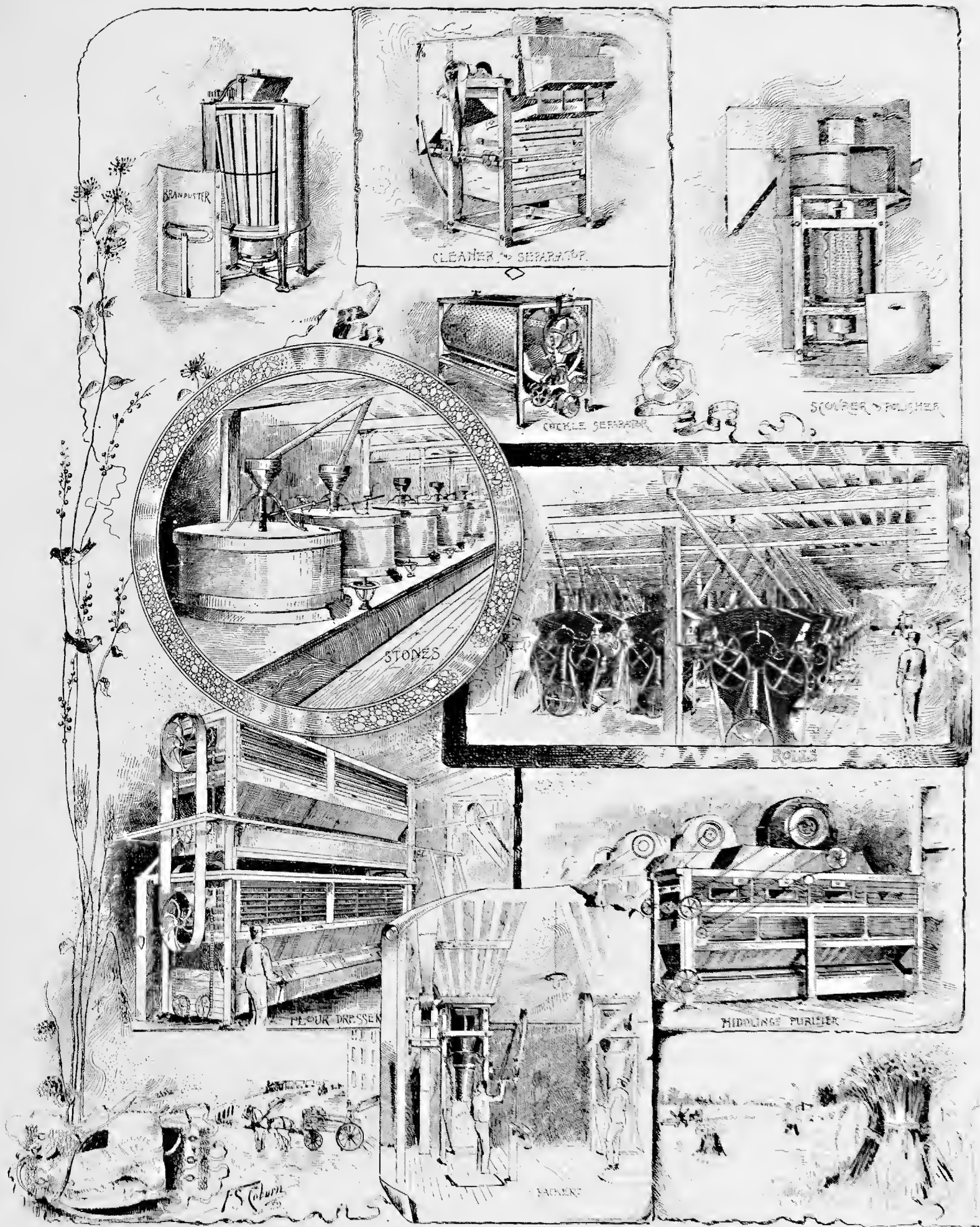
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OUR ENGRAVINGS

THE LADIES OF THE REFORM PARTY.—The Saturday evening receptions, or "conversations," given by Madame Laurier and Mrs. Mackenzie during the past two sessions of the Dominion Parliament, have been among the most enjoyable of the social gatherings of Canada's capital. These receptions are held at the Grand Union Hotel, where Hon. Alexander Mackenzie makes his home during the session. Madame Laurier, the wife of the eloquent leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, is a charming hostess. An excellent musician, clever, witty and vivacious in conversation, and thoroughly well informed, she makes friends of all who frequent her society, and will render valuable assistance to her husband should he ever be called upon to fill the position of Premier of the Dominion. Mrs. Mackenzie, the wife of the ex-Premier, is a fine motherly lady, charming in her manner and conversation, thoroughly democratic in her ideas, and devoted to her husband. She is exceedingly popular, both with political friends and opponents. Her greeting is always warm, and her guests are never neglected. At their receptions Madame Laurier and Mrs. Mackenzie are usually assisted in entertaining their visitors by Mrs. Dr. Wilson, wife of the member for East Elgin; Mrs. Jones, wife of Hon. A. G. Jones, M.P. for Halifax; Mrs. Innes, wife of the member for South Wellington; Mrs. Davies, wife of Mr. L. H. Davies, M.P. for Queens; P. E. Island; Mrs. George E. Casey, Mrs. Dr. Platt, Mrs. Lewin, of St. John; Mrs. Senator Grant, Mrs. and the Misses Scott, of Ottawa, wife and daughters of Senator Scott; and other prominent ladies in sympathy with the Liberal party. The reunions, at which the regular visitor will meet all the principal Liberal public men, Dominion and Provincial, are always pleasant and enjoyable. The photograph, reproduced in this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is one of a group of Reform ladies, in which the five eastern provinces are represented—Ontario, by Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Wilson; Quebec, by Madame Laurier; Nova Scotia, by Mrs. A. G. Jones; New Brunswick, by Mrs. Lewin; and Prince Edward Island, by Mrs. Davies.

ST. RAYMOND.—In this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED appear two views of St. Raymond, the prettiest, as well as the most populous, village between Quebec and Lake St. John, on the line of the railway. St. Raymond is 36 miles from Quebec, and nestles in a pretty hollow in the valley of the St. Anne River, hemmed in on almost every side by mountains. It is one of the surprises of a trip over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, the train suddenly emerging from a dense bush upon the summit of a steep grade immediately overlooking the white-washed houses of the busy little place. There are a number of comfortable country hotels in St. Raymond, which is becoming quite popular as a summer resort. It is conveniently situated for people doing business in Quebec, two regular trains daily and frequent excursion trains running between it and the city. Within easy driving distance from St. Raymond are found trout lakes and the far-famed fishing grounds of the Little Saguenay, to which guides can always be had in the village with comfortable buckboards. Beautiful spots for picnics abound beneath the groves that fringe the river a little beyond the village. The population of St. Raymond is about 1,600. It contains fully twenty stores, besides old established grist, saw and carding mills. A brickyard is now in operation here, and Mr. T. L. Jackson, of Montreal, has lately erected extensive pulp and paper mills. The view showing the St. Anne River in the foreground is from a photograph taken from Coqueron Hill, at the west end of the village. The other shows the village as seen from Cote Joyeuse, with the railway track running through the thin bush in the immediate foreground. One of the quaintest features of the place is to be found in the burying-ground surrounding the parish church, where the photographs or tin type portraits of those who lie interred below are employed to embellish the memorial slabs erected to their memory.

MR. WILLIAM W. OGILVIE, MONTREAL.—Mr. William W. Ogilvie's grandfather came to Canada from Scotland in 1801, and immediately, with his son, became interested in milling and agriculture, purchasing some of the finest farms in the district of Montreal, one of them being that part of the city of Montreal known as Point St. Charles, and started the Jacques Cartier Mill near Quebec, which was the first mill in Canada to export flour to Europe. They were also interested in the mill at Lachine Rapids; the wheat at that time was bought from the farmers on the Market Place, now Custom House Square, carted to the mill and the flour carted back to the city. In the same year, 1801, they built the first large bakery erected in Montreal, on the site now occupied by the Balmoral Hotel. The deed describes the property as being on "the King's highway, leading to Lachine, near Montreal." In 1852 Mr. Ogilvie and his brothers built the Glenora Mill on the Lachine Canal; after that the Goderich, Seaforth and Winnipeg mills; and recently the Royal Mill in Montreal. His brands of flour are standards from Halifax to Vancouver, also in Europe and Japan. His elder brother, Senator Ogilvie, retired from the business fifteen years ago, his brother John died last year, leaving him the entire business, which makes him the largest single-handed miller

in the world. Mr. Ogilvie has been President of the Corn Exchange, and for many years on the Council of the Board of Trade, was Vice-President in 1887, and then refused the Presidency in consequence of pressure of business.

THE ARRIVAL OF A GRAIN FLEET AT KINGSTON HARBOUR.—The fine picture, of which our engraving is a reproduction and, we believe, a skilful one—has an economic as well as an artistic significance. It represents a familiar and most important phase in our industrial and commercial life. The vessels in the body of the picture are the ordinary craft that perform the service indicated in the title. They are of a class of naval architecture which will soon be of the past, as steam barges are gradually taking their place for the lake carrying trade. The small steamer in the middle is the harbour tug, Lily. In the back ground we catch a glimpse of Fort Frederick and Point Frederick (rounding which may be seen the Montreal Transportation Company's river tug, David G. Thompson, returning from Montreal with a tow of light barges), the Royal Military College and Fort Henry. The wind is in the south-west, and the vessel in the foreground is hauling down her head sails, in order to "round to" and let go her anchors, while those in the middle distance are bearing up for their respective berths. The land seen in the extreme distance is Long Island. Though old-fashioned and faulty from a trade standpoint, the vessels in the picture—typical of the best class of lake sailers, with their respective rigging—are much to be preferred for pictorial effect to the rival steam barge that is destined to supersede them. The picture, from a photograph of which our engraving is taken, was painted by Mr. M. Henderson, a young artist of decided promise. A technical critic of his work, which appeared in the Kingston *Whig*, gives him credit for a high standard of artistic conception, and for considerable skill in manipulation. Among the points of merit to which the critic, Mr. E. G. Colebrooke Harvey, especially calls attention, are observance of Ruskin's law of continuity in the lines—as seen in the drawing of hulls, sails, clouds, etc.; the nautical accuracy attained in the arrangement of the vessels; the happy distribution of light and shade; and the meaning which the artist has imparted to the canvass as a whole. Besides its economic value, and its artistic merits, the picture is sure to have an historic interest for Canadians. Therein, as Mr. Harvey observes, future generations of Kingstonians will be able to see what manner of craft their forefathers chiefly employed in carrying on the commerce of the last half of the nineteenth century. The artist, of whom and of his work our readers may expect to hear again, is Mr. M. Henderson, of Kingston, a pupil of Prof. Forshaw Day, R.C.A., of the Royal Military College.

OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.—In the spring of 1605, De Monts and Champlain, with a certain number of men, entered the bay now called Annapolis and erected a few buildings on the north shore of the basin, opposite the island, situated at the mouth of Annapolis River. Lower Granville now covers the site of this first Acadian settlement. The settlement was called Port-Royal on account of the beauty of the scenery. The island in question became known first as Biencourtville, in honour of Poutrincourt, seigneur de Biencourt. Later on, the French styled it Ile aux Chèvres, or Goat Island. Annapolis River received, in 1605, the name of Rivière de l'Équille, because, says Champlain, it was swarming with small fish of that name, a variety about the size of the smelt. Some time after Champlain, the French used to call it by a corruption of sounds: Rivière aux Quilles, meaning the game of ninepins. For a century the name of Rivière Dauphine prevailed amongst the Acadians, and then came the English, who called it Annapolis. On the map of Champlain, 1605, the buildings of Port Royal are delineated very plainly. We all know that Captain Argall destroyed that establishment in 1613. The French, under Biencourt, a son of Poutrincourt, continued to occupy the country, and although more frequently engaged in hunting than in other avocations, they were careful enough to cultivate the piece of land which had been ploughed by Louis Hébert in 1605. This land embraced the site of the present town of Annapolis Royal. Near by is the place chosen by the Scotch settlers of Sir William Alexander, who arrived there in 1623, but could not hold their ground against the French of Biencourt and La Tour. During the summer of 1629 the Scotch came back and founded the *Scotch Fort*, where Annapolis is now. This colony was ruined by the war, and those who did not die of wounds or starvation, took refuge in Massachusetts, with the exception of two or three families, who remained amongst the French. In the early part of August, 1632, Razilly occupied the *Scotch Fort*, in accordance with the recent treaty of peace. The French gathered very soon on that spot, thus abandoning old Port Royal (Granville now-a-days) and forming another one of the same designation upon the new site. As for the ruins of the *Scotch Fort*, they were still visible in the early years of the present century. La Héve was considered by Razilly as the headquarters of his colony in Acadia. D'Aulnay de Charnisay, who succeeded him after his death, transferred the population of La Héve to Port Royal, between the years 1636 and 1640. From that date till 1650 the latter place was really "booming." Then followed those celebrated wars, during which Port Royal was besieged five or six times within a period of sixty years. On the 16th October, 1710, Captain Subercase surrendered the place to Admiral Nicholson, and since that event the country has remained in the hands of the English. Queen Anne was then on the throne. In 1713 she signed a treaty of peace with the King of France (Louis XIV.) by which the conquest of Acadia was confirmed. Next year Her Majesty died; the year after Louis XIV. followed the

example. Now, who built the stone fortifications shown in our engravings—the French King or the British Queen? I have found no trace of such masonry during the "Port Royal period." Wooden defences are frequently described, and are the only ones then mentioned so far as I am aware. As soon as the conquest became an accepted fact, the old bulwark of Acadia received the name of *Anna-polis*—the city of Ann, in honour of the Queen. Are we to believe that the walls referred to were constructed immediately after the signature of the treaty of peace and within the few months which elapsed before the death of that sovereign? Not necessarily. The adoption of the name of Annapolis was sufficient to mark the change of supremacy which occurred, as already stated, but the stone-works may have been erected just as well during the following years, when, as we all know, the doubtful attitude of the "French neutrals," or the Acadians proper, put the vigilance of the British authorities to a constant strain.—B.S.

NEW RIVER STEAMER AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Notman of one of the fine new steamers that have recently been put on the British Columbia River service. It is of a type particularly well adapted to the purpose which it is intended to serve, and in lines and build is as handsome as craft of this kind can be made. In equipment and arrangement these British Columbia River steamers compare favorably with the best of their class in either the United States or Canada.

LA MODE.—The lovely early summer costumes, of which we present our fair readers with some choice examples, seem to combine what is most charming in the elegant toilettes of the eighteenth century with fabrics, inventions and modifications of our own age. Much taste has of late been expended on morning costumes, of which there are varieties for every imaginable occasion. Stature, complexion, figure, age, must all be considered in harmonizing styles and persons. Simplicity is aimed at in conjunction with elegance and grace. Silks that gleam like all kinds of precious stones, crêpe de Chine, Indian gauze and other textures uniting lightness and suppleness with richness of tone, are largely in vogue for dresses. The wide-brimmed *chapeaux Directoire* (a name which some French ladies do not relish) are much and deservedly admired. White crêpe is used for parasols. In collars simplicity prevails, though fancy has scope in a considerable variety of bracelets. In the way of mantles, the instance in one of our engravings gives an idea of the favourite styles. The skill of the Parisian *modiste* is well exemplified in these reproductions from *L'Illustration*.

THE SONNET.

The sonnet first bloomed under Italian skies and was warmed into excellence by the divine breath of Petrarch, whom Chaucer, "the morning star of English literature," in all probability visited at Padua. Strange that while such master minds as Dante, Petrarch and Tasso in Italy, and Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth in England, have expressed the rich thoughts of their minds in this form of verse, the early character of the sonnet was held in a certain degree of contempt within the very home of its origin. Perhaps this was and is owing to the fact that trivial themes are generally chosen as the subjects of the sonnets. Shakespeare in "As You Like It," gives us the office of the sonnet, where he tells of the young man inditing sonnets to the fair eyebrows of his lady, and where Orlando is charged "to hang no more sonnets on hawthorns nor elegies on brambles." To show the wonderful power of scorn and depreciation which the Italian language possesses, it may be interesting to add that there are no less than seven words in Italian—derivatives to express the various shades of contempt which weak, worthless sonnets call out. Yet we should not forget, as I have stated before, that many of our greatest poets have made it the medium of their expression and found in it "the casket in which they were pleased to treasure some of the very best which they had." In behalf of the sonnet I therefore plead the following lines:

"Scorn not the sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Canons soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the eypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

I suppose the Earl of Surrey may be looked upon as the first to give the sonnet a home in England. It has been kindly nurtured through the literary periods and centuries by Sir Philip Sydney,

Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Cowper. Indeed the "myriad-minded" bard of Avon, whose modesty is a characteristic of his dramatic muse, expresses belief in his immortality through the medium of a sonnet. I think evidence of the consciousness of his future's "ever widening avenues of fame" can be distinctly traced in the following:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven doth shine,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:—
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!"

In the sonnets of Milton there is stateliness, in Petrarch's grace and finish, in Shakespeare's passion, in Wordsworth's depth and delicacy, in Cowper's an exquisitely pathetic tenderness. How beautifully the poet of "The Task" records his gratitude to his lifelong friend, Mrs. Unwin, in the following lines:

"Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things;
That ere, through age or woe, I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
Of seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright:
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine—
And since thou own'st that praise I spare thee mine."

If I were asked which of the English poets has written the best sonnets, I would unquestionably answer Wordsworth. In this department of verse he stands without a rival. Wordsworth's peculiar gifts of mind pre-eminently fitted him for the writing of sonnets. The following sonnet by Wordsworth I consider one of the finest in the English language. It is entitled "The world is too much with us:"

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Among American poets Longfellow has given us some very graceful sonnets. Here is something of great delicacy and finish:

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

Maurice J. Egan, late editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and at present Professor of English literature in Notre Dame University, Indiana, has some very pretty sonnets in his little volume entitled "Preludes." The opening sonnet "Of Flowers" I think his best:

"There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lowly dandelion, nor stretching wide
Clover and cowslip cups like rival seas,
Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide;
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,

And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth."

Canadian poets have also contributed pearls to the literary necklace of sonnets. Indeed I am not quite sure if John Reade of Montreal has a superior in America as a writer of sonnets, while our Canadian Keats, Charles G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, has also done some excellent work in this department of verse. A sonnet by the latter entitled "To Fredericton in May time" I consider a gem. My last sonnet is from Reade, whose muse is true and whose poems have a classical finish all their own:

"She touched me in my sorrow: I awoke;
Her kind hands broke the fetters of my grief;
The light of smiles shone round me as she spoke:
'I come, my friend, to bring thee sweet relief.
Of those that minister, I am the chief,
To man's sick heart; I made the tears of Eve
Bright with the hues of Heaven, when loth to leave
The joys her disobedience made so brief.
I sailed with Noah o'er the buried earth,
I sat with Hagar by the new-found well,
I solaced Joseph in his lonely cell,
I filled sad David's soul with songs of mirth.'
Much more she whispered till my heart grew bright
And sorrow vanished, as at dawn, the night."

As we read the above sonnet we feel its subject in our heart, lifting the drooping spirit, healing the deep-set wound, assuaging each heavy grief through the blessed sunshine of "Hope."

Walkerton, Ont. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

TECHENER OF PARIS.

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

When Léon Techener was thirteen he could compile a catalogue; at fifteen he was a bibliographer. The faculty came to him naturally, with the ambient air, in the drawing-room of his father's bookshop, where every afternoon Armand Bertin, editor of the *Journal des Débats*; Charles Nodier, Librarian of the Arsenal; Sylvestre de Sacy, of the Mazarine, Paulin Paris, Leroux de Linéy, Baron Pichon, Francisque Michel and Brunet met to talk of literature and bibliomania.

After the death of his father there was no bookseller in all Paris like Techener. Every day at the hour when Aurora, in her fur-lined satin gown, unlocks the coverles of the book stalls on the quays, the *bonquinistes* lifted their hats at his expected apparition. He was their best customer. When they had pleased Techener it was luck for the entire day, but it was not ill-luck to displease him; he was so affable that nothing but good could be attributed to his coming. When, after a quarter of a century of regularity, he failed an hour, then two, then a day, and finally ceased to come, they learned from the whispered gossip which in Paris is never printed in the newspapers that Techener had been sent to an insane asylum, a "house of health," as they say. To them he had been generous, to his family a miser. He had a fortune in books, the legacy of his father; the dowry of his wife; the entire sum that Libri, "the Italianissimo," had paid in a strange humour for 3,800 volumes, appraised, packed, and delivered in an evening, invested in a library of Rotterdam; the proceeds of the "Bulletin Bibliophile," treasured in the form of books, once sold and jealously bought back at the Yvéniz auction sale; and his family wanted bread. Mme. Techener had been heroic, but her friends had intervened, and this was the end of her martyrdom. Lately the great bibliophyte died and his books are going to the Hôtel Drouot by periodical instalments.

They have in Italy the legend of Demetrio Canevari, physician of Pope Urban VIII., who painted his skin black wherever it could show through his worn-out clothing, that the money which thread to mend it would cost might be saved for the making of his magnificent books, in bindings stamped with a Greek device and Apollo in his solar chariot, that are now valued at their weight in gold.

They have in Spain the legend of the monk Vincente of Arragon, who killed the purchaser of his favorite book to regain it, and never gave a sign of repentance at his trial until it was shown by his

lawyer, to his great surprise, that his favorite book was not a unique copy. Canevari was a bachelor and Vincente a monk, but Techener was a man of family. Whenever they do anything in France they do it thoroughly.

The "Catalogue des Livres Précieux Manuscrits et Imprimés" of Techener's library, what was sold in Paris on the 20th and 21st of May, comes with charming naturalness, unaided by an expert's recapitulation or a literarian's presentation. It seems to say that it addresses itself only to those who know and have not to learn their alphabet of book collecting. The notes are brief and only notes that are indispensable; the plates of the most important bindings are printed separately on special paper; there are 222 entries, with full, clear descriptions, and they make an octavo volume of ninety-eight pages. There is a familiar, pleasant, engaging air about it. The book-lover feels that he need not trouble himself with an investigation, that the statements made are true, that there are no phrases composed to say more or less than it may be prudent to mean; it is the catalogue of a book-lover's auction sale at the Hôtel Drouot.

It forms a complete library, classified classically into theology, jurisprudence, sciences and arts, fine arts, belles lettres, history. It contains the Christe Marcelli exercises on vellum, the presentation copy to Pope Adrian VI.; the identical *Speculum Humane Salvationis* that Guichard described, bound by Trantz-Bauzonnet; a missal of the first half of the fourteenth century, from the A. Firmin-Didot collection; the manuscript decrees of the Council of Trent in the calligraphy of Angelo Massarello, Secretary to the Council, presented to Henry II., King of France, and covered with a green morocco binding in compartments, drawn and engraved by Jules Jacquemart for the "Histoire de la Bibliophilie" of the elder Techener; "Le Livre des Saints-Anges," the first book printed in Geneva, bound by Chambolle-Durn; the "Provinciales," original edition bound by Trantz-Bauzonnet, and coming from the collection of Hte. Basse, who was authoritative on all that regarded Pascal.

It contains the Jensen, 1472, "Cicero—Tusculanae Quaestiones;" Jean Fernel's "Ambiani Medicina," in a binding with the arms of Charles de Lorraine, the celebrated Cardinal de Guise; Nicole de la Chesnaye's "La Nef de Santé;" J. Auguste de Thou's copy, with his first arms, of "La Demomanie des Sorciers;" Count Sauvage's copy of that parvenu, "Le Pastissier François," a cook book, but an Elzevir, and of the scarcest.

It offers the twenty-six water colours on vellum made by Jules Jacquemart for his work on the artistic history of porcelain; Albert Durer's "Passio Christi;" the Beckford copy of "Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée" without remarking that it contains the original edition of Molière's "Princesse d'Elide," that Moliéristes may have a reward for their faithful research and not be distanced by book-lovers who want Molière, but have not been at the pains of Californian Argonauts.

There are two copies of Aldus's Joannis Joviani Pontani Opera, one of 1505 bound for François I., and formerly owned by Lord Gosford, and the other of 1518 bound for Grollier and bearing his name and device; Marot, Martin Franc, François Villon, the charming Galliot du Pre Villon, bound by Joly, Coquillart, Octavien de Saint Gelaiz, Gringoire, Pernette du Guillot, Louise Labe, Desportes, in their first editions in fine bindings, and first editions of Corneille from the Firmin Didot sale, including one of the twenty copies of Rodogune printed by Mme. de Pompadour; Ballets of Quinault and Lully, Romances of Chivalry; Verard's second edition of Enguerrand de Monstrelet; one of the three copies known of L'Histoire et Chronique de Clotaire; an Aeliani de Varia Historia from the library of Marguerite de Valois; not a volume in the entire list that a book-lover should not wish to possess.

Justice is before pity. Let all mankind deal justly one with the other, and the facts that now call for our pity would gradually be diminished and finally disappear.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed.



OLD MAGAZINE AND FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

Boyd, photo.



SALLYPORT OF THE OLD FORT, AT ANNAPOLIS.

Boyd, photo.



RIVER STEAMER AT NEW WESTMINSTER. B. C.

Notman, photo.



PARIS FASHIONS.

From recent numbers of *L'Illustration*.



A work of no common interest and beauty is in preparation at the offices of the Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company. It bears a familiar title, "Idylls of the King," but it comes to us in a strange garb, being printed in short-hand. In conception and preparation, as in execution, it is Canadian, the text being the work of Mr. Arthur G. Doughty, the illustrations being contributed by Mr. Henry Sandham. It is not Mr. Doughty's first experiment of the kind, as he had already brought out "In Memoriam" in the same characters, and the goodwill with which his former volume was received encouraged him to undertake this second trial. We need scarcely say that it was a task of no slight difficulty and of extreme delicacy, requiring a thorough knowledge of the tachygraphic art and the utmost patience and painstaking at every stage of its progress. A difference of a hair's breadth in any of these graceful lines and curves would mar the sense, render nugatory the labour of months, and impair, if not destroy, the value of the volume.

But this volume has charms which are sure to extend its circulation beyond the pale of stenographic experts. The illustrations of Mr. Sandham are, in very truth, things of beauty. Some of our readers have, doubtless, seen the originals, which have been universally admired. The reproduction is excellent. The frontispiece is a picture of an incident in "Geraint and Enid":

"So Enid took his charger to the stall,"

the central incident in that wooing, so touching in its old-fashioned simplicity, half barbarous, half courtly. Enid wears the rustic dress of "faded silk," later to be her terror, and, still later, her pride,

"Remembering how first he came on her
Drest in that dress."

She looks what the poet has made her, the pick of maidens and wives, being not "the Fair" only but also "the Good." Face and figure, expression and attitude, as she leads along the richly caparisoned steed, are all in keeping with the sweetest character, the finest type of true womanhood, in all the "Idylls." Passing to the body of the book, we come to the scene from "The Coming of Arthur," where Guinevere is represented as standing by the castle wall, watching Arthur as he passes, a "a simple knight among his knights." The figure in this picture (which, in the order of the "Idylls," is the first of the series) admirably personates the lady who was to test sorely the spirit of her blameless lord. Tall, stately, in the full flower of winning womanhood, she stands at an embrasure of the battlement, gazing down. The attitude is natural, showing no intensity of feeling, but rather the simple curiosity of a noble and beautiful woman seeing men of noble mien bent on noble enterprise. In the next of the series Mr. Sandham shows to what purpose he has studied ancient armour. It represents the quarrel between Gareth and Kay, "the most ungente knight in Arthur's hall."

The armour is of a comparatively late period—not earlier than the beginning of the fifteenth century. The full suit of armour was, indeed, unknown before the fourteenth century on the continent, where it was in use some time before being introduced into England. The poet and the artist are, of course, not strictly bound to dates, and Mr. Sandham, who had made special studies for these illustrations, used judgment in selecting the most picturesque styles, and his treatment of Kay's angry challenge and sudden attack is most effective.

The next in the list is a lovely illustration of a scene in the same idyll—the single-arched bridge at the bend of the river, where Gareth came in sight of the castle, with its purple dome and crimson banneret. It is one of the finest—to our taste, the finest—illustration in the book, and, if space permitted, we would like to say more about its merits. Lady Lyonors, at the window, "cicled with her maids" (also from "Gareth and Lynette"), is of exceptional interest, the chief figure being, we believe, the portrait of a noble English lady of one of the oldest (Welsh) border families. Framed by the open lattice, Lyonors and her attendant damsels, *inter ignes Luna minores*, form a rare group of English beauty. Of the two illustrations which complete the series, the next is a scene from "Geraint and Enid":

"And thither came Geraint, and underneath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof
White from the wood's hand a fortress rose;
And on one side a castle in decay
Beyond a bridge that spanned a dry ravine."

Following it in the order of the poems is the picture of Enid taking to the stall the charger of her future husband, of which, as forming the frontispiece, mention has already been made. Lastly is a scene from "Merlin and Vivien":

"She took the helm and he the sail."

This picture brings out very effectively the contrast between the wise man in his hour of folly and the handsome, bold, unscrupulous woman in her hour of sway. "The Merlin is a grand old fellow, and our sympathies are with 'the gentle wizard' as he goes, all unconscious, to his doom, in the toils of the saucy witch behind him. These

illustrations are really worthy of careful and loving study, and we congratulate Mr. Sandham on this new triumph. They add greatly to the value of Mr. Doughty's book which, for them and for its other merits, we have pleasure in recommending to our readers.

Mr. William Sharp is no stranger to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. We have had frequent occasion to mention his literary work and its high repute in connection with the publications of Mr. Walter Scott, of London. The admirable series, already famous in America as in England, under the name of "The Canterbury Poets," and which we have justly qualified as a marvel of cheapness, has had the advantage of his editorial supervision, while some of the most noteworthy volumes of the series have been prepared for the press by his own hand. Among these latter are "Songs, Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare," "Sonnets of this Century," and "American Sonnets." The "Life of Shelley" and the "Life of Heine," in the "Great Writers" series of the same publisher are also from Mr. Sharp's pen. The best tribute to the memory of D. G. Rossetti is also the product of his critical insight and poetical sympathy. Every one of these works has won deserved praise from the literary authorities of both the old world and the new. Mr. Sharp has besides published several volumes of his own poetry—"The Human Inheritance and other Poems" (now out of print), "Earth's Voices: Transcripts from Nature," and "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy." We hope ere long to have an opportunity of saying something about Mr. Sharp's poetic genius. Meanwhile, we have just had the pleasure of reading his remarkable romance, "Children of To-morrow." It is one of those happy books, the love of which (to adopt a familiar French proverb) grows as one reads. It depicts the wild unrest, the vague yearning, the spiritual torture of an age of awakening and transition. We no sooner become acquainted with hero and heroine than we feel that we are breathing an atmosphere that is quick with unseen agencies of doom. The rapture for which the artist pines can only be won by the defiance of a marshalled and vigilant Philistia that never forgives. Right or wrong, its laws are not transgressed with impunity. But Mr. Sharp avoids moralizing as the foe of art. His romance has the sequence and consistency of a Greek drama, and it could easily be adapted to the stage. The bolt falls just at the right moment for tragic effect. There are many passages that we would gladly quote—passages that reveal a power of the keys of passion to which only the lover who is also a true poet can lay claim. For the present, however, we must say *au revoir* to this fascinating book. The publishers are Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, London.

More than a year ago Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, whom we have the honour of claiming, as a fellow-countryman, delivered an address on Founders Day in that seat of learning, which has since been published in pamphlet form, under the title of "A People's University." As we intend to lay its chief points before our readers at an early day, we will content ourselves just now with acknowledging its receipt.

From the press of the same great institution there has just been issued a thesis presented by Miss Eliza Ritchie for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It is entitled "The Problem of Personality" and is a treatise of no common import and grasp. Like the late George Henry Lewes, Miss Ritchie begins with the recognition that philosophy has fallen into discredit, but, unlike him, she thinks that those who sit in the seat of the scorners are unjust. She has faith in philosophic method and sees no reason why philosophic may not be as fruitful as scientific research. At the same time she gives, in every page, full weight to results of recent scientific investigation. Having stated the problem and discussed the relations between mind and body, Miss Ritchie concludes that self-consciousness is a necessary element in the concept of personality, that in its simplest form, appearing at some stage of organism lower than that of man, it depends on memory, but grows in clearness till it reaches the point at which it is identified with insight into the powers of the self. In the chapter on "Personality as individual character," the essayist touches on the question of fate and free-will (in connection with heredity and environment) and shows how one is compatible with the other. In treating of the "Personality of God," in the closing chapter, she brings out the ultimate agreement between the highest judgment of science (generously understood) and faith in the divine omnipotence. This notice is necessarily inadequate. Such lofty themes are more likely to be darkened than elucidated by hasty criticism.

Brevi esse laboro
Obscurus fio.

Enough has been said, however, to show that Miss Ritchie's paper will repay careful study.

The law regarding rights in titles of books is not, says the *Literary World*, satisfactory or as clear as it might be. Although there is no copyright in titles, it is open to the author of a twopenny pamphlet of very limited circulation and of no literary value to apply for an injunction against the publication of a work that has cost its publisher hundreds of pounds to produce, on the ground of infringement of trade mark. The opportunity thus afforded of levying blackmail is not neglected, as we have reason to know. But it is hopeless to expect a remedy from Parliament.

OUR GARDEN TALK.

BLUE FLOWERS.

"Give me blue flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect colour, heaven's own blue."

We have every shade of colour in our gardens, but very little blue. The thought seems to be that this colour will not harmonize with others, and yet nothing could be more harmonious than a few sprays of delicate blue flowers with phacelia rosebuds, and phacelia congesta with pink verbenas is another charming combination. What is more pleasing than to find in one of our rambles the blue hepaticas pushing themselves above the brown leaves which have been their protection through the winter?

The violet brings fresh charms each time of its awakening. In this era of court mourning they are extensively used for robe, dress and dinner ornamentation. At a banquet given to the Prince of Wales at Nice, all the covers and glassware were placed upon beds or between lines of violets. A bunch of rare old English violets will keep its perfume long after they are withered. A Parisian florist says that the violet will not bear the association of any other flower. Hence the bunches are tied up loosely with their own leaves, and carts are seen well laden upon almost any street corner where flower lovers are wont to pass.

The many varieties of speedwell deserve notice, "The little fairy speedwell, with its many eyes of blue."

Then the lobelias, some of which are of an intense blue. They make a pretty show in our gardens, where they are not so well known as they deserve to be. The dwarf varieties are very serviceable for edgings or for ribbon beds.

The fringed gentian begins to unfold itself during the latter part of September, and may again be found after the November frosts have touched other things. *Salvia patens*, besides being cultivated out of doors, may be potted in the fall and be a thing of beauty in our rooms all winter. The *ageratum*s, also, meet with these requirements, as does *browallia*, whose flowers are a deeper, darker blue. *Phacelia congesta* is one of those delicate flowers which one learns to love. It is an early bloomer and, continuing until the latter part of October, is very desirable for cutting as well as in the garden, as we are always sure of finding it when wanted, and it harmonizes so well with many other colours. *Vick's Monthly*.

A GOOSE KEEPS GUARD FOR A COW.

The following incident came under my observation while spending a few days in Seymour, Ind., last October. In that city, like most of the Western towns, the hogs and cattle run at large through the streets. One noon, as I was leaving the house with my friend, he called my attention to a cow and a goose near the cow. A quantity of refuse from the kitchen had been thrown into the gutter, which the cow seemed to eat with a relish, and close by the side of her stood a large gray goose, as it seemed to me, doing guard duty for the cow. While this cow was eating, three or four other cows came up from behind, but the goose would not allow them to come near her cow, but drove them away as they approached. This is not all about this goose. I was told by my friend that about two years before she went with this cow she attended another cow. Her first pet died. The goose left her former home after that and attached herself to this cow, which belonged to a family living some distance away. I saw her, on two or three different days after this incident occurred, by the side of the cow, and so fearful that some one might injure her or her mate that she would attempt to follow you with such demonstrations as only geese can make—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. When the well is dry we know the want of water.

Industry makes a man a purse and carefulness gives him strings to it. He that has it need only draw the strings as carefulness directs, and he will always find a useful penny at the bottom of it.



BABIES CRY FOR WATER and are crammed to repletion with milk instead, and cry the more, for which they get paregoric, nauseous oil, etcetera. They need water as much as older people, both physiologically and feelingly, and should be regularly supplied with all they will drink.

A SAND BAG IN ILLNESS is said to be even better than the hot water rubber bag, since it retains the heat longer, and is more easily adjusted to different parts of the body. It is made of flannel, about eight inches square, filled with sand, carefully sewed up, and inclosed in another bag of cotton or linen. It is heated in an oven, but not in contact with the iron; keeping a fresh one warming as the first begins to lose its heat.

HOME INFLUENCE.—Our home influence is not a passing but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate home has been likened to a central sun around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, "I have no influence?" What sorrow or what happiness lies in the power of each!

HESITATION.—Hesitation and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the cross roads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to—household duties, letters to write, visits to pay, etc.—and sits down with her hands before her, trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there.

THE best thing is not to consider so much, "What shall my boy learn?" as to set to work to carefully watch and study all the little things your son performs in his boyish life, in which he is apt to display his natural longings and desires and to betray evidences of early talent and what he is best fitted for. By so doing you will gain the important knowledge of what your boy would learn with the most pleasure and quickness, and it will be very easy to start him on the road on which he will be able to make the most headway and progress.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.—Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an undertaking with a person whose word is not to be depended upon, and there are plenty of them in this wide world, people whose promise is as slender as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hempen rope, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far in making a man of you: and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty moulded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression, but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant and reliable character, a positive quality that can be calculated upon.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—The young who have had to plod their way through life alone, and perhaps from years of infancy, without guidance of father or mother, and who have made a successful struggle, are men and women worthy of all praise. They have been exposed to every danger, and, above all, to danger of loss of faith. As orphans they had but few friends; and if lucky enough to find shelter in some asylum they were there only long enough to learn what was absolutely necessary to get along with. They, above all others, can tell what a battle life is, and how discouraging is the contest when carried on alone. But from the cradle to the grave every man's experience is valuable, especially when the useful lesson which it teaches is not thrown away or forgotten.

LIFE.—They who say that this is a miserable life say not well. It is a misanthropy or a diseased imagination only that says this. Life is liable to

misery, but misery is not its very being; it is not a miserable existence. Witness—I know not what things to say or how many. The eye is opened to a world of beauty, and to a heaven—all sublimity and loveliness. The ear heareth tones and voices that touch the heart with joy, with rapture. The great wide atmosphere breathes upon us, bathes us with softness and fragrance. Then look deeper. How many conditions are happy! Childhood is happy, and youth is prevailingly happy, and prosperity hath its joy, and wealth its satisfaction; and the warm blood that flows in the ruddy cheek and sinewy arm of honest poverty is a still better gift. No song is so hearty and cheering—none that steals forth from the windows of gay saloons—as the song of honest labour among the hills and mountains. Oh! to be a man, with the true energies and affections of a man; all men feel it to be good. To be a healthful, strong, true-hearted, and loving man, how much better is it than to be the minion or master of any condition, lord, landgrave, King or Caesar! How many affections, too, are happy! Gratitude, generosity, pity, love, and consciousness of being loved. And to bow the heart in lowliness and adoration, before the infinite, all blessing, ever-blessing One, to see in the all-surrounding brightness and glory, not beauty and majesty only, but the all-beautiful, the all-majestic, all conscious *Mind* and *Spirit* of love; this is to be filled with more than created fulness—it is to be filled with all the fulness of God.—*Dewey*.

GILMORE'S BAND.

Our fair Capital—very fair and sweet after the salutary showers of the past few weeks—assumed her gayest aspect on the occasion of the visit of Gilmore's band—the world renowned. During the clear, warm midsummer day the ordinary business of life was laid aside—in spirit, if not literally,—while the one topic of conversation was Gilmore's Band; the one object, possession of good seats for the great concert.

In this beautiful but ever unsatisfactory world, as a rule almost universal, the pleasure of anticipation, in great things and small, exceeds that of realization. But the gay, expectant throngs gathered to do homage to Mr. Gilmore realized the repetition of history in an experience akin to that of the Queen of Sheba.

The wonderful culture of the voices of the soloists, the perfection of the instrumental selections, must have delighted the heart of the musician; but to all the rendition of Puerner's "Charge of the Light Brigade" and Charles Kunel's "Alpine Storm" were marvels of delight. In the former no vivid imagination was necessary to suggest the rain of bullets, the clashing of bayonets, the boom of cannon; the latter was most realistic. The salutations of shepherds at daybreak on their lutes mingle with the tingling of the sheep bells. Soon, rumbling of distant thunder precedes the swish of sudden rain, increasing to intensity, and accompanied by shrill whistling, as of wind among the pines, an effect so real that to the spectators in the heated hall seems wafted a breath of cool, moist air. Gradually the storm subsides, the shepherds' lutes again are heard, and (as the writer for one moment believed), nature, with singular opportuneness, provided the twittering of birds in the eaves of the building; but a glance at the programme revealed the fact that the birds were expected; so was the burst of golden sunshine concluding the "Storm," and preceeding a perfect rapture of applause.

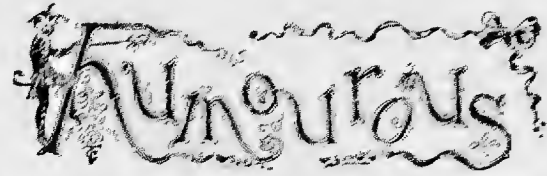
SONNET.

Come Summer, come, bring me thy June once more,
With all its tenderness of budding sweets,
Filling the subtle summer air that beats
With melody of birds. Come, I implore!
My spirit craves thee as the lonely shore—
All weary waiting for the sea—entreats
It to return, which, dancing strandward, greets
It lovingly, and clasps it o'er and o'er.

Thus shalt thou clasp me, treasured month of June,
Holding me captive to thy throbbing heart,
Breathing thy perfumes o'er me till I swoon
With rapture—knowing soon that we must part;
Knowing thou, too, wilt vanish like the sea,
Leaving me lonely still to wait for thee!

Windsor, N.S.

HARRIE R. McLELLAN.



It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since the men have attended to that sort of thing.

"THE self-closing door-spring is an awful aggravation to the man who is going out of your office mad and wants to slam the door.

A CERTAIN journal mentions James Clark and wife, who were "born, died and buried on the same day." He and his wife must have been awfully young.

HOUSEHOLDER: "See here, I could put a new pipe in for the price you charged me for mending that leak." Plumber (with an injured air): "Well, if you preferred a new pipe why didn't you say so?"

MRS. O. B. JOLLY: "I invited twenty people to the party and twenty have come. I have refreshments for only fifteen. What shall I do?" Mr. O. B. Jolly (after a moment's thought): "I have it. Let Maria sing for them just before supper."

IS HE A WOMAN-HATER?—The only chance we can see for unfortunate man is to fix a limit of age, say 30 or thereabouts, for women voters, and swear them to their age. An unmarried woman who would publicly own up to 30 might perhaps be safely entrusted with a vote.

NOT IN THE PICTURE.—Lady Thyra (reading catalogue)—Two dogs, after Landseer. Lady Myra: But where is Landseer? I don't see him. Lady Thyra: Why, surely, you don't suppose he would stay there with those two ferocious looking brutes after him. I know I shouldn't if I were in his place.

A LITTLE girl lately brought a volume to a Glasgow Librarian, with the following message: "John sent me at this book, and he wants the next one." "And who is John?" gruffly questioned the man of books. "Oh," answered the girl, innocently, "he's gettin' better. He'll sure be able to be out again."

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON is having a lively time with his grandson Benjamin whose mother is in New York. The little fellow is quiet enough during the day, but is certain to awaken in the small hours of the morning, and it is gravely related that the only person who can comfort him is Grandpa Harrison, who is obliged to carry the boy about in his arms and hum a lullaby as he walks.

"Is this whaur the Hielan' boat frae *Dimerara* comes in?" was the startling question levelled at a friend of mine the other day while he pursued his work at a shipping box on the Broomielaw. For a moment he stared at the woman, while an amused smile crept over his rubicund countenance. "It'll be the Inveraray boat you mean, my woman," he said. "Weel, maybe that's it. I was sent for Jean's kist," the woman said.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—Miss Antique (school teacher): "What does w-h-i-t-e spell?" Class: No answer. Miss Antique: "What is the colour of my skin?" Class (in chorus): "Yellow."

The longest day is in June, they say;

The shortest in December.

They did not come to me that way;

The shortest I remember

Yon came a day with me to stay.

And filled my heart with laughter;

The longest day—you were away—

The very next day after.

THE way of the drunkard is hard. Dr. Carothers says he is the helpless victim of transmitted heredity; Dr. Keeley says he is a sufferer from disease and is to be treated accordingly; the prohibitionist says he is an anarchist and needs only the restraining hand of law; Dr. Crosby says he is a free moral agent and must be so held and dealt with; the high-license man says he is the victim of over indulgence and cheap liquor, and if his whiskey cost more he would drink less of it, and now the Minnesota Legislature classifies him with the burglar and the robber and makes drunkenness a penal offence. The wine cup not only stingeth like an adder, but it biteth like a multiplication table in its diffusive treatments. After a while it will get to be so that a man will have to consult a lawyer before he dares take a drink, and then he won't have enough money to get drunk on. All these things, therefore, tend to ultimate prohibition.

THE Albany *Journal* states that a dirty, foul-mouthed tramp called at the house of a Bethlehem widow, living alone, about 7 o'clock in the morning, and offered to saw wood in return for a breakfast. The woman eyed him suspiciously. "Are ye hungry?" she asked. "Yessum, hungrier nor a bear." "Well, ye can have yer feed first, I guess." He was given a bountiful meal. At the conclusion the tramp rose and took up an ugly-looking bludgeon. "I'll keep my eyes wide open tight," he said, grinning, and if I see a man as wants ter saw yer wood fer his breakfast I'll give him yer address." Then he opened the door and slouched out. He had gone but a few steps when he heard the widow's sharp voice calling a halt. He turned with an oath and saw a gun pointed squarely at him. The widow ordered him to come right back. He came back and sawed, not one, but two cords of wood, killed and plucked two chickens, whitewashed the hen house, and cleaned out the cow stable.



A MISAPPLICATION.

"But, Mike, you know that a pigstie should not be so near to a dwelling!"
 "Why not, Doctor Small?"
 "Because it is not healthy!"
 "There you are mistaken doctor! This pig has not been sick an hour since we have had it!"



AN INTRODUCTION.

MADAME: "What! two at once?"
 MENDICANT: "Excuse us, dear Madame! You have always been so good and kind to me, I only wanted to introduce Joseph-William who will have the honour, in future, also of calling occasionally!"

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(TRADE MARK.)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 13th JULY, 1889.

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10 CENTS PER COPY. " " " " " " " " " " " "



HON. EDWARD MURPHY.

Notman, photo.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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13th JULY, 1889.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman, Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held this day, at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.
George E. Desbarats, Managing Director.
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ENGLISH PRESS.

PICTORIAL ART IN CANADA.—*The Dominion Illustrated* is a weekly paper published in Montreal and Toronto by G. E. Desbarats & Son; and, judging from a recent issue now before us, its conductors have little to learn from the old country. Eminent Canadians and notable scenes are represented by engravings showing much delicacy and ripeness of artistic skill.

Greenock Daily Telegraph.

May 25th.

As its name implies, *The Dominion Illustrated* is a Canadian paper, but none the less it is filled with matter of interest to Englishmen. Its illustrations, based on photographs taken of the actual scenes, are in themselves a more than ordinary attraction, whilst its articles, stories, reviews, &c., are well written. English ladies, too, can discover here the fashions of their sisters over the water.

Grantham Journal.

May 25th.

"THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."—We have received a copy of this Canadian pictorial weekly. It is exceedingly well got out, the illustrations—which are all engravings—being remarkable. The London office is in Boulevard Street.

Leamington Times.

Saturday, May 25th.

The Dominion Illustrated is an excellent example of pictorial journalism, and is an exponent of Canadian interests and opinions. It is now issued in Montreal, Toronto, and London.

Manchester Guardian.

May 25th.



Acadia has had its celebration as well as Quebec. While the city of Champlain was gay with banners and music, and thousands of Canada's sons from all parts of the continent were gathered on the site of Cartier's historic place of sojourn by the little L'air, the descendants of the Remnant of 1755 were rejoicing with their leaders at the silver wedding of their highest seat of learning. The College of St. Joseph, of Memramcook, N.B., is to the Acadians what Laval University is to the French-speaking population of this province. The celebration was most enthusiastic, and was attended by representatives of all the Maritime Provinces, both clerical and lay. Bishops Sweeney and Rogers being among the former, and the Hon. Mr. Landry, M.P., among the latter. The popular member for Kent replied on behalf of the alumni of the institution to the address presented to them by the actual students of the college. The Rev. Fathers Lefebvre, Cormier and McDevitt took part in the religious service in the parish church, and the Rev. Abbé Belliveau preached an eloquent sermon. St. Joseph College has, it is said, infused new life into the Acadians, with new pride in their own language and in the memories of their race.

We see by some of the Nova Scotian papers that Abbé Casgrain's revelations, based on documents unearthed in the departmental archives of France and the British Museum, touching the events that preceded the expulsion of the Acadians, have aroused considerable interest among the historical students of the Maritime Provinces. The learned abbé has drawn attention to some glaring omissions in the volume of "Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia," especially in that portion of it which relates to the Acadian French. Abbé Casgrain's papers will not, we may be sure, be left unanswered.

Canada has of late been losing some of her most noteworthy public men. The grave has hardly closed over the Hon. Messrs. Ryan, Dunsmuir and Gray, when the announcement is made that the Hon. John Norquay, of Manitoba, has been suddenly carried off by heart disease. Mr. Norquay was no ordinary man. His rise to a position of honour was typical of the growth of his native province, to which he was so fondly attached. The deceased statesman was born in St. Andrew's Manitoba, on the 8th May, 1841. Mr. Norquay was not only a native of Manitoba, but had also a strain of Indian blood in his veins. Mr. Norquay first came to the front after the Riel troubles of 1869-70. He was made Minister of Public Works in the first ministry after the settlement of the troubles in 1871. In the Manitoba Assembly he sat for High Bluff from 1870 to 1874. He resigned with his colleagues in 1874, but became Provincial Secretary in the following year, in the Davies administration, and resumed the office of Public Works in 1876. Two years later he became Premier, being the head of what was known as the Norquay-Royal administration, in which he held the portfolio of Treasurer. Mr. Royal, differing with his leader on a question of public policy, resigned. This administration held power until the Red River Valley question upset his govern-

ment, and the present Premier, Mr. Greenway, came into power.

The late Frederick McKenzie will be remembered as the friend of those creatures that are far too often friendless. Many years of his life and a good share of his private means were devoted to the relief of the poor dumb beasts, whose condition is, in so many instances, a reproach to civilized mankind. As the champion of the speechless victims of the speaking brute, he merits our kindest remembrance. Ever generous and genial, in his defence of the weak he was chivalrous. Would that we had more of the same type of knighthood?

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

It is satisfactory to learn that an arrangement has been concluded between England and the United States which tends to avert any collision between the authorities and seal-hunters, or between rival seal-hunters in Behring Sea. The *pro tempore* settlements are better than none at all; but it is a pity that a question of such importance, as the rights of British subjects, should be left even for a season in doubt. In this case, the claims which gave rise to the controversy are simply preposterous, and ought not to have been entertained for even an hour. In Newfoundland, the French shore problem is still a source of trouble to our fellow-colonists. Then, again, there is the Alaska boundary—a heritage from our *temps de malaise* with Russia. As to our endless Atlantic Fisheries *imbroglio*, to touch it would be *infandum renovare dolorem*.

The wildest of all projects, since filibustering came into fashion, is the scheme of a Franco-Irish Republic, which is to supersede the Dominion. That it should have been conceived in Chicago, still reeking with Cronin's blood, is enough to show that no reputable Irish-Americans have art or part in it. The proposal is that Ontario, whose objections are foreseen, should be handed over to the United States. The Province of Quebec is expected to "go halvers" with the conquerors. The Maritime Provinces, Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia, are apparently to be left to their own devices. We fear the plan of a Franco-Irish combination would succeed but poorly, even if the French element could be induced to consent to it, which it is not likely to do. The alternative scheme is to purchase Lower California from Mexico. The story reads like a *canard*.

Now that Quebec has raised a monument to its Breton pioneer, it is worthy of mention that the British consul at Brest has just published a report on the condition of the peasant proprietors of Brittany. He gives them credit for great natural aptitude for agriculture, but points out several disadvantages under which they labour. The farmers lack means to furnish themselves with proper implements, or to bear the expense of draining. On the whole, he concludes that the peasant proprietary system in Brittany has hardly been a success. The women do much of the drudgery, and the harassed, worried expression which seems to be characteristic of the people, does not argue either prosperity or contentment. Possibly the picture is overdrawn; but, if it comes near the truth at all, the descendant of the Bretons

who came to Canada in the 17th century have no reason to regret the choice of their forefathers. Why should not some of these modern Bretons follow the example and seek new homes around Lake St. John or Lake Nominiguc?

The beet root industry can hardly be said to be popular with our *habitants*, notwithstanding the authoritative recommendation which it has received and the good results attained by some of our farmers. The people of British Columbia, according to the Vancouver *World*, are disposed to look hopefully upon that branch of culture. Much dependence will be naturally placed on the verdict of Mr. Skaife, who has made a careful study of the whole subject in Germany, and is now conducting experiments on a large scale in Berthier. That verdict will, of course, be prompted by the results of the present trial. It is urged that, on previous occasions, the culture of the sugar beet in this province had not fair play, and that the whole harm was done by rash, unskilful and careless cultivation. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Skaife's expectations will be fulfilled. There seems to be no good reason why the industry should not prosper in suitable localities in this province as well as in Northern Germany, where it has long been a staple. In British Columbia a test is also being made, and there is every prospect that beet-growing will form hereafter one of the regular industries of that fine province.

IMMIGRATION.

Before long we shall be awaiting with interest the returns of the next decennial census. At what rate have we been increasing? How has the increase been distributed over the Dominion. To what causes has it been due? Where it has been due to immigration, what has been its character? What countries have most contributed to it? Have the new comers been, for the most part, healthy, industrious and moral? Have they, in the main, been calculated to add to the national strength, wealth and reputation? These are questions which we shall be glad to see satisfactorily answered.

Those who read the very full reports issued yearly by the department which has charge of immigration will be prepared for some, at least, of the statistics which the census will lay before the public. There is, indeed, no phase of our development from year to year more interesting or important than the growth of our population by accessions from different parts of the world. Under the old regime the course of colonization was from the first clearly defined. New France was the genuine daughter of old France. For a century and a half a strict watch was maintained on the gates of the colony, both by sea and by land, lest any undesirable persons should obtain admission. The consequence was a homogeneity without parallel in any other part of North America. When the country was handed over to the Crown of England, a change began to take place. Even before the cession of the interior, German settlements had been organized in Nova Scotia, and, after the capitulation of Montreal had completed the transfer, European nationalities, hitherto excluded—continental as well as insular—were allowed a footing on the soil. Till after the peace of 1815, however, the accessions were mainly from the States to the south of us—the Loyalists of the Revolution predominating. To trace our growth since the War of 1812-15—a memorable epoch for Canada in more ways than one—would

be a serviceable but somewhat difficult task, as it is only within recent years that due care has been taken to classify the incomers according to origin. Since Confederation our immigration statistics are full and trustworthy. The movement of inter-provincial migration since 1867, and the extent to which persons of different races have inter-married—on these points, which have been carefully studied in some of the States—we are still greatly in the dark.

Still it is something to know from what sources our nationality is being built up, and we have ample information—which will be of greater value years hence than it is to-day—as to the Mennonite, Icelandic, Scandinavian, Hungarian, and other settlements in Manitoba and the North-West. In the first or second generation after their arrival, it is generally possible to identify members of these nationalities by their names, but the temptation to anglify them, especially when (as they sometimes do) they resemble English types of family nomenclature, is very strong, and where their females are married to men of British race, any trace of their origin is lost. The proportion of some of these foreign elements in our North-West population is much larger than many of our readers are probably aware of. For instance, it seems hardly credible that in fifteen years Canada has attracted one-tenth of the entire population of Iceland. The settlement in our North-West of these hardy, thrifty, intelligent and moral people, speaking a tongue which is the *ursprache*, or fountain-speech of the Teutonic languages, including the Saxon side of our own English—is one of the most interesting phenomena in our history. To Icelanders has been—not without reason—ascribed the earliest discovery of this continent from the Atlantic, and scholars like Mr. Leland have hazarded the theory that possibly they left the mark of their presence on the Indians of the Abenakis family. The Scandinavian settlers are also interesting from the association of the Northmen with the growth of both the French-speaking and English-speaking sections of our nationality. Of Germans the North-West has also a share, though their central stronghold is Ontario, and their number in the Dominion is larger than the population of more than one of our provinces.

The main thing, however, is that our later immigrants—not only of the races mentioned—but of the more familiar stocks of the United Kingdom, have, in general, been of the type best suited for colonization. Exceptions there have been, it is true, where mistaken benevolence pushed to excess the system of assisted passages. Not that poverty is in itself an objection. Far from it. Sound hearts, and stalwart frames, and honest ambition, soon recover from the disease of empty pockets. It was of just such candidates for independence that the committee of the Montreal St. Andrew's Society said in their last report that they were a credit to the country they had left and a valuable acquisition to Canada. But as a clergyman, who has had some experience of emigration, says, in another report, there is no room in Canada for idle loafers. Happily, it is possible to benefit our kinsmen across the ocean, while at the same time guarding our own interests, and what interest is more worthy of protection than the prestige of our Canadian citizenship? And we have just been reminded that the rumours of Mormon invasion are becoming more alarming. We have taken steps to keep out embezzlers and hoodlars, and surely we do not want that other iniquity

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

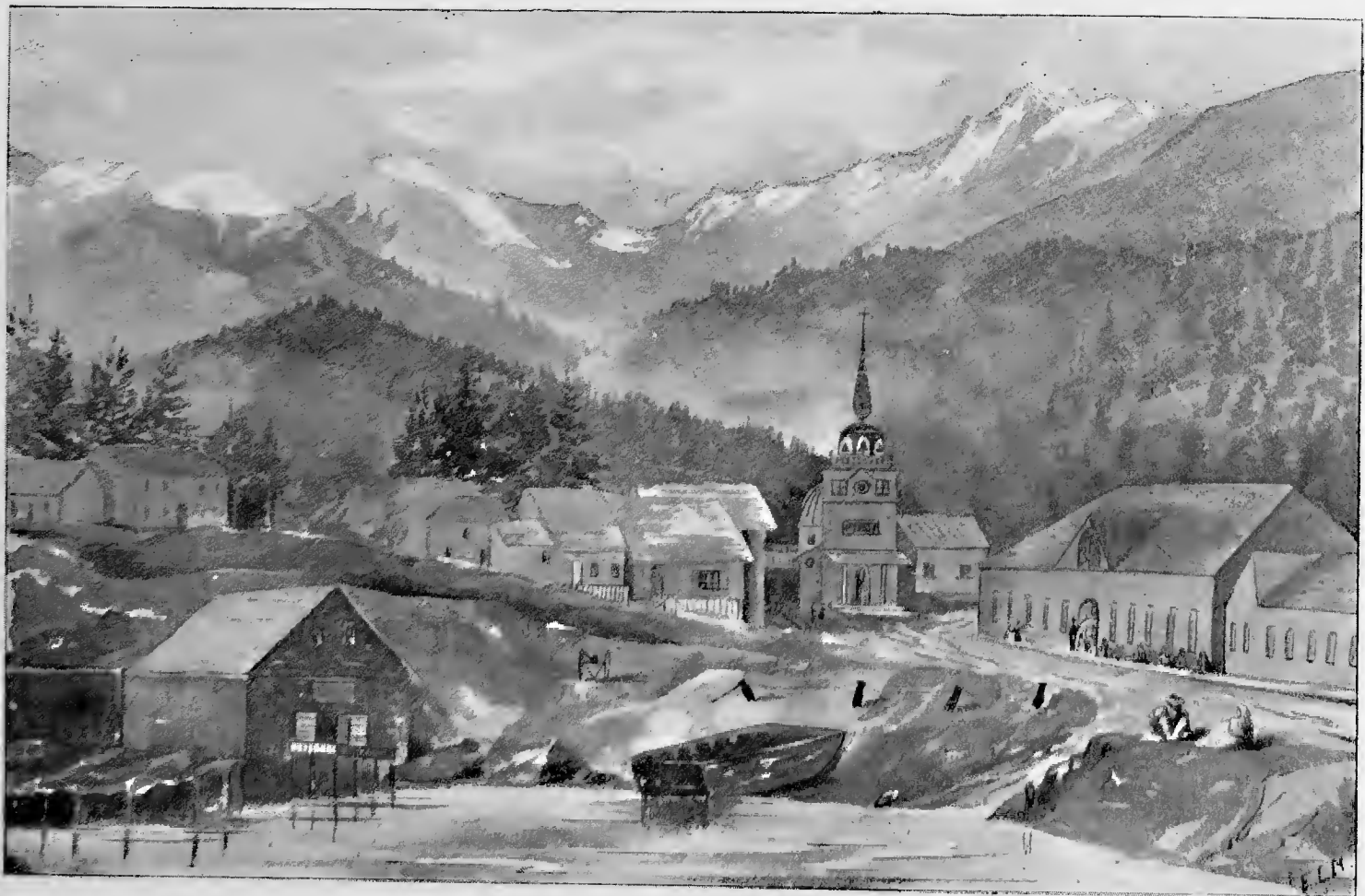
The utterances of Sir Charles Tupper, in connection with the Imperial Federation movement in England, have naturally aroused discussion in the French-Canadian press. As our readers know, the scheme has never commended itself to our fellow-citizens of French origin, some of whom have taken a strong stand against it. Indeed, with the exception of a comparatively small proportion of the population, there is no clearly expressed desire on the part of the Canadian people, whether British or French, to enter into the new relations, or to incur the responsibilities, which Imperial Federation might impose. As to what those relations and responsibilities might be we are as yet in the dark. Neither in England nor in Canada has any definite and authoritative programme been drawn up and submitted to the Old Country and Colonies by the Federationist leaders. The late Right Hon. Mr. Forster, who was the first president of the League, avoided any formulation of the details which would be *de rigueur* if the principle were accepted. Lord Rosebery has still more strongly opposed any attempt to bind the League by the enunciation of a *modus operandi*. His Lordship seems to think that the main object to be sought, for the present at least, is the inculcation of the idea of Imperial Unity, of loyalty to the tie that binds all England's possessions together, and of resistance to any counter movement, openly or implicitly aiming at disintegration. In February last Mr. Sandford Fleming, in an address delivered at a League meeting in Ottawa, undertook to remove misconceptions as to the purpose contemplated by himself and his colleagues, and his words were most assuring on the point that all details should be left open questions. The aims of the League (as far, at any rate, as its Canadian branch was concerned) were, he said, to promote the discussion of means to maintain the integrity of the Empire; to further the interchange and development of the resources of the several portions of the Empire; and to resist measures tending to disintegration. These were its only aims: and that there might be no ground for alarm in the minds of Canadians as to the possible effects of Federation (should it be brought about) on their present position of independence, it was added that, in the opinion of Canadian Leaguers, any scheme would prove abortive which failed to make the maintenance of our actual political rights one of its indispensable features.

This last proviso ought to clear the League of any suspicion of cherishing aims which might be subversive of the constitution, political organization and perfect freedom from outside control, that we have for years enjoyed. We cannot but regard it as a mistake that anything should have been said or done which might give the impression of a foregone conclusion, however harmless in itself, the proposal or series of proposals might be. If there is to be a convention, well and good. It is for the different parts of the Empire to appoint their delegates to it. What takes place there, when the whole vast Empire meets in a kind of deliberative club, may tend to solve the question of Imperial integrity in a manner generally satisfactory. But to put forward cut-and-dried schemes in advance of the convention can, it seems to us, only arouse prejudice. It is now nearly twenty years since Imperial Federation was first discussed in an English magazine, and ever since it has been more or less a live question. It has helped to bring



TORONTO HARBOUR, FROM THE WATERWORKS.

Soule, of Guelph, photo.



TOWN OF SITKA, CAPITAL OF ALASKA.

From a sketch by Miss Merritt



TOWN OF JUNEAU, ALASKA, AT SUNSET.

From a sketch by Miss Merritt.



MUIR GLACIER, IN THE 59th LAT., ALASKA.

From a sketch by Miss Merritt.

British subjects, separated by thousands of leagues of sea and land, to look upon each other more kindly, and has deepened the interest and pride of Britons in the Empire, as a grander fact than the United Kingdom. Is that great work of ages to part and fall to pieces for lack of timely forethought and adjustment? Or is it to be made strong and enduring by moral cohesion and the spirit of oneness diffused through all parts of the framework? The vast majority of England's sons abroad would return a negative to the former, an affirmative to the latter question, and the Imperial Federation movement shows the earnestness of the feeling for unity. But sentiment is counter-poised by self-interest, and a false step might change the tenor of the movement very materially.

FATHER DAMIEN.

DIED APRIL 10, 1889.

Has the world lost love and faith;
Is religion effete and dead?
Has the loving Christ of Nazareth
Not one in his steps to tread?
Are the saints, who walk in white,
But myths of a bygone age?
Has chivalry nought of its deeds to write
On this nineteenth century's page?
In the struggle for wealth and place
In a world gone mad with greed,
One man has looked on the Master's face
And learned and loved His creed.

Where the Hawaiian islands lift
Their peaks in the golden light,
And palm trees shadow each fertile rift
Above the coast-line white—
With this beauty the poison of death is blent;
Here men, through its ghastly leaven,
Are herded like beasts in shambles pent,
Deserted by earth and heaven.
Like festers, hideous with loathsome taint,
They darken the fair, sweet scene;
No surcease found to the wailing plaint
Of the leper's cry, "Unclean."
No Christ like the Christ on Capernaum's hill
To bring to the tortured soul
The tender answer of love: "I will.
Be clean—I have made thee whole!"

One whose heart was filled with the loving wine
That gladdens the Master's feast,
In its tender pity, almost divine,—
A brave young Belgian priest,
Went out from the sweetness of love and life
To this loathsome lepers' den,
Where sin and sorrow in deadly strife
Made brutes of living men.
Only the Cross on his valiant breast,
In its strength to suffer and die—
The isles of Hawaïia have told the rest
On the scroll of Eternity:
How his ceaseless pity fell like dew
On the blackened soil of sin,
And Christ, through His servant, in mercy drew
The weary outcasts in.

How the blinded eyes received their sight;
Of the broken hearts made whole;—
He was the window through which the light
Shone into each darkened soul.
He lifted them up from the sin and shame
Of life's darkest and worst despair,
Until God was no longer an idle name,
But a Father revealed in prayer.
Flint stones and thorns on his way of pain,
Eyes blinded by homesick tears;
The famine of heart and the fevered brain,
Through an exile of sixteen years,
Yet the chivalrous soul its devoir wrought
For the men he had come to save,
As day by day he was slowly brought
To a leper's lonely grave.
The world looked on as this hero-soul
Passed out from beyond its ken—
A martyr, attaining the well-earned goal—
A man who had died for men.
And the coward soul shrank back in shame,
And the faithless took heart of grace
At the light on Father Damien's name
Reflected from God's own grace.
One unselfish heart in this hard, gross age,
One white-souled saint, whose faith
Has touched with glory earth's sordid page,
And hallowed both life and death.

Halifax, May, 1889.

M. J. K. L.



HON. SENATOR MURPHY.—We present our readers to-day with a fine likeness of the Hon. Edward Murphy, who has been elevated to the Senate as representative for the division of Victoria in succession to the late Hon. Thos. Ryan. The subject of this sketch was born in the County Carlow, Ireland, on the 26th July, 1818. Mr. Murphy's family were, for over a century, extensive mill owners and corn merchants in the County Carlow. Mr. Murphy claims lineage from Donald Mor, a chieftain of considerable power and territory in the County Wexford, dating back to the days of Henry VIII, his mother being a descendant of an old distinguished Irish family. He is also related to the Kavanaghs, Byrnes, Fitzgeralds, Butlers and other families of position in the east and south of Ireland. Mr. Murphy was twice married, first, in 1848, to Miss McBride, of Dublin, Ireland, and secondly, in 1863, to Miss Power, second daughter of the late Hon. William Power, Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, and Susanne de Gaspé, his wife (daughter of the late Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, Seigneur of St. Jean Port Joli), and has five children living, issue of both marriages. In offering this short summary of the honourable gentleman's life, we cannot do better than quote the very handsome remarks of the Montreal correspondent of the *Empire*, Toronto, who said:—"The announcement from so high an authority as the Prime Minister of Canada himself that Mr. Edward Murphy would soon be called upon to occupy a seat in the Senate of the Dominion, brings with it not only the assurance that the present leader of the Federal Administration is determined to maintain the intellectual status of that body, but it also causes the greatest satisfaction in the city and district of Montreal. Although the respected and accomplished Irishman, who will so worthily represent the Victoria division in the upper branch of the Canadian Parliament, is not a native of this city, he, above all others of his race, has been so closely identified with the commercial, financial, intellectual and religious growth of the community, that Mr. Murphy, for a half century at least, has been justly considered one of Montreal's foremost sons and a prince amongst men. The man upon whom his old personal friend and leader has conferred this new mark of esteem and confidence possesses, to an extraordinary degree, the good will, the respect and even the affection of all classes of the community. Mr. Murphy has never, from his earliest manhood, sought to hide his firmly-grounded opinions respecting the various political, religious and social questions which were being discussed around him, yet he has at all times made his convictions known, his influence felt, and his generosity of heart manifest in so worthy a manner that, when at last an honourable reward comes to him for long years of service to Crown and country, there is in all Canada to-day no pen to write or voice to utter a single word other than in qualified praise. To give a perfect review of the new Senator's business career would be to rewrite the history of the city of Montreal, so closely has he been connected with her every interest, and it may also be said that an extended reference to the political services which he has rendered, not only to old Canada but to the new Dominion, would entail an exhaustive analysis of our country's political life. In business his word has been, through panic and prosperity, as good as his bond, and in politics he has been a sincere and steadfast supporter of the Liberal-Conservative party. Mr. Murphy, while being a devout adherent of the Church of his fathers, has never allowed his generous impulses to rest exclusively within the pale of his own denomination, and consequently he has been recognized by all communes, races and creeds as a true-hearted, faithful Christian gentleman. His devotion to the cause of that little isle beyond the ocean—the land of his birth—has been never known to fail, and a representative Irishman, in every sense of the word, will sit for Victoria in the Canadian Senate. The Senator, with his parents, came to Montreal in 1824, where he has since resided. His commercial education fitted him for the eminent position which he has taken in our world of commerce and finance. From being a salesman in the extensive hardware firm of Frothingham & Workman he became, in 1859, a partner in the concern, and is to-day one of the leading spirits of that great establishment. Mr. Murphy's connection with the St. Patrick's Society of this city dates back a great number of years, and the influence for good which he has exercised over his co-religionists and compatriots can never be too highly appreciated. The temperance people of Montreal and the Dominion have likewise possessed in Edward Murphy a man worthy of that great cause, and although his views on the question have always been moderate, yet his greatest desire has invariably been to promote the sobriety and general welfare of the people." In 1862 he revisited the Old World and the scenes of his childhood. During this absence he was made a director of the City and District Savings' Bank of Montreal. This position he filled till 1877, when he was elected to the presidency, an office to which he has been annually re-elected and holds at the present time. Mr. Murphy's careful superintendence as president, together with good management of the affairs of the bank by the board of directors and the manager, has given stability to the institution, and gained for it the entire confidence of the public, and a part of whose surplus profits,

averaging \$10,800 annually, are so acceptably divided among our various charitable asylums and hospitals, irrespective of nationality or creeds. A post of honour, entailing arduous duties as well, was conferred on Mr. Murphy ten years ago—that of Harbour Commissioner, which he still fills. Mr. Murphy is also a member of the Board of Trade, and is on the board of arbitration of that body. Over thirty-five years ago he was mainly instrumental in inaugurating the early closing movement on Saturday afternoons for the benefit of clerks. He was one of the first appointed Catholic School Commissioners of this city under the new regime. His generous founding of the Edward Murphy Prize of the annual value of \$100, in perpetuity for the "encouragement of commercial education in Montreal," open to all competitors, has done much to stimulate our youths to a higher excellence in commercial pursuits. He has for many years been a life governor of the Montreal General Hospital as well as of the Notre Dame Hospital—two worthy benevolent institutions; also, life governor of the Montreal branch of Laval University. The Senator has found time to cultivate his taste for scientific pursuits. His public lectures, always delivered for the benefit of charitable objects, on the "Microscope" and on "Astronomy" have invariably met with a hearty reception by the public. His well known interest in archaeology have lead him to take an active part in the following kindred associations: As one of the vice-presidents of the Natural History Society of Montreal, a member of the Société Historique de Montréal, and vice-president of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. With what general satisfaction the appointment of Mr. Murphy is regarded, not only by men of his own race and creed, but by the people of Montreal generally, may be gathered from the following editorial comment of the Montreal *Daily Witness*, the well known Presbyterian and Liberal journal, in its issue of the 30th May, with which we close this article. It says: "The appointment of Mr. Edward Murphy to the Senate is creditable to Sir John A. Macdonald and will be of advantage to Canada and to the city of Montreal. Mr. Murphy is esteemed by all people in Montreal as a man of ability and integrity, as one whose kindness of heart, sympathy with distress and need, and whose abhorrence of evil has made him a factor for good in this community. His life has been that of a noble Christian gentleman, without fear and without reproach."

VIEW OF TORONTO HARBOUR.—We present our readers, in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, with a view which many of them will at once recognize. The most conspicuous features in it are the esplanade, which skirts the water front of Ontario's capital, and the Union Station, towering above the surrounding buildings. The water is well taken, the action of the waves being well brought out.

SITKA, JUNEAU, AND THE MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA.—For particulars regarding these interesting views the reader is referred to Miss Meritt's account of her visit to Alaska in another part of this number.

SAWBACK RANGE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—The engraving here presented gives a view of a spectacle which, once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. In our school-days we had all the word "Sierra" carefully explained to us, as representing the impression which certain of their native mountain-chains suggested to the Spaniards. They called to mind (roughly, it may be, but still inevitably) the serrated edge of a cutting or sawing instrument. Our picture shows very clearly the natural appearance which prompted the comparison and the name. In reality, the sharp lines of the summits of these parallel ranges look more like the chipped flints of savages, than the regularly indented saw of civilized industry. There it is, however, and it is a wonderful scene of wild nature, in all its awe-inspiring majesty.

SHADOW LAKE, HEAD OF COAL CREEK, IN THE ROCKIES.—The phenomenon which suggested the name of the scene depicted in this engraving is not uncommon in the Rocky Mountains. In several points bodies of water at great elevations vividly reflect the surrounding mountains. In the instance, which the artist has here chosen for reproduction, it is especially marked, so as to make the name peculiarly appropriate.

SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The letterpress relating to the engravings of Mrs. Arthur Spragge's sketches of British Columbian scenery and life in the present issue will be found in No. 53 of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED (July 6), page 7.

THE UNWELCOME KISS, BY DUFFENBACH.—The scene depicted by the artist is its own interpreter. The little lady who is the object of the young cavalier's attention makes no pretence of pleasure at his apparently rather forced gallantry. The go-between is the one who evidently most enjoys the situation, and she gives promise of developing, in due time, into a match-maker of the first water. The figures, attitudes and expressions are in excellent keeping with the motive. There is much to admire also in the environment, which savours of Holland in its architecture and other characteristics.

"Is Our World Better or Worse than it Was?" This question the Rev. Harvey Jones endeavours to answer in the June *Time*.

The address of the secretary of the Browning Society is W. B. Slater, Esq., 39 Wolseley Road, Crouch-end, London, England.

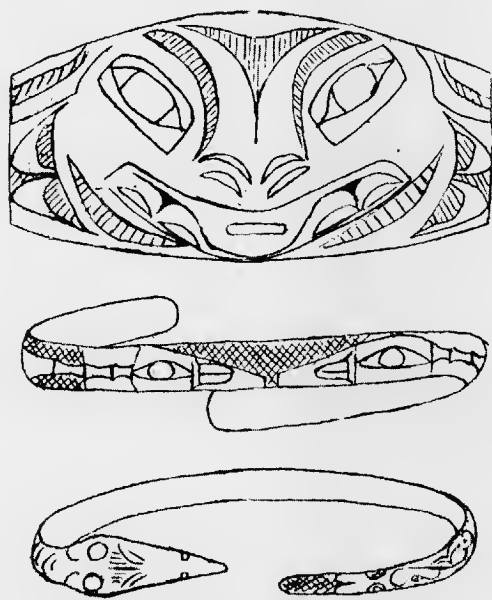
ALASKA.

A trip up the Pacific Coast to Alaska makes a pleasant terminus to a run across Canada by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The round trip takes from 16 to 18 days, and life on the waveless arms of the ocean through the numerous archipelagoes is crowded with interest.

Sitka is the capital of the Territory. It is a pretty little Indian village, with a Greek Church, built by the Russians some years ago, and one of the most beautiful island-studded harbours in the world, over which hangs a perfect cross, formed by the perpetual snow clinging to the mountain summit.

Juneau, however, is the chief settlement, and is the headquarters of the mining business. Opposite on Douglas Island is the Treadwell Gold Mine, where there is the largest quartz mill in the United States. It has 240 stamps, and has turned out about \$70,000 a month, free gold. Back of Juneau there are more indications of gold, and the gold fever rages all along that coast.

The natives all belong to a single great tribe, called the Thinket. They might be called the artistic savages of the world. In front of their log houses they erect "totem poles," which are merely logs on end deeply carved with the heraldic designs of their different families, and have nothing to do with their religion. Every utensil they have is sculptured with some diabolical but well executed design, and the pretty silver bracelets they make out of American dollars are much coveted by tourists.



INDIAN SILVER BRACELETS FROM ALASKA.

The wonderland of the north is reached at Glacier Bay, into which flow a great number of these frozen rivers of ice. The largest is the Muir Glacier, which surpasses anything nearer than the polar zones themselves. The front of the glacier is 2 miles in length, and from 300 to 500 feet high, while it moves forward on an average of 40 feet a day. Professor Wright, of Oberlin, Ohio, says that during the month of August its progressive movement daily is 70 feet at the centre and 10 feet at the margin. The clear waters of the bay, reflecting the Alpine scenery of the shores, are constantly ruffled by the breaking of the icebergs from the front, with a noise like the firing of artillery, and a force that sends the waves across its whole breadth.

Salmon abound in the rivers in such quantities that the numerous "salmon stories" told on the return of travellers are scarcely credited. There are a great many canneries all the way up the coast, even as far north as Chilcat, which is the farthest point at which the steamer touches, and where, during the whole night, a faint light lingers in the sky.

E. L. MERRITT.

THE BURNS CULT.

Burns, it seems, is still a name to conjure with in Scotland, and, indeed, among Scotsmen everywhere. As surely as the 25th of January comes round, enthusiastic votaries of haggis and whiskey and "Auld Lang Syne" meet together around the social altar, to perform the appointed rites in honour of the saint of the day. Probably the ceremonies begin with the well known Burns grace, spoken, if possible, by a clergyman:

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

The dinner consists, for the most part, of Scottish dishes, set forth in the menu-card with appropriate quotations from Burns and other Scottish writers. There are, of course, "cookie leekie," "Sheep's head and trotters," "haggis," "great chieftain of the puddin' race," not forgetting the corrective dram, "how-towdies," "marrow-bones," "roast bubblyjocks," and other dainties familiar to the readers of Burns and Scott. The worshippers consume these with a relish born of the occasion, and of faith in their tutelary deity. The service, it must be said, not infrequently involves a measure of martyrdom. Good digestion does not always wait on appetite when it seeks satisfaction in haggis washed down with whiskey, and followed with marrow-bones and the other delicacies that have been mentioned. The evening's recreations do not invariably stand the test of the morning's reflections. Nevertheless, the consumption is accompanied with a great show of gusto, which is probably to some extent real. A variation was this year noticeable in the Glasgow menu-card, which can scarcely be considered an improvement. The several dishes were analyzed and defined. Thus, haggis was explained, with doubtful accuracy, and in more questionable Scotch, to be "sheep's pluck, ait meal and ingans bilt in a clout." Glasgow might surely do better than that.

If we may judge by the newspaper reports, there is no falling-off in the extent of the Burns cult. The *Scotsman* contained over five columns of reports of Burns dinners, concerts and club meetings held in more than fifty towns and villages in Scotland, and there were London and Belfast besides. The meetings seem to have been well attended and enthusiastic. There was, however, a noticeable falling-off in the quality of the guests and in the status of the prominent speakers. There is a great change from the time when the late Lord Ardmillan filled the chair at Edinburgh with grace and dignity. Not only Lords of Sessions and members of the professional classes generally, but more particularly literary men, are conspicuous by their absence. It seems to be difficult to get a really worthy representative to reply to the toast of the literature of Scotland. Greenock was exceptionally fortunate in securing the services of ex-Professor Blackie and Sheriff Nicholson, and Edinburgh did very well in having as its spokesman "John Strathesk," the author of some provincial classics. But where were David Masson, and John Skelton, and John Veitch, and John Nichol, and Andrew Lang, and Donald MacLeod, and, above all, where was A. K. H. B.? The speeches on these occasions follow a stereotyped course. They consist chiefly of copious quotations from Burns's poems and songs, strung together with a thread of complimentary criticism. To change the simile, a sparkling stream of poetical extracts ripples through a flat meadow of comment. The Edinburgh orator of the occasion had no fewer than fifty quotations in his speech, ranging from one line to twenty-five. It seems to make no difference that the quotations have been made scores of times before, in the same connection, and at similar meetings. Heavy contributions are levied on "Tam o' Shanter," on "The address to the unco' guid," on "Auld Lang Syne," on "Scots wha hae," on "The Cotter's Saturday night," on "A man's a man's for a' that," and on a score or two of other well known lyrics. The speaker would make an unpardonable mistake if he did not quote, with special reference to the bard's own character, "Oh, gently scan your brither man," and "Wad some power the gittie gie us,"

and "The best laid schemes of mice and men," and "The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip." The more familiar the quotation, the greater the applause with which it is received. Lord Neaves had a well known recipe for the construction of a modern novel. The Burns orators might adopt a similar prescription for the manufacture of their speeches. It would be to take a page or two from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," to add their own reflections with a modicum of apologies for Burns's shortcomings. For, of course, something must be said on the latter subject; and in that connection Prior's couplet comes in handy:

Be to his virtues very kind,
Be to his faults a little blind,

and the apologists of Burns are generally very eloquent in both directions.

One might innocently suppose that the best way to do honour to Burns, and to show his power and enduring influence, would be to produce some evidence that the spirit of Burns is still living to animate and inform his successors. But, in good sooth, the poetry produced on these occasions is very poor stuff, painfully stilted and rapid. Very rarely, if ever, is a line produced at these banquets that is worth remembering, or a verse that deserves to live. There can be no doubt that the men who make themselves prominent on these occasions, and all who participate in them, are sincere admirers of Burns; but it is difficult to avoid the feeling that there is a good deal of self-glorification in the demonstrations. It is also a pity, for the sake of Burns's reputation, that the rites celebrated in his honour partake so entirely of a convivial character, and that so much prominence is given to the "barley tree," devotion to which was the source of all the troubles and miseries of his unhappy life. —*Times' Edinburgh Correspondent.*

CAMEL'S HAIR AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

Camel's hair has been employed in eastern countries during many centuries for the production of durable, though somewhat coarse tissues: but its introduction into European manufactures is of comparatively recent date. The colour of the hair varies considerably according to the climate of the country and the breed of the animal, and ranges from a dark brown to pure white, the latter, however, being very scarce and fetching comparatively high prices. The hair is not obtained by clipping, but is combed off the camel when it is changing its coat, and presents anything but an attractive appearance in its natural state. It is brought from the interior on the backs of camels in small bales to the Arabian and Syrian ports and to Egypt, whence it is mostly forwarded to Bradford, which is the most important market in Europe for this article. Camel's hair affords two kinds of material, namely, the hair properly so called, which is often used in its natural state in the list of cloth, and the short down or noils employed in the north of England, France and other countries for manufacturing *montreuses* and fancy materials for ladies' dresses. Great difficulty was experienced in utilizing camel's hair as long as the fashions favoured felted and fine materials, but since cheviot goods have become the vogue it has been employed successfully in several countries. —*North British Mail.*

QUESTION.

"Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having and Had. The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad; For the joy we take, in the taking dies, and the joy we had is its ghost. Now which is best—the joy to come, or the joy we have elapsed and lost?"

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

ANSWER.

"That Hope is sweeter than memory, we all by experience know; What thought do we give to the argosies that landed a year ago? Our hearts are not with the ship in port, but we gaze across the foam And watch with eagerly longing eyes for the vessel that's coming home."

—Anon.

The formation of his character is not, as it ought to be, the chief concern with every man. Many wish merely to find a sort of recipe for comfort, directions for acquiring riches, for whatever good they aim at.



THE SAWBACK RANGE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

From a photo. kindly loaned by H. N. Topley.



SHADOW LAKE, HEAD OF COAL CREEK, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Notman, photo.

L'ANGE DE DIEU.

Autumn in the Province of Quebec, 1648. The crops half garnered for the winter, and the Mohawks from beyond the Great Lakes devastating the land.

The village of L'Ange de Dieu, lying far away from all kindred settlements, lay peculiarly exposed to the attacks of these savage hordes; and when, after weeks of blockade and ruthless ambush, the enemy seemed suddenly to have withdrawn from the neighbourhood, the settlers made the best possible use of the interim of peace, harvesting what crops the Indians had spared, and constructing a strongly-built block-house, large enough to contain the entire population, in the centre of the village square.

The waning sunlight gleams brightly on the stubble fields, and softens, with a tender glory, the rough outlines of the log cabins that form an irregular circle around the central building.

A little group of farmers, home from the long day's labour in the fields, linger chatting to each other by the block-house, their soft *patois* sounding musically through the twilight, and on the threshold of the various cabins, the quick click of their needles keeping time to the conversation, gossip their wives and sweethearts, looking picturesque and beautiful in quaint Normandy costumes, surmounted by brilliant kerchiefs, bound turban-wise around the head.

To home and kindred turns the talk; to France the Beautiful, across the sea, and to those who, dearer than love of country and ties of kinship, have led their loving hearts from old provincial homes across the stormy ocean to lonely hearths and the western wilds.

Ah, L'Ange de Dieu! outpost of the old world's faith and honour! May the Angels of God indeed hover over you with sheltering wings, for peril lurks behind every shrub and tree, where the roaming redman points his flinted arrow, or grasps the glittering tomahawk to render sudden death!

From the shadowy edge of the forest that walls in the oval clearing bursts a small band of men, shouting lustily and firing their muskets in the air as a sign of their peaceful intentions. Only a young lieutenant and a score of soldiers sent by the French commander to assist the farmers in defending the frontier, armed with pikes and muskets, that, clumsy as they were, did deadly execution among the skin-clad Indians.

But neither shout nor powder is needed to gain them a welcome to the village. Are they not soldiers of France, with mayhap in their ranks some old-time friend or relation, with whom to exchange remembrances? All alike drop the occupations of the moment. The priest hurries from his little chapel, the group at the block-house suddenly dissolves, and, with women and children, crowd around the strangers; while the canine population comes out *en masse* to add to the uproar.

In the meantime, the young officer, singling out the *curé*, demands the latest news of the enemy.

"Ah, monsieur," says the *curé* sadly, "things are bad as bad can be; we are under arms while cutting the corn, and at night we have to watch in turn. Some of our cattle have been stolen, and there's not even enough food to last through the winter for the remainder; and a week ago poor Bossière, with his wife and family, was massacred. His cabin was built at some distance from the others, and, when news of the invasion came, he refused to move into the village; and when the Indians attacked us one morning at daybreak, we had all we could do in defending our own homes and defeating them without giving him any assistance. In the fight we heard one cry, no more; and, in the morning, the charred remains of the cabin, with the mutilated body of a child, were all we found. Since then the Indians have retired."

Lowly and quietly as the old priest spoke, his breast heaved and his eyes flashed with passion as he thought how soon the same fate might overtake the rest of his flock.

"The fiends!" cried the lieutenant. "Are they in force?"

"Several hundreds," answered the *curé*; "but, thank God, even if they return, your arrival puts us at ease."

Night closed in. The men were billeted around the village, Lieutenant D'Aubency sharing the Jesuit's cottage. Though the forest was reported clear, a sentinel was posted at each end of the square.

Time went by and the village remained undisturbed, though tales of murder and rapine were frequently brought in from the neighbouring settlements; so a careful watch was always kept.

The farmers, freed from night-watching and the bearing of arms during the day, laboured heartily at their various pursuits: some finished harvesting and prepared the ground for the spring sowing; while others were employed in raising a strong palisade around the block-house, as an additional means of defense, and sufficiently large to accommodate their cattle if they were besieged for any length of time. The outpost was an important one, and, consequently, was better guarded than the French settlements in general were at this date.

One morning, as the men were separating to their daily tasks, a voyageur from one of the neighbouring clearings rushed up. How he escaped death seemed a miracle. Twelve miles of virgin forest to traverse, streams to cross, and chief of all, the difficulty of evading the enemy, who seldom wandered far from L'Ange de Dieu.

The man's tale was soon told. Surprised at night, the villagers managed to throw themselves into the chapel, the only building capable of defence, before the enemy fell upon them, firing the houses and murdering and scalping all who were cut off; and when at last, after an hour's hard fighting, they were repulsed and driven off, hardly half of the little band of settlers were left to rejoice. Aid was imperative to restore the place to a defensible condition, so he had volunteered to seek it from the well-manned outpost.

This assistance could not be refused, and fifteen soldiers and peasants were despatched to the ruined village. This left them only forty men and youths who were able to bear arms in defence of the station.

Once more the shades of night close lovingly around the settlement. No moon illuminates the sky; but one by one the stars twinkle through the frosty atmosphere, as if the eyes of its own guardian angels were keeping watch and ward.

No sound but the steady tramp, tramp of the two sentinels as they pace their beats. The muskets ready primed in their hands; alert and watchful for their own and their comrades' lives. Silence reigns in all the log-built cabins after the labour and turmoil of the day. Only in the Jesuit's cottage a restless heart is beating, where the young lieutenant tosses sleeplessly upon his couch, musing of Southern France; of the long wide-reaching vineyards, and the moss-grown chateau with its thousand memories of youth and boyish pleasure, not yet dimmed or blurred by passing years; and nearer and dearer than all these fleeting fancies comes the vision of a dark-haired maid, whose jetty eyes were full of tears when he had said farewell. And treasured on his breast he bears a faded rose, a gift that marks a glowing day of early June, when he and Christine plighted love and troth. And now the same bright eyes, filled with the pure, unquestioning love, which then they did not dare proclaim, seem to look down upon him from the sky of the new-settled world, amid the glittering stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels." And so the hours flit on, and he, too, slumbers.

Twice the sentinels are changed. The last men rise drowsy from their interrupted repose. The night air is cold, and the stalwart arms relax the muskets little by little, until the weapons lie inert against the nearest cabins.

But what are those dark forms that advance so slowly from the forest's edge? On they come, two or three hundred in number, so quietly that the sentries do not hear them until they are within a few yards of the outermost cottage.

But now one turns and sees the dark forms rushing ever faster; as, seeing their surprise is a failure,

they cast concealment aside and dash towards the sentries, pealing out their savage war-whoop through the air.

A wild, despairing cry, followed by a musket shot, and the men are aroused; but not before the foe is in their midst. Men, women and children hurriedly spring from their couches and pour out into the square, the men gathering around the latter in a wavering circle, holding whatever weapons came first to hand, as they slowly urge their way to the block-house. Around them press the swarming Indians. The cabins nearest the point of attack are fired, and the inmates butchered as they rush from the doors. The flames light up the village with a flickering glow, and make as weird a battle-scene as ever man has triumphed in. Above the surging, undulating mass of combatants, their swarthy features silhouetted by the ruddy flames, looms the star-lit darkness, and shrouding them in on every side the gloomier shadows of the forest. Already the first loud whoops of onset are yielding place to cries of death and carnage. The faces of the peasants and soldiers are rigid and determined, as, with pike and clubbed musket, or even with a simple bowie-knife, they ward off the Indians. The women for the most part are calm and collected, many aiding the men with household utensils, picked up in the moment of flight, or guarding their children from harm.

To and fro, backwards and forwards, sways the struggling mass. And now the fight rages more fiercely and bitterly as they reach the block-house. The men manning it throw the gates of the palisade open, and in they rush—man, woman and child—with the red knife and tomahawk pressing closely on their rear, and then the gates are closed, and the foe recoils a moment before the hail of musket balls, the volley ringing out clear and sonorous above the tumult.

And wounded friends lying as they had fallen among the bleeding bodies of the slain, meet death with calm composure as they know some loved one of their heart has gained the protection of the palisade.

Young and old lie scattered on the ground. Here a child of ten lies dead with a shattered skull, no look of pain or terror marring the beauty of her features, struck down as she left the sheltering cabin. On farther dies a youthful wife, clasping her baby in her nerveless arms, nor stills its weeping. Ah! nevermore shall wife and child await the coming of the father by the cottage door, when sunset seals the day of labour! Fast by her feet, locked in the close embrace of death, soldier and savage, inveterate enemies, pant out their life together, and extended by their side a rugged Breton turns his pallid face to heaven.

Sleep placidly, sons and daughters of Mars! on nightmare of the torture stake or dagger need appal your dreaming; rather may visions of happier times, while yet the red man was not in your thoughts, beguile you in the waiting!

And there beneath another swarthy corpse, the face of the young officer, untouched by the death wound, shows firm and clear-cut in the flickering light, the bright blood slowly soaking through his uniform, where a bowie knife had pierced his guard in the *mélée*. He murmurs a smothered name, and half turns on his side. Is it only a sigh or Christine?

"To the death, sir," he had answered the French commandant, when ordered to hold the settlement. Well, death had come. What then? A soldier's death is the same in an unnamed skirmish, as it is on the grand field of battle; to die in the moment of victory or falter and drop in defeat!

But a soldier's death holds more than the mere loss of honour and fame. Far away in La Belle France a dark girl dreams of her handsome lover, and recalls the farewell meeting in the arbour; nor dreams that the red rose of love and remembrance is dyed a brighter crimson than ever it was in the days of its beauty and fragrance.

And what knew old France of this dim battle in the forest? Only this, in official returns—"Killed, in defense of their station, Lieutenant D'Aubency, twelve men." Of the weird combat in the star-light, hemmed in by murmuring tree-tops; of the surprise, the struggle, and the victory; of the

heroism of soldier and peasant, fighting side by side against heavy odds, in the cause of love and honour; of the bravery of women, towering up steadfastly in the hour of disaster and peril, guarding their children from carnage; naught was known across the sea.

But in country villages the children gather at nightfall around some hoary-headed peasant and listen to his legends of the early times, of how their fathers strove and conquered in the wilderness, and settled their faith and their homes, from the Gulf to the Lakes.

Ah! L'Ange de Dieu, well may your guardian angels spread their sheltering wings above you, and their starry eyes sparkle with love and protection, as they gaze upon you, keeping watch and ward through the hours of night!

BORES.

Nothing tends to mar the pleasures of social intercourse more than the prevalence of the tactless and inconsiderate class of conversationalists known as bores. As the farmers say, "the woods are full of 'em." Few indeed are the assemblages, however, exclusive where the bore does not manage to spoil much of the profit and satisfaction of the occasion by his persistent endeavours, if not exactly to monopolize the talk, to take at all events a leading share in it. Usually he—or she—is a fussy, conceited person whose brain is not large enough to hold more than one idea at a time. Supposing every body is or ought to be interested mainly in his concerns or his particular hobby, he makes no scruple of breaking into the most interesting conversation by telling of some utterly trivial occurrence which happened to him, or asking your opinion of this or that matter entirely foreign to the subject in hand. Let him but once get his head upon his favourite topic, whether it be the authorship of Shakespeare's plays or French domination, and he will prose away by the hour—giving vent to the merest commonplaces which have been better said a hundred times before, with an air of supreme self-consequence. The bore has no regard for the feelings of others—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is so wrapped up in conceit and a sense of his own importance that the possibility that anyone should prefer listening to anyone else or discussing some other subject never occurs to him. It is very easy for any enthusiastic and heedless person engrossed by a fad, no matter of what nature, to degenerate into a bore. Devotion to a cause, if sincere and unselfish, will excuse a great deal and it is hardly just to judge an enthusiast strictly by conventional rules. Nevertheless people ought to beware of this tendency and shun inflicting themselves and their theories upon hearers whom courtesy alone restrains from telling them that they are making a nuisance of themselves.—*Saturday Night*.

HOW TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.

A citizen of Kentucky, who has a very extensive and excellent apple orchard and who is a large producer of cider, recently determined upon making a new experiment. Last year he dug a cistern, the interior of which he carefully cemented and made water-proof, then by means of a pipe from the cider mill he continued the manufacture of cider until the cistern was full. He claims to have solved the problem of keeping cider sweet all the year round. Whenever he wanted cider he drew it from the cistern with a pump, in the same manner as he would a pail of rain-water, filling the barrels with it as they were ordered by customers. The cider is said to be not only of extraordinary flavour, but kept much better in this way than it would in barrels. This is the first experiment of the kind that has ever come to the knowledge of the *Criterion*, but as its success is vouched for by a well-known Kentucky paper, it must be true.—*Greene's Criterion*.

A great many men employ the first of their years to make their last miserable. Spare when young, and spend when old.

God gives peace not as the world giveth. Many forget this truth, and when all is favourable without, think they have the peace of God.



A FEW HINTS ABOUT CHICKENS.—"Blood will tell," and to hope for the best results we must choose from no plebeian stock, but look among those of patrician birth, whose pedigree will bear inspection. It is claimed, on good authority, that the cross of blood between the Leghorn and Plymouth Rock, or Leghorn and Brahma, supplies the choicest meal for the table.

Experience clearly proves that chicken is a favourite and healthy fowl for the well man, and our best medical authority places it on the list of meats permissible for the person suffering from various diseases.

Careful housekeepers, who raise their own poultry, give them no food for twenty-four hours before killing and dressing for their own table. Remember this, and in selecting for your table, buy none where the intestines have not been removed, or the crop emptied; otherwise the flavour of the chicken will be impaired.

In choosing for any purpose but broiling and frying, choose those that are full grown, but not old. When young the points are neither stiff nor flabby: the skin is thin and tender and may be easily broken, and the breastbone will yield to pressure. Poultry should be kept a few hours after killing before cooking, but always pick and draw as soon as possible.

If the fowl is brought to you alive, then it becomes necessary to understand how to remove the feathers. If plucked while warm, the feathers will come out quite easily, but the better method is to scald the fowl by pouring over it, from the mouth of a tea-kettle, boiling water. Hold the fowl over a pail while this is done, wet every portion, and pick immediately; free it from all pin feathers, and singe over a bright blaze; cut off the legs at the first joint, then draw the fowl by making an incision in the body, between the breastbone and the tail. In removing the entrails, great care must be taken not to break the gall-bag, for if any of the contents be spilled it will make any portion of the meat it touches bitter beyond repair; remove the crop from the neck, split open the gizzard and peel out the lining, and free the heart and liver from the waste portions; wash outside and in, and cut from the back of the tail the oil sack.

If a chicken should not be perfectly sweet inside, which sometimes happens, when bought dressed from the market, put a teaspoonful of soda in the first water in which it is to be washed, rinsing it thoroughly out afterwards that it may leave no taste of soda in the meat.

To cut up a chicken for any purpose, make with a sharp knife an incision in the skin around the leg, press slightly away from the body, which will unjoint the member, and separate with a clean, sharp cut; treat the wings in the same manner, and then sever leg and wing from the other side of the body. Leave no unsightly, ragged edges to betray your lack of skill. Cut the membrane down between the breast and tail to the backbone, and separate just below the ribs; find the joint in the neck by moving it back and forth until it is unjointed, then cut close to the body; cut the wish bone in a slanting direction from the breastbone down toward the neck. Find the joint in the shoulder blade and separate; divide the breast from the back by cutting through the cartilage connecting the ribs; the breast should be left whole, except for broiling or frying. Remove all fat from the fowl that can be done with ease, and substitute butter in its preparation; where slices of salt pork can be used it lessens the amount of butter needed. The fat taken from the fowl can be tried out and added to the meat drippings used for the many purposes of the kitchen, but never put it with the lard used for pastry, for the chicken flavour will readily be detected.

In serving broiled or roast fowl be sure that your platter is large enough to save the carver the an-

noyance of having his slices fall on your cloth. There should be a generous allowance of room for the meat to lie in order around the carved towl without hanging over the edge of the dish. Before announcing the dinner be sure and see that the thin blade of the carving knife is bright and sharp; the fork should be strong, with long tines and a guard. The work may be done either standing or sitting, the main point being to do it neatly, without scattering crumbs or gravy, and to slice and divide the meat in such a manner that each may be served equally well. The wings and breast meat are considered the choicest portions, and where there are ladies at the table, it is courtesy to help them of this portion. Ease may be acquired in carving if one will study the anatomy of an uncooked fowl in the kitchen department by dissecting one for a fricassee, according to the direction just given. Learn to hold the knife and fork easily, as strength is not required so much as knowledge of fowl anatomy. It is best to make your first efforts in the presence of the family circle alone.

ROAST CHICKEN.—Choose one fully grown: after cleaning properly, rub outside and in with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Prepare a dressing made of dry bread crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter and a little summer savory or thyme, moistened with milk. (Dry bread is to be preferred to fresh). Fill the bodies with this, sew them up, tie the wings close to the body, and cross the legs over the tail and tie close: fill the crops and tie the skin of the necks close: roast in a moderately hot oven two hours, or according to size and age; baste at first with butter and water, until there is enough of their own gravy. Cook the giblets tender in water, chop them fine, and add to the gravy made after the chicken is taken up by thickening with flour moistened with water to prevent lumps.

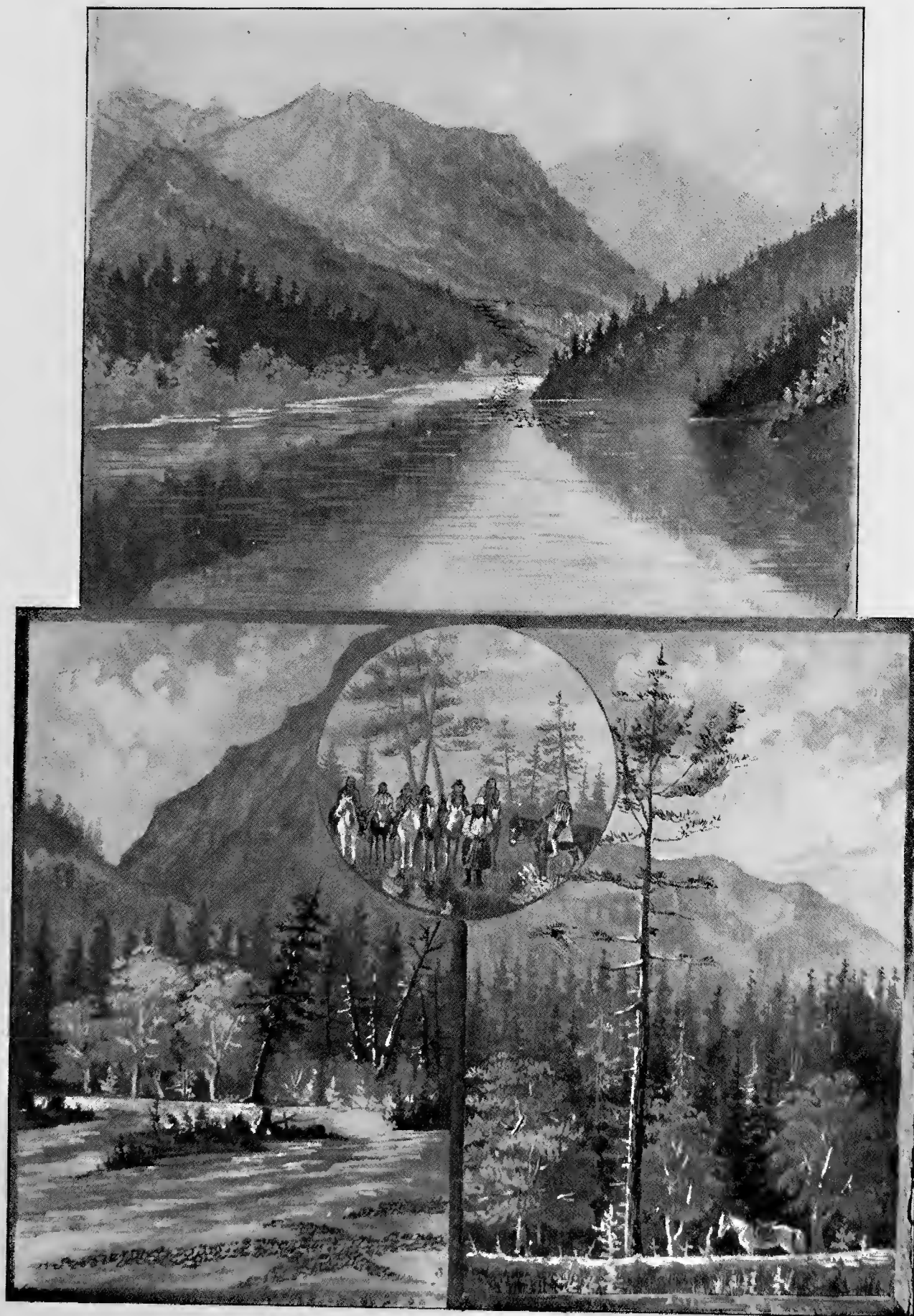
FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—A fowl may be of quite an uncertain age for this purpose: given time enough it will become tender, and is better than a young fowl, as the meat is richer; cook it slowly, for fast boiling hardens the meat: cut up the fowl according to the directions, and put into a pot and cover with cold water; just before boiling a scum will rise to the top: skim this off and boil tender: it may be necessary to add a little boiling water for the gravy. Season with salt and pepper and thicken with flour well mixed with butter: this is nice if three or four slices of salt pork are put in with the boiling chicken; break into a large platter (never cut them) some hot baking-powder biscuit: arrange the chicken in the centre and pour gravy over the whole.

CHICKEN AND HAM.—Prepare and stuff a young fowl; cut thick slices of cold boiled ham large enough to envelope the chicken, tie the ham securely around it with a string, and put it into a dripping pan with a little water, and bake slowly an hour and a half or until tender. Baste it frequently while baking, cover them at first to hold the steam. When tender untie the ham, and lay around the chicken, on a hot platter. Thicken the gravy with flour and stir in a little chopped parsley, boil up and pour over the chicken, or serve in a gravy boat if preferred.

CHICKEN PASTE FOR SANDWICHES.—To four cupfuls of finely chopped chicken, add a teaspoonful of finely chopped ham, season to taste with salt, pepper, mustard and tomato catsup, add enough of the liquor in which the chicken has boiled to mix the meat into a paste, spread between slices of buttered bread.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Mince cold chicken as fine as possible, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of butter. Add three well-beaten eggs, and a teaspoonful of the liquor in which it was boiled. Mix thoroughly, shape into cakes, dip in beaten egg, then into cracker crumbs, roll lightly, and drop into boiling lard. Fry a light brown and serve hot.

CHICKEN SOUP.—An old fowl is used best in a broth or soup. Give it time enough and boil slowly, season with salt, pepper, and a few sprigs of celery top. Serve hot. The chicken can be made very palatable by frying in salt pork drippings or butter, after it is taken from the broth.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series VI.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Lake Pasilqua, 2. Kootenay Indians with Chief Isidor, 3. Sheep Creek, 4. Six Mile Camp.



THE UNWELCOME KISS.

By Duffenback.

Photo, supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company



WHAT TO DO WITH THE CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

Out of a dozen inquiries as to whether children should be allowed at the table, eight "certainly," three "yeses"—after a certain age, say four years—and one "not until a child is capable of using its knife and fork properly," were received. Care was taken to ask the question of women who have large families and are leaders in society and whose children are not only cultured, but have done well unto themselves. It is a subject that every mother is interested in and one on which there is necessarily a diversity of opinion, for the management of children must vary according to the age, health and disposition of the child. Some are ruled by kindness, some by strictness, and others need only careful management or tact to lead them.

It is impossible for any but the mother to make rules, all articles on the subject can only give advice in the form of suggestions, and we therefore hope that the following will prove of use to mothers and all those who have charge of children.

A very good rule to adopt in regard to bringing children to the table is to allow them to be brought in when dessert is served. This can be made a real pleasure, not only to the children, but to the parents. Of course the little ones have had their dinner earlier, and the little taste of sweetmeats given by the mother's permission can do no harm, and can be made a reward. We are referring, of course, to babies or young children say under five years.

I believe as eight of the twelve mothers do, in children being brought to the table, for it is necessary that they should begin as early as possible to learn table manners; and nowhere can they be taught so well as at the family table.

In some households a side-table is provided for the children, with the governess or head nurse to superintend, and if the mother does not feel equal to the task of overseeing her children at meals, this is a very excellent plan to adopt, only she should see that the person in charge is well qualified for the duty.

Before going further I wish very much to tell you of a beautiful house in New York, where everything is kept in perfect order—except the children—and dinner or any meal in that house is an ordeal which few people care to go through twice. There are two children, a boy and a girl, and a few of the things they do and should not be allowed to do are as follows: In the first place the waitress is never sure of where they are going to sit. Their proper places, the girl beside her mother and the boy by his father, are of course neatly laid, but as like as not the girl will want to sit beside her father, or the guest if there is one, and immediately there arises a squabble as to what seat she will take, and after five minutes loud talking, scolding and perhaps crying, it is settled, then the waitress must change the plates, napkins and so on. No attention is paid by them to the blessing, and the moment it is ended both begin to tell what they want. Of course they are helped first and after being helped they invariably change their mind and want something different. When the bread is passed they finger every slice or roll to get the softest piece, and after they have got it break it into a thousand bits. They are allowed to help themselves to the preserves and sauces and butter, and by the time the dessert reaches the table they have eaten—or wasted—enough to satisfy a grown man or woman. Then most likely there will be a hot discussion as to how much "pudding" or pie they want, and it will in all probability end in one of them being carried out of the room screaming, while the other is sure to be rewarded for not crying.

What can parents expect in the future for these children? and can they blame them for anything they do in after life that is unmanly or unwomanly? I think not. I have not drawn from imagination, but from actual life; and it is not such a very unusual case either, as many can testify.

On the other hand there is such a thing as being too strict. There will be many among my readers who can remember the plate of cold porridge that was set by from breakfast and must be eaten before anything else at lunch, and the hard crusts saved from one meal to another. Such a practice seems barbarous. After children cannot eat the food provided, let a mother try it on herself and see how it affects her stomach. If the food must be given a second time to the little one, put it in a different cup or plate and heat it if it will make it more palatable.

And then, why should a child be made to eat what it does not like, just because the father, mother or nurse is careless in helping it? If John likes the leg and Mollie the wing, why should John have the wing and Mollie the leg? Children have their preferences, and as far as it is right they should be regarded. At the same time no child should be fed entirely upon the white meat of the turkey, or given all the cream in the pitcher simply because he wishes it.

Then again, how often their food is tasteless for want of salt, or too much salted; the milk just turned, or the bread hard. But it is not of the children's food that we are writing but of how they shall eat it and in what manner it shall be served to them.

The first thing is to establish a seat at the table for the child that shall be his or her place. A high chair is necessary for a child under four, and what a precious piece of furniture this chair is to every mother. It is also an excellent plan and will save a deal of trouble if the nurse can be spared from other duties to take care and wait upon the children at table.

Now comes a difficult time in a child's training; it must be taught to treat its nurse respectfully, and the nurse must also speak kindly and be respectful to her little charge. It was in this particular that the old coloured mammies of the South were so invaluable. They never allowed the children under their care to be rude either to themselves or any one else.

There is a very pretty custom, sometimes met with here and which is universal in England and if once adopted is sure to always exist, that is that all children over four years old shall not take their seats until their father, and especially the mother, is seated. I saw a veritable Little Lord Fauntleroy the other day take his mother by the hand when dinner was announced and lead her to her seat, draw out her chair and see her comfortably seated before taking his own. It was all so natural and charming I could not help contrasting this bit of courtesy with that of the two children of our New York friend.

If children are taught from the very first to take their seats quietly, wait patiently for their food, answer promptly and speak when spoken to they will not only be a credit to you but their presence will be anything but a trouble. If the child has an accident try to treat it as such, not as a piece of willful mischief, as we are too apt to. The plaintive little cry, "I didn't mean to," is oftener true than otherwise.

Never make fun of a child for the use of its knife or fork, but try patiently and perseveringly to correct its mistakes, and from the very first when you say *no* let it be *no*. Of course there are delicate, nervous children who must be indulged in many ways not to be thought of with a strong and healthy child, but even then there is a limit not only for the child's sake but the mother's and nurse's.

In many families the oldest child is required to ask the blessing. This does not seem quite right. Should the father be absent, however, and there is a son, then it is a grateful duty for the boy to be able to do it. A child's training can never begin too early, nor can it be too carefully schooled in all that is graceful. Civility has always had luck as an ally. "My mother taught me," how often, how very often we hear that phrase when one wishes to explain something worthy of remembrance.

Here are a few good old rules that can be safely followed:

- Give the child a seat that shall be strictly its own.
- Teach it to take its seat quietly;
- To use its napkin properly;
- To wait patiently to be served;
- To answer promptly;
- To say thank you;

If asked to leave the table for a forgotten article or for any purpose to do so at once;

Never to interrupt and never to contradict;

Never to make remarks about the food, such as "I saw that turkey killed and how it did bleed," as I once heard a little boy remark at a Thanksgiving dinner.

Teach the child to keep his plate in order;

Not to handle the bread or to drop food on the cloth and floor;

To always say "Excuse me, please," to the mother when at home, and to the lady or hostess when visiting, if leaving the table before the rest of the party;

To fold its napkin and to put back its chair or push it close to the table before leaving;

And after leaving the table not to return.

I know children who observe every one of these rules, and are in no way priggish, but are simply well-behaved, delightful companions, and they owe it all to their mother's careful training from babyhood.—*Good-Housekeeping*.

COTTON IMITATION CHAMOIS.

A cotton fabric which has been patented in England, is thus described by the *Canadian Journal of Fabrics*: "it has the appearance and soft feel of chamois leather, and it is guaranteed will not lose its special qualities when washed. In making the cloth cotton yarns form the warps, these being dyed a fast colour, a chrome yellow tint being preferable; they are sized and dressed in the usual manner. The weft is spun soft and is used in the undyed state. The fabric is woven from these yarns, and is then passed several times through cylinder teasing or raising machines, whereby the surface is broken and a good ground nap is produced on one side or both sides thereof. The fabric is then 'soap' finished, to impart to it the desired appearance and soft, cold feel of chamois leather. It is applicable for either wet or dry cleaning purposes and also as a polishing cloth, and especially suitable for underclothing and for linings of the same, and for general use as a substitute for the chamois leather now used for these and for analogous purposes. Being, moreover, of a woven texture and absorbent, it is more healthy for use in garments than chamois leather, and does not require to be perforated. Unlike leather also, which gets stiff after washing, this improved material so produced is capable of being repeatedly washed without stiffening, and is found to retain its softness perpetually."

NO SAWDUST.

Some time ago, it was announced in the papers that a prominent citizen would make a trip to Spain this summer. Three or four days after the announcement, he received a call at his house from an oldish lady, who introduced herself as living in the city and stating that she had read the notice.

"Yes I shall visit Spain," he replied.

"These Malaga grapes come from Spain, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"You will undoubtedly go where they grow?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, I wanted to see if you wouldn't do me a little favour. I'm very fond of Malagas, but I hate to pay two shillings a pound for 'em. I don't believe they are over ten cents a pound there; and I'll leave thirty cents with you, and have you bring me back three pounds. Please select large bunches, and don't have any sawdust on 'em."

His astonishment was so great that she had laid down the money and got away before he could speak. He rushed to the door just as she boarded a street car, and she called to him from the platform:—

"Large bunches and no sawdust. The sawdust never agrees with me."

MINISTERS who preach long sermons—in the summer—will be interested in the comments of their smallest hearers. One of them, when asked what lesson was to be learned from the story of Paul and Eutychus, replied, "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons!" Another, a little four-years-old, commented thus: "Mamma, that minister preached me all to hunger!"



Mr. J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec, has put the public once more under obligations to his assiduous and fruitful pen. We have received a copy of his "Historical and Sporting Notes on Quebec and its Environs," which is especially seasonable just now. It is divided into two parts, the first of which was prepared for the use of visitors to Quebec and its vicinity. The headings of the chapters indicate the charms of nature and the points of historic interest on which Mr. LeMoine sheds the light of his gathered lore. We are taken first from Quebec to Montmorency Falls—a delightful trip, the pleasures of which are manifold enhanced by Mr. LeMoine's instructive companionship. Our next journey is to Cap Rouge, and we return by the Ste. Foye Road, after seeing some of the most picturesque scenery and some of the loveliest villas and manor houses—each of which has its memories and associations—in this ancient province. The author next invites us to Indian Lorette, about which he has much to say that is well worth listening to. It is noteworthy that the term "Ononthis" for "Governor," first employed by the Hurons during the rule of Mr. Montmagny, of whose name it is a translation, is still in vogue among the remnants of that once great nation, and was used not long since in an address to one of our Lieutenant-Governors. "Chateau Bigot: Its History and Romance," closes the first division of the book, and is not the least fascinating of these recitals.

The second part of the volume is even more valuable than the first, as it covers new ground—ground that is also historic, though it is the resort of the hunter and angler rather than of the antiquarian. It carries us, under the same courteous guidance, along the route of the Lake St. John Railway. St. Ambrose, Lake St. Joseph, Bourg Louis, St. Raymond, the Batiscan River, Lake Edward, and other places in this paradise of the sportsman—with which our readers are not altogether unfamiliar—are passed in succession, our Cicirone, from his well-stocked mind, imparting all needful knowledge *en route*. In the course of our journey we traverse "The Land of the Winanish," so copiously illustrated by the pen and pencil of Messrs. Yale and Creighton, and are initiated into the haunts and habits of that mysterious denizen of our inland waters. The rest of the book is devoted to the geography, zoology, botany and traditions of a region which is fast becoming one of the most frequented and famous of our summer resorts. Its great natural features—and its geology is one of the romances of science—the monarchs of its forests, its larger game, the tenants of its streams,—rock and soil and sky, fin and fur and feather—are all depicted for us in Mr. LeMoine's delightful and instructive pages. Nor are illustrations wanting—the value of the guide book being increased by views of Chateau-Bigot, Montmorency and Oniatouan Falls and Spencer Grange, the author's charming and hospitable home. The publishers are Messrs. L. J. Demers and Brother, Quebec.

Our respected fellow-citizen, ex-Mayor Beaugrand, has brought out a handsome volume, the "Lettres de Voyage," which he wrote to *La Patrie* during his recent tour through Southern Europe and Northern Africa. His route took in the western shores of the Mediterranean, including Sicily and Malta—the range of Roman power and interest at about B.C. 200. His first letter was posted at Le Havre on the 28th of Oct., 1888, his closing communication is dated Paris, May 4, 1889. During the interval he had visited most of the important places in France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, Tunis, Algiers and Spain. Though his primary object was not observation and study, but rest and recreation, he managed, like the hero of the *Odyssey*, to see the cities of many nations and become acquainted with their institutions and manners. This book is, indeed, striking evidence of the wondrous change that has been wrought by steam, as a locomotive agent, in the relations between widely-severed communities, and their possibilities of holding intercourse with each other. The "grand tour" can now be accomplished with an ease, a comfort, and at a cost which, if anticipated a few generations ago, might have seemed to sober people like the dream of a Verne or a Haggard. Now even fair damsels make a girle round the world with as little fear as that which stirred the breast of Moore's perambulating heroine. Not inappropriately does Mr. Beaugrand begin his record with a description of the great company—La Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique—on one of whose vessels—La Bourgoyne—he crossed to Europe. That company owns no less than 64 vessels—from 9,000 to 175 tons burden, and from 12,000 to 300 horse power—plying between all points on the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. At Paris every one was thinking of the Exposition, the preparations for which were being eagerly pushed forward. He found friends everywhere. To be a Canadian was to have friends in Paris in France. At Montpellier, M. Beaugrand was hospitably received by the father-in-law of M. Benlla, of this city. At St. Hippolyte-du-Fort he spent some days with Lieut. Chartrand, who has many friends in Canada who are proud of his success. Nîmes, with its Roman remains; Montpellier, less ancient, but not devoid of traditions; Nice, with its memories of Greek adventure; Turin, sometime capital of Italy; Genoa, which bore

Columbus; Milan—Navarra, Magenta, with their sanguinary renown—and so on to Venice. To the glories of the Queen of the Adriatic M. Beaugrand devotes a chapter. Florence, Rome, Naples—with a glance at the unearthly wonders of Pompeii—Messina, Malta (Valetta), Tunis, are successively reached. It is at this last point that we find the beginning of what is most interesting in the book. The letters from the 20th to the 27th (both inclusive) deal with scenes out of the trodden path even of Madeira travel. M. Beaugrand's observations and impressions in Tunis and its neighbourhood make the freshest and brightest pages in these souvenirs. Of the 125,000 people of the Bey's capital, 75,000 are Moslem, 25,000 Jews and 25,000 Europeans. The French have taken full advantage of the protectorate to establish their prestige there. Before the Khroumis trouble, the Italians had the preponderance. Sorely against their will they have had to yield to their enterprising rivals. Italian is still, however, largely spoken. A considerable portion of the population is made up of Kabyles—some examples of which type we gave in a recent engraving. The Arabs of superior race are taller and more finely featured. The Turks have lost prestige. At a reception of the Resident, Mr. Beaugrand was presented to two sons of the Bey. All the notabilities of the place were present. Of the neighbouring ruins of Carthage an interesting account is given. Mr. Beaugrand also passed near the ancient Hippo (Bona to-day), once the See of St. Augustine. Cardinal Lavignerie has built a fine hospice there. Algiers suggests pirates, and we are told how, after a long run of comparative impunity, the Bey's savage power quailed at last before the arms of France—the last good turn of the restored Bourbon dynasty—Lord Exmouth (or his government) having a few years before missed the opportunity of curbing it in the only effective way. From Oran to Carthage, and other storied cities of Moorish and Christian Spain—Leville, Grenada, Cordova, Toledo, Madrid, Burgos—and thence across the Bidassoa to Hendaya, Bordeaux, and so northwards to Paris and home! We commend these "Lettres de Voyage" to our readers. They are bright, chatty, unpretentious, but not the less do they abound in manifold information. The book was printed at the office of *La Patrie*.

We have already had occasion to mention a valuable addition to the library of Canadian history, compiled, with commendable care, by Mr. Alexander Jodoin, advocate, and Mr. J. L. Vincent, of the Revenue Department. It is entitled "Histoire de Longueuil et de la Famille de Longueuil," and is illustrated by engravings and diagrams. A volume of nearly 700 pages, this record of "a local habitation and a name," is extremely creditable to the patriotic and painstaking authors. The spirit that prompted them to undertake it is worthy of all praise. In the preface the authors proudly refer to the growing desire to learn whatever can be known concerning our historic past. To this end it is necessary not only to examine the public archives that bear upon great national movements, but to collect and consult parochial registers, notarial documents, family papers, and whatever other manuscripts may shed light on the course of our social development. Already a good deal has been accomplished. St. Eustache, St. Maurice, Beaufort, Charlesbourg, Rivière Ouelle, St. Francois du Lac, and other parishes of historic interest, have had their annals gathered together and arranged for the historic student. Works of like aim are in preparation regarding Terrebonne, Joliette, Three Rivers, Sorel and other parts of the country. The investigation in this way of the sources of local history is a task that may profitably engage the attention of our scholars and *littérateurs*, and whoever discharges it worthily may reasonably look for his reward in the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. No person who has read in Garneau, or Ferland, or Sulte, of the exploits of the Le Moine family, can fail to appreciate the labours which have yielded such a harvest as this handsome and well-filled volume. Well does M. Benjamin Sulte utter words of encouragement to the authors and those who follow their example. "What attachment in this world," he exclaims, "in insisting on the importance of such local records, 'can excel that of the memories that bind you to the years and places that are gone! Where your fathers wrought and loved, suffered and fought, triumphed and died—there is your country and there is your heart! You become greater in your own eyes while you thus dwell on the past, and you indulge in the hope that your descendants will in turn bear you in remembrance.'"

The story of Longueuil begins with the history of the colony. It formed part of that fertile plain which gladdened the eyes of Jacques Cartier, as from Mount Royal he surveyed the vast expanse of the "forest primeval." Whether the portion of the landscape across the river, which he characterized as the finest land that one could see, level and admirably fitted for agriculture, was really under cultivation in 1535 is a disputed point. M. R. Sulte thinks not, though possibly it may have been so in part. However that question may be decided, the history of Longueuil, as the centre of a civilized community, did not begin till 1657, in September of which Charles LeMoine obtained from M. de Lauzon the first of the three concessions that compose the seigniorie. That distinguished man, founder in Canada of the family that bears his name, was born in Dieppe in 1624, according to Mgr. Tanguay and M. Sulte; in 1626, according to Abbé Daniel. In 1641 he crossed the ocean to join his uncle, Adrien Duchesne, at Quebec. Entering the service of the Jesuits, he was sent to the Huron country, where he learned the language, and, in 1645, he was capable of assuming

the position of interpreter. From that date onward his career is easily followed. In 1654 he was married to Catherine Primet, on which occasion M. de Maisonneuve gave him a grant of land at Pointe St. Charles. Three years later, as already mentioned, M. de Lauzon made a concession of part of the future seigniorie of Longueuil. His subsequent services, his captivity, the homage paid him on his return, the erection of the seigniorie, and the issue of letters patent of nobility, follow in their order. The name of Longueuil, which LeMoine gave to his early concessions—a name mentioned in his letters of nobility, and for more than two centuries associated with the family, was taken, it is admitted, from a village in Normandy, not far from Hèppe, and to-day the chief-lieu of a canton in the arrondissement of that name. On this point, on the arms of M. de Longueuil, on the later concessions, on the pioneer settlers of Longueuil, on the census of 1677, 1681, and following years, on Charles LeMoine's death, his will, the inventory, and valuation of his property, his widow, his fourteen children, and his descendants to the present generation, the work before us contains a mass of welcome information. The exploits of Herville, Bienville, Sainte-Hélène, and the other sons of Charles LeMoine, are made more interesting than ever by a number of fresh details. But it is in that which concerns the later history of the family—its connection with that of Grant and the restoration of the title in recent years—that the importance of the work to the student of our history more especially consists. With the unfolding of these family records the growth of the village and town of Longueuil is made to keep pace. Its municipal development, the progress of its churches, schools, trade, commerce, its political condition, and every feature of its life as a community, are described with fullness and accuracy. Besides the engravings and plans, a copious index adds to the value of the work. It was printed by the firm of Gebhardt-Berthiaume, of Montreal.

HUMOUROUS.

ONE tax that we hope will not be removed in a revised tariff,—syntax.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath. "Be sure and wipe me dry, so I won't rust."—*Christian Advocate*.

A LITTLE girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off. "But, if I peel off," she said, "what will hold me together?"

"Well, Patrick, what struck you most during your southern trip?" "The mule, sir!" replied Patrick, with a grin that disclosed the absence of nine molars.

CUSTOMER: "I can't wear this suit, and that's the end of it. It's all shrank up on one side." *Reverend*: "Was you expect mit dem diagonal goos?"—*Punch*.

"WHO was the first man, Tommy?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, after explaining that our first parents were made from the dust of the earth. "Henry Clay, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MR. WINKS (looking over the paper): "Cheap, Drug & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half-price." *Mrs. Winks*: "Just our luck! There isn't anything the matter with any of us."—*New York Weekly*.

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive," mused Harry, after his father had been trying to teach him a lesson in generosity. "I think it would be very nice in me to do the receiving and let others have the most blessing."

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?—Rab:—"Weel, Jennie, now that ye're married, how are ye gettin' on w' the gaidman?" Jennie:—"O, I canna say that he interieres wackie, but then, ye see, he disna let me interiere ony w' him."

A MINISTER in Pittsburg met the colored sexton of his church at a camp-ground one day, and inquired: "Will you be at your post in the city next Sunday?" *Sexton*: "No, sah; I have appointed my cousin to *assist* for me on that day."

Two men who had taken more than was good for them were spending an hour over a social glass. "Smith, old man," said the one to the other, grasping him by the hand, and shaking it warmly, "I've known you for the last twenty years, and we have been very good friends, but I never liked you."

A LITTLE fellow, whose fifth birthday is at hand, heard the question of a new-comer, "How old is that infant?" His reply was: "She ain't old at all. She has just begun." After he had seen the infant, he said to his mother: "Mamma, that baby had her hair cut in heaven. I suppose they thought she would not be strong enough to walk to the barber's."

H-ISTANISH! Scene, Cove. Pedestrian:—"Rose-nuth's an island, isn't it, Donald?" Donald:—"Tench, no! Is tat aad you'll know? She's a peninsular, if you'll ken whaat tat is?" Pedestrian:—"Well, Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, calls it an island." Donald:—"Weel, he'll need to be more as a wizard or a witch to do tat, for ta ferry Luke of Argyle himsel' canna!"

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the impudence to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. My school-fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbed a dozen of orchards with impunity. But the very first time I climbed a tree,—for I was always a heavy boy,—the bough broke with me; and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

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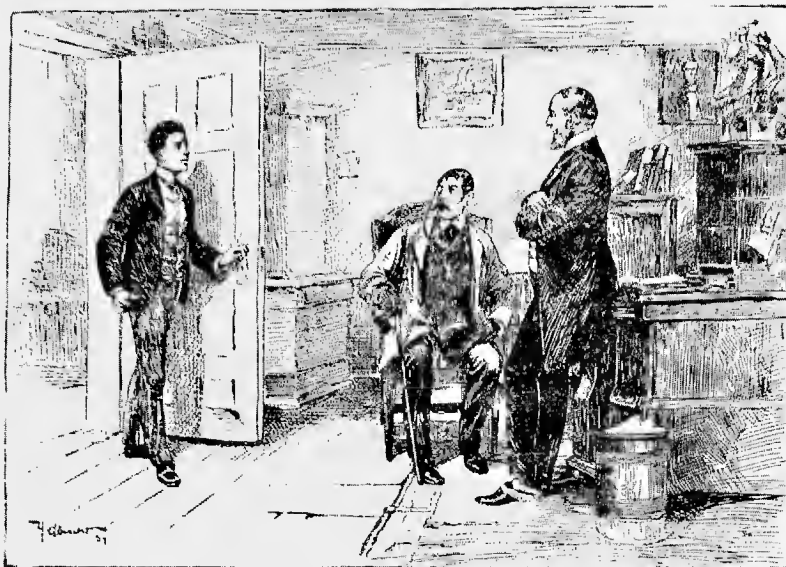
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"Ha, ha, ha, very cunning, indeed!"
At this moment the junior clerk enters: "Mr. Longhead, a gentleman wishes to see you immediately on very important business." Tableau.

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GROUP OF INDIANS.

By the Canadian sculptor, Philippe Hébert; designed for the fountain in front of the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, and now on Exhibition at Paris.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

A series of circumstances beyond our control necessitates a change from our list of illustrations in this number as originally designed, and we are obliged to put off the publication of Mrs. Spragge's sketches, Series VII. Improvements now being made in our engraving department will enable us when completed to publish portraits, events, views, etc., with great dispatch and certainty. While these changes are in progress, we have to request the indulgence of our readers.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.
George E. Desbarats, Managing-Director.
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

Extracts from letters received by a gentleman in Montreal from some friends in Australia:—

"We have to thank you for all the fine papers you have sent us. The illustrations in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are very fine and much admired."

"I must thank you for many Canadian papers, which have been a source of pleasure. Particularly must I mention the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which is the most beautiful illustrated paper I have ever seen."

From the *Greenock Daily Telegraph*:—

PICTORIAL ART IN CANADA.—The *Dominion Illustrated* is a weekly paper published in Montreal and Toronto by G. E. Desbarats & Son; and, judging from a recent issue now before us, its conductors have little to learn from the old country. Eminent Canadians and notable scenes are represented by engravings showing much delicacy and ripeness of artistic skill.

Greenock, Eng., May 25th.



Canada ought to be represented in the International Congress on Popular Traditions, which is to take place in Paris on the 29th of the present month and following days. The subject is one which has attained considerable importance in recent years. There is not a country in Europe that has not a society or societies devoted to the class of studies which it comprehends. These are myths and popular beliefs, survivals of ancient religions that once largely prevailed; oral literature, in the form of songs, proverbs, children's rhymes, tales, legends, etc.; relics of ancient rhythm and music, such as may be found among the Bretons, the Welsh, the Provençals, the Highlands of Scotland, in the Tyrol, in parts of Germany, Belgium, Ireland, the Balkan Peninsula, Finland, Scandinavia, and, in fact, in all ancient communities; finally, ethnography, a subject which has many branches, dealing with popular art, customs, monuments, costume, ornaments, and a variety of other topics of interest. The committee of the Congress includes representatives of France, England, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Roumania, Portugal, Spain, the United States, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Greece, and other countries in which organizations for this kind of research are in existence, and the proceedings are sure to be unusually interesting. As an off-shoot of the great French nation, the French population of the Dominion ought to have a share in the Congress. Several of our French-Canadian writers have treated of the remains of old Norman and Breton songs and legends that have been handed down from generation to generation since the 17th century, and the presence of one of such experts at the Congress would not only be welcome, but would tend to maintain our prestige among the other nations there represented. Possibly some *Canadien errant*, who may be in Paris at the end of the month, will find his way thither and say a word on our behalf.

Some reference is made elsewhere to the mission of the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott to Australia for the purpose of bringing about, as far as possible, closer commercial relations between the Dominion and that thriving group of colonies. Our position with respect to that part of the Empire has, in recent years, undergone a change, the significance of which cannot be ignored. Not very long ago the western province of Canada was a *terra ignota* to the people east of the great lakes. A company of emigrants did, indeed, cross the continent more than twenty years ago to found a settlement in that distant region, but, for any prospect of maintaining intercourse with their old friends and acquaintances, those bold adventurers might as well have traversed the three Americas from north to south. In one sense, indeed, they would then and for long after have been nearer to us had they sought the banks of the La Plata. But since then a veritable revolution has come to pass, and British Columbia is now but a few days' journey from us. Not only so, but all the vast expanse from Atlantic to Pacific has been linked into one, and the Dominion is not only an Atlantic but a Pacific power. Under such conditions it is evident that our relations to our kindred of the south seas, as well as to Japan and

China, have materially changed. Some of the results naturally expected from this conquest of time and space have already been indicated in this journal. It is not necessary for us, therefore, to insist further on the importance of Mr. Abbott's mission. That he is thoroughly qualified to undertake it, all who know him, personally or by repute, will gladly acknowledge, and we shall await, with a hopefulness, corresponding to his knowledge, prudence and tact, the results of his enquiries and negotiations.

Though they do not show such evidence of activity as we would like to see, the latest returns of British trade with Canada are, on the whole, not discouraging. The exports to Canada during June decreased 10.82 per cent. as compared with June, 1888; the total for the half year, £2,439,594, being a decrease of 1.24 per cent. The largest decline was in horses. Imports from Canada increased 11.16 per cent. during the month, the total for the six months being £1,303,225—an increase of 10.53 per cent. The largest increases were in oxen, flour, cheese and wood. There was a large decline in wheat.

We have again and again referred to the marked progress that has been made of late in the development of our mineral resources. The statement issued some weeks ago by the Geological Survey (though subject to revision on the receipt of fuller returns) shows that the results are in the main most satisfactory and full of promise for the future. The mineral production for 1888 gave a total of \$16,500,000, an increase of \$3,500,000 over that of the preceding year. A like increase is observed in the output of the several minerals. In asbestos the value of the production was represented by \$255,007; that of coal amounted to \$5,259,832; that of gold, to over \$1,000,000; of silver, to \$368,396; of petroleum, to \$716,057; of phosphates, to \$242,285; of lead, to \$27,472; and of steel, to \$470,819. It is confidently expected that, when all the returns are in, the manufactures of iron will yield a total considerably above that of 1887. As yet the development of Canada's mineral wealth is little past the initial stage. Our survey has brought to light its variety and extent, and something has been done in turning the knowledge to practical account. But what has been achieved so far may be looked upon as merely experimental—a feeling of the way, so as to give confidence for the larger and more sustained undertakings of the years to come.

The idea of a permanent railway commission, which was the subject of discussion and recommendation at the recent Millers' Convention, is not new in Canada. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1886 to take the whole question into consideration, and the report published by that Commission, of which Sir A. T. Galt was chairman, sets forth very clearly both the advantages of a permanent organization and the difficulties in the way of it. After a thorough inquiry into the entire range of topics that came within the pale of its instructions, after examining expert witnesses in all our chief cities, and obtaining the fullest information as to the working of the system in Great Britain and the United States, the Commission offered a series of recommendations covering the various interests involved. As to the formation of a tribunal, which would give effect to these recommendations, the Commission felt itself limited to the selection of one of two courses,—firstly, the creation of a commission independent of Govern-

ment control, with practically irresponsible authority; and secondly, the maintenance of the railway committee of the Privy Council, with extended powers, and all requisite departmental machinery for the enforcement of the law. After long and careful deliberation, they came to the conclusion that the latter was the preferable plan—the committee itself to hear and determine disputes, to decide questions of freight classification, tariff and uniformity in railway returns, and to appoint provincial officers for like duties, with ultimate reference of doubtful points to the committee. They also recommended the passing of a general Dominion railway law, which would remove the present confusion, due to conflict of jurisdictions.

The appointment of a Minister of Agriculture for Great Britain may not be without consequences to Canada. After years of depression, agriculture in England seems to have assumed an air of confidence and hopefulness. The speeches at the recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society were, on the whole, of a most encouraging character, and, although too much trust cannot be always placed on utterances prompted rather by a sense of what is due to the occasion than by a consideration of realities, there is no reason to doubt that agriculture has received an impulse that is likely to prove fruitful, and to make England less dependent on foreign and colonial farming than she has been for a long time. Whether that revival has any connection with the decrease in the export of wheat from Canada to the United Kingdom we cannot say as yet. The risks of wheat culture in Great Britain are so great that it is only under exceptionally favorable circumstances that it can be engaged in with profit. If one of the results of organizing the new department should be to put the growing of wheat on a more advantageous footing in the United Kingdom, Canada might, of course, feel the effects of the change. But so also would Russia, Australia, India and the United States.

The yearly average of auxiliary food supplies during the last ten years has been about \$450,000,000. The imports of wheat in the seven years, 1879-85, reached the enormous figure of 409,186,000 cwts., valued at £203,323,000 sterling. The aggregate imports of wheaten flour during the same septennial period amounted to 92,959,000 cwts., valued at \$69,235,000 sterling. The other auxiliary food supplies imported into the United Kingdom, comprise potatoes, butter and cheese, eggs, cattle, meat, fresh and salted, bacon and hams, sheep and lambs, lard, etc. The importation of these food supplies has, in the main, gone on increasing since the establishment of free trade, and it has been accompanied by the oft-repeated complaint that British farming is unremunerative. Of the whole area of England about 80 per cent. is considered productive; of Scotland, about 29; of Ireland, about 74; of Wales, 60—the average of the entire United Kingdom being about 60 per cent. Of the productive area cereal crops occupy about a fourth in England and Scotland; a sixth in Wales; a little over a ninth in Ireland—where two-thirds of it constitute permanent pasture-land. The rivalry between the advocates of pasturage, few but powerful, and the claimants of more land for tillage, many but practically powerless, is the vexed question for which the new Minister of Agriculture will be asked to find a solution. To make farming remunerative in the United Kingdom, not for a class, but for the

millions, is a task worthy of the best statesmanship that England has in her service.

We would call special attention to the article, with accompanying chart, on Transatlantic Cable Routes, which appears in the present number. In connection with the subject, we may say that Mr. F. N. Gisborne is now on his way to Belle Isle, in the Government steamer *Napoleon*, to survey the landing places, etc. He is, we understand, accompanied by Mr. R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, the chief promoter of the enterprise, by Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G., of the Geological Survey, and the Hon. Mr. Boucher de la Bruère, late President of the Legislative Council, Quebec. The party left Quebec on the 13th inst., taking the north shore to Pointe des Esquimaux and the River Natashquan, visiting all the light-houses on Anticosti and back to Tshikaska on the north shore, and thence to Greenly Island and Belle Isle. From this last point they will go to Cape Bauld and other west coast light-houses on Newfoundland. From there they will return, *via* Mingan, to Quebec, devoting about four weeks to the trip. We have reason to believe that the Canada Atlantic Cable will be ere long an accomplished fact—a fact which will be a source of gratification and advantage to the Canadian people.

NEW OUTLETS FOR TRADE.

The mission of the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott to Australia is an undertaking from which there is reason to expect results advantageous to both our fellow-colonists and ourselves. That the commercial relations between Canada and Australia have not yet begun to assume the character and dimensions which they might have if the subject were fully ventilated in both countries has long been felt. It may be that those who see grave obstacles to such relations ever becoming very extensive, or very profitable, are correct; but until every effort has been tried to develop them, and to bring about an inter-change of such products of either country as might find a paying market in the other, it is mere guesswork to pronounce for or against them. Outlets for our trade have already been discovered where formerly there were no prospects of any. Ten years ago many commodities, which are now manufactured in Canada, were entirely imported, and once they began to be turned out of Canadian workshops, there was no trouble in finding a destination for them. That there are still parts of the world where the knowledge of their merits has not penetrated, or where they have not succeeded in making way against rival fabrics, is not greatly to be wondered at. The manufacturers of the United States have just been taking to heart the comparative insignificance of their trade with Central and South America, and even with Mexico and the West Indies. A great association has been organized for the purpose of pushing their business into those markets, hitherto in possession almost wholly of Great Britain, France, Germany, and other European countries. By means of far-reaching agencies they hope to make up for what they have missed in the past.

The trade of some of the countries in question is by no means trifling—that of the Argentine Republic, for instance, being \$160,000,000, of which \$98,000,000 represent imports. Brazil, again, has a commerce of nearly \$240,000,000, of which the imports amount to \$105,000,000. The proportion of this large import trade that falls to our neighbors is extremely small—not more than

from 7 to 9 per cent. It is practically the same with Chili, Bolivia, the United States of Colombia, and the other countries of South America. Our own trade with these countries is still more modest. Last year a commissioner was sent by the Government of the Dominion to the South American States on the Atlantic seaboard, and a good deal of valuable information was collected; but the report could not, on the whole, be said to be encouraging. If there were in some directions grounds for hope, there were, on the contrary, drawbacks that could not be ignored. One thing, however, was made clear—that a business could be done, with a little effort on the part of individuals, much more important than that which already existed. The great staple, for instance, of Canada's export trade to the Argentine Republic—one of the most important of South American States—is lumber. Yet of 212,000,000 superficial feet which the Argentines imported in 1886 only 34,000,000 feet were supplied by Canada. There are, as Mr. Jones, our Commissioner, points out in his report, certain reasons why the amount of Canadian lumber put on the Argentine markets is so limited. One of the reasons is that such lumber has to be specially cut and prepared: a promiscuous ordinary cargo will not satisfy a people clinging tenaciously to their own usages. Mr. Jones has given memoranda of the assortments of white pine, spruce, etc., that suit the River Plata markets. Then there is the question of communication, and there are other points to which we need not refer just now. But no benefit worth having is obtained without some exertion and self-sacrifice. The Europeans who have secured so large a share of the important and remunerative trade with South America had to take thought of many things, and to adapt themselves to the needs and wishes of their customers. On those points those of our readers who are interested should consult Mr. Jones's report, which can be obtained for a trifle without difficulty.

Like our neighbours, we have again and again had discussions as to the measures necessary to develop our trade with the West Indies. The people of the islands so called are to a large extent our fellow-colonists, and our relations ought to be satisfactory to both them and us. Some years ago a good deal was written on the subject, especially in connection with Jamaica, which sent commissioners to Canada to treat with our Government. The enthusiasm rose so high that it was even proposed to make Jamaica a province of the Dominion. There were many obstacles in the way of such a scheme, however, and it never, perhaps, was seriously entertained. But trade with the West Indies is another question. No countries could be better suited for reciprocity of natural productions. They could send us raw sugar, spices, coffee, fruits, and other articles of tropical growth; while Canada could, in return, dispose to them of a portion of her surplus in fish, flour, meal, lumber, cottons, and other commodities in extensive and constant use in the West Indies. That there is still room for improvement in this trade any one can ascertain by looking up the figures in the Tables of Trade and Navigation for recent years.

Now, these are some of the outlets for trade of which Canada has yet to avail herself, if she would derive all the profit possible from her situation and resources. But they are not all. Our continental line of railway has brought us into commercial



PAMPHILE LE MAY, F.R.S.C., Litt. Doct.
Montminy, photo.



GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., F.R.G.S.
Livermoir, photo.



DETACHMENT OF VOLUNTEERS FIRING A VOLLEY OVER COL. LAMONTAGNE'S BODY
ON THE R. & O. NAV. CO.'S WHARF.



LYTTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Notman, photo.



LOOKING DOWN THE FRASER RIVER AT CISCO, B.C.

Notman, photo.

neighbourhood with all the countries to which the Pacific is the highway of traffic. The marvellous up-growth of Vancouver City shows that Canada is not blind to the significance of the change wrought out by our Pacific Railway. Already, moreover, the trade at that port gives evidence that the new North-West passage is no idle dream. In this trade, China and Japan have naturally prominent places. The imports by the Pacific steamships amounted in 1887 to 10,747 tons; in 1888 they had increased to 20,601 tons. The exports in the two years were 3,428 and 18,802 tons respectively—the difference in which amounts is full of promise. In the imports the chief item is tea, of which last year 20,605,114 lbs. were landed at Vancouver. Yet this traffic is only beginning. That the trade with Australia, as well as with China and Japan, may ultimately attain important proportions there is, at least, some grounds for hoping, and to whatever hopes have hitherto been reasonably entertained, the mission of Mr. Abbott will give a fresh and, we trust, a fruitful impulse.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The *North China Herald* gives a curious account of the manner in which the genealogical statement of the family of the Emperor of China is periodically compiled. On September 15 last the book containing it was despatched from Peking to Moukden, in Manchuria, for preservation, being honoured by the way as if the Emperor himself were passing. The streets and roads were prepared for its conveyance as if for an Imperial progress. Yellow earth was sprinkled on the surface, all booths were removed, silence reigned along the route, and no one was allowed to be in the street. All windows and doors were closed, and the unfortunate booth-keepers along the line of march lose a week's receipts, for it takes this time to prepare the streets for the passage of the book. The latter is compiled every ten years, and consists of two volumes, one bound in yellow, and one in red. The first contains the names of the Emperor's immediate relatives, the second those of more distant, and these wear yellow and red girdles respectively. The rules for making and keeping the genealogical register are contained in the first of the 920 sections of the book of the Statutes of the Great Pare dynasty. It shows how the Emperor is descended from the Sovereigns who ruled over Manchuria before the establishment of the dynasty in Peking in 1644. Of it three copies are made—the one which goes to Moukden, the cradle of the Imperial race; the other is preserved in a temple near the palace in Peking, and a third by the bureau concerned in all matters relating to the Emperor's clan. All families in this Imperial clan are required annually in the first month to send to this bureau and to the Board of Ceremonies a record of the year, month, day, and hour of each birth. From these nine officials, under control of two Grand Secretaries, compile the lists. The genealogies are made up of the important entries in these annual registers contained in the yellow and red books. When the decennial record has passed through the hands of the transcribers and binders, it is presented to the Emperor for inspection, and a day is fixed for its conveyance to Moukden. At first there was a yellow book only, but later on the Imperial favour was extended to more distant members of the clan who had been omitted, and the red book was provided as a supplement to the other. Naturally they increase rapidly in size, but it is supposed that the names of undistinguished persons are written so small as to occupy little space. The whole system, however, is not a Manchu, but a Chinese one, and existed before the Christian era. A historian of the second century B.C. produces the registers of all the Imperial families prior to that time and of all the nobles of note in ancient China.



GROUP OF ALGONQUINS, FOR THE FOUNTAIN, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC, BY M. PHILIPPE HEBERT.—Our engraving of this fine piece of sculpture is from a photograph which we owe to the courtesy of M. B. Sulte. The artist's motive is evident enough. The central figure is the *pater familias*. He is standing, with both hands resting on his bow, while, with head turned aside, he watches the arrow which his son, whom he is training in archery, has just launched into the air. The young man is kneeling so as to have more command of the implement. The mother, who is also interested in her son's developing skill, is stirring up the camp fire. The boy partly hidden between the two parents is apparently nervous as to the result. Such are the main features. The general impression of expectancy is well brought out. If we examine the details, the sculptor's skill commands our admiration. Strength and suppleness—attributes on which the Indian brave prided himself—characterize the deftly carved limbs, while the delicacy of handling in the childish figure equally calls for attention. The environment all harmonizes with the known habits of the race. It is a study of wild life, such as Catlin must have witnessed again and again in his artistic travels.

PAMPHILE LE MAY, ESQ., DOCTEUR ÈS LETTRES, F.R.S.C.—The name of Mr. Pamphile Le May, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is well known as that of one of our most charming poets, as a writer of fiction and a dramatist, and as the translator of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Kirby's "Chien d'Or." He was born at Lotbinière on the 5th of January, 1837. His early years were spent amid the woods and meadows that he has always loved and has sung so sweetly. Having completed his studies at the Seminary of Quebec, he applied himself to the study of the law, and was eventually admitted to the Bar. During his student years he made the acquaintance of his fellow-singer, Louis Fréchette, to whom he has ever since been warmly attached. They both studied under the Hon. Mr. Lemieux, at that time in the Cabinet of United Canada, and Mr. Remillard, now Registrar of Quebec. Through the influence of the former Mr. Le May obtained a position in one of the public offices. Since Confederation he has been Librarian of the Legislature of Quebec. Mr. Le May has been one of the most industrious and versatile of our men of letters. Fiction, essay, drama, epic, lyric, no style comes amiss to him, and as a translator he has few equals. In 1865 he published *Essais Poétiques*, which showed that he had, at least, a genuine gift of song. In 1867 he won the medal offered by Laval University for the best poem on the subject of "La Découverte du Canada." In 1870 he was awarded another gold medal for a "Hymne National pour la Fête des Canadiens-Français." In 1875 he published *Les Vengeances*, which had a deserved success. He now came forward with a two-volume romance: *Le Pèlerin de Sainte-Anne*, and not long after brought out *Precieux le Maudit*, also in two volumes. His next appearance was in his character as a poet. *Un Gerbe* was favourably reviewed in the motherland of French Canada. A fire in the Parliament buildings almost entirely destroyed an edition of his *Fables*, which had just been printed. He set manfully to work, however, and in 1882 submitted to the public a volume entitled *Petits Poèmes*. It contained, with several revisions of former poems, a number of new ones, and had a goodly share of popularity. *L'Afrique Sanguine* next saw the light. It showed that, as a writer of prose fiction, Mr. Le May's hand had not lost its cunning. Not very long since his muse gave birth to a drama, *Reuge et Bleu*, which had a marked success on the stage. Mr. Le May's translation of *Evangeline*, which was one of the tasks to which he devoted himself at the outset of his career, is wonderfully true and fine. Rarely have the sense and spirit of an author been so ably transformed to another tongue than his own. Mr. Le May received cordial congratulations from Longfellow. The poet is a member of the Royal Society of Canada and a Doctor of Letters of Laval. He married early in life and his household abounds in olive branches, as he is the father of twelve children. Mr. Le May is a man of striking appearance. He is an effective reader and it is a treat to hear him recite some of his own patriotic, pathetic or tragic poems. As a poet, he has won the heart of his people and is destined to live.

GEORGE STEWART, JR., D.C.L., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C.—This gentleman, whose portrait we publish in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is better known, perhaps, than any other of our Canadian literary men. Born in New York City on the 26th of November, 1848, Dr. Stewart came to Canada when quite young with his parents, who took up their abode at St. John, N.B. His literary tastes revealed themselves at an unusually early age. He was only sixteen when he started the *Stamp Collectors' Gazette*, which was followed a couple of years later by *Stewart's Quarterly Magazine*, a periodical which was ably conducted and had a *success d'estime* during the whole period of its publication. In 1877 St. John was visited by the terrible calamity well remembered as the Great Fire. Mr. Stewart, who was one of the many victims, wrote the record of the catastrophe, a work which is to-day of considerable historic value. He had already begun to contribute a

series of articles to *Belford's Canadian Monthly* on Emerson and others of the great leaders in thought and style, which was soon after brought out in a volume entitled "Evenings in the Library." In 1878 Mr. Stewart was appointed editor of *Belford's Monthly*. Before he left St. John to take charge of it, the Independent Order of Oddfellows of that city presented him with an illuminated address and a gold watch. Years before, on his retirement from the editorship of *Stewart's Quarterly*, he had been honoured by a public dinner by the citizens of the same place. In 1879, after the appearance of his important work, "Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin," he was chosen a member of the International Literary Congress—an honour conferred, we believe, on no other Canadian. The Congress had then Victor Hugo for president, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Longfellow, Bancroft, the historian, Emerson and Whittier, being the only American members. Nine articles on Canadian subjects in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, the article on "Frontenac" in Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, and several articles in *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography*, are from Dr. Stewart's pen. He has been for nearly ten years editor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, was, from its foundation in 1882 till this year, secretary of the English Literature section, of which he is now vice-president, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Some years ago Windsor University, Nova Scotia, created him D.C.L., *honoris causa*, and Bishop's College, Lennoxville, admitted him to the same degree. He is also a Docteur ès Lettres of Laval and L.L.D. of McGill. He has, for several years in succession, filled the office of president of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Dr. Stewart is as genial in social intercourse as he is careful and tireless in his literary work, and he has a host of friends. In April, 1875, he married Miss Maggie M., niece of the late E. D. Jewett, of Lancaster Heights, St. John, N.B.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. LAMONTAGNE.—We give in this issue two illustrations of the late Lieut.-Col. Lamontagne's funeral. The deceased officer, whose death, some weeks ago, at his residence in this city, was universally regretted, was born in Quebec in 1832. When quite a youth he took a marked interest in military matters. He connected himself with the Quebec Field Battery, and succeeded Colonel Baby as officer commanding. He was subsequently appointed brigade major of the Quebec military district, and was afterwards transferred to Montreal and later on to Ottawa, where, on December 21st, 1883, he was appointed D.A.G. of the district. He was transferred to the Sixth district, Montreal, in May, 1888. His commission as lieutenant-colonel dated back to 1867. He married Miss Lee, daughter of Mr. T. C. Lee, the well-known ship-builder of Quebec, whom he leaves, with a young son of about eight years, to mourn his loss. Our engravings represent the funeral cortege arriving at the steamboat landing, and the escort of volunteers firing the farewell volley over the remains.

LYTTON, B.C., from a photograph by Notman.—At Lytton, a small trading town, where ranchmen and Indians appear in numbers, the Thompson canyon widens to admit the Fraser, the chief river of the province, which comes down from the north between two great lines of mountain peaks. The railway now enters the canyon of the united rivers, and the scene becomes even wilder than before. Six miles below Lytton the train crosses the Fraser by a steel cantilever bridge high above the water, plunges into a tunnel and shortly emerges at Cisco.

LOOKING DOWN THE FRASER RIVER AT CISCO, B.C., from a photograph by Notman.—At this point the C. P. R. follows the right-hand side of the canyon, with the river surging and swirling far below. The old government road attracts attention all along the Fraser and Thompson valleys. Usually twisting and turning about the cliffs, it sometimes ventures down to the river's side, whence it is quickly driven by an angry turn of the waters. Six miles below Cisco, where it follows the cliffs opposite to the railway, it is forced to the height of a thousand feet above the river, and is pinned by seemingly slender sticks to the face of a gigantic precipice. The canyon alternately widens and narrows. Indians are seen on projecting rocks down at the water's edge, spearing salmon or scooping them out with dip-nets, and in sunny spots the salmon are drying on poles. Chinamen are seen on the occasional sand or gravel-bars washing for gold; and irregular Indian farms or villages, with their quaint and barbarously decorated grave-yards, alternate with the groups of huts of the Chinese.

THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—Some time ago we had the pleasure of presenting our readers with a representative group of the Royal Canadian Academy. In the present number we have much satisfaction in submitting to them a group of members of another body, which takes precedence of the Academy in seniority and has contributed not a little to its membership, besides having, in other ways, promoted the cause of art in Canada. This important institution was established in 1872, and held its first exhibition in May, 1873. In 1876 it founded the Ontario School of Art, towards the maintenance of which the Government of the province generously granted a subsidy. At a later date the school was taken charge of by the Government and placed under control of the Education Department. Its first session under the new administration began on the 10th of October, 1882, with 200 pupils. Of these 55 were engaged in various trades and manufactures, 44 were studying with a view to become teachers and intended to pursue the calling of artists. To the progress of the school since then

we have already made some reference. The Ontario Society of Artists had for its first patrons Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, and the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The first president was Mr. W. H. Howland; Mr. L. R. O'Brien was chosen vice-president and also discharged the duties of treasurer; Mr. M. Matthews was elected secretary, and Mr. Geo. Hallen assumed the position of accountant. The original membership comprised, in addition to the most noteworthy artists of Ontario, a certain number of those of the other provinces. It was classified according to the branches of art cultivated in the Dominion—the greater number consisting of painters, the remainder being made up of sculptors, architects, designers and engravers. After his arrival, in 1878, Lord Lorne took a warm interest in the welfare of the society, which he consulted as to his plan of an Academy. After his Lordship had formally unfolded his design to the society, a resolution was passed cordially approving of it. The Academy, which has, so far, fulfilled its purpose in serving as a common centre for the various local organizations, with whose objects and work it in no wise interferes, was, as to the comprehensiveness of its membership, modelled on the Society of Artists. Like the latter, the Academy includes architects, sculptors, designers and engravers, as well as painters. Our group is fairly representative, and some of our readers will have no difficulty in picking out their favourite artist. The Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, is president; Mr. William Revell, landscape and still-life painter, vice-president; Mr. R. F. Gagen, noted for his flower pictures, is secretary. Other noteworthy members are Mr. M. Matthews, R.C.A., landscape painter; Mr. T. M. Martin, landscape and animal painter; Mr. W. A. Sherwood, portrait and animal painter; Mr. Hannaford, landscape painter, and Mr. H. MacCarthy, sculptor.

THE FRASER CANYON, BELOW NORTH BEND.—This stupendous work of nature is one of the marvels of that Wonderland through which the C.P.R. carries the tourist as he approaches Yale. At North Bend there is a fine hotel for the accommodation of those who wish to have a nearer and more leisurely view of the extraordinary scene. Four miles below that point the principal canyon commences, and the scenery becomes correspondingly startling. The mighty river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks. After being repeatedly thrown back upon itself by rocky obstacles or broken into roaring torrents by obstructing masses fallen from above, it roars and foams in wild frenzy. The railway is cut into the cliffs two hundred feet or more in elevation, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by a succession of tunnels. At Spuzzum, of which we had an illustration some time ago, there is a suspension bridge in connection with the Government road, and ten miles lower down the cliffs seem to interpose their enormous bulk so as to bar the way. The river then makes an abrupt turn to the left, while the railway, turning to the right, disappears into a large tunnel, to emerge once more into the light of day at the City of Yale.

FALLS OF THE METABETCHOUAN—THE OUIATCHOUAN FALLS.—Our readers have here some further illustrations of noted scenes in the Lake St. John district, of which they have already had glimpses. Both the Falls, which form the themes of our engravings, are among the most admired phenomena of this region of wood and water—the land of the winanishé, the paradise of the sportsman. The rivers Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan, like the other streams of the district, abound in fish, and the country which they water has ample scope for the exercise of the huntsman's skill.

JUNCTION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH THOMPSON RIVERS AT KAMLOOPS, B.C.—The scene in our engraving is one of the most beautiful on the Canadian Pacific Railway route. At Kamloops, the chief town in the Thomson River Valley, formerly a Hudson's Bay Company's post, the north fork of the Thompson comes down from the mountains, 200 miles northward, and here joins the main river, whence the name of the place, which is an Indian word, meaning a river-confluence. It is a beautiful spot. The broad valleys intersect at right angles. There is a background of bordering hills, and fine groves line both banks of the streams. Steamboats are on the river, and saw mills briskly at work, Chinese labour being largely employed. The triangular space between the rivers opposite Kamloops is an Indian reservation, overlooked by St. Paul's Mountain. The principal industry around Kamloops will always be grazing, since the hills are covered with most nutritious "bunch-grass." Agriculture and fruit raising flourishes, wherever irrigation is practicable. This is the supply point for a large ranching and mineral region southward, especially in the Okanagan and Nicola valleys, reached by stage lines.

THE "ANGELUS" OF J. F. MILLET.—The engraving of this celebrated picture, the interest in which has been greatly enhanced by the rivalry for its possession at the recent Secretan sale, is copied from the reproduction of M. Margelidon's etching in *L'Illustration*. The price paid for "The Angelus" by M. Proust on the 1st of the present month was 553,000 francs, of which 200,000 francs were subscribed by collectors and amateurs determined that the masterpiece should be secured to the Musée de Paris and to the French people. It may be that patriotic pride had more to do with that exercise of generosity than religious sentiment; but in the latter a nation which so highly prizes such a conception of simple but profound reverence for things sacred cannot justly be said to be lacking. The associations which the picture calls up are peculiar to

Catholic countries. In modern England the only approach to it (in poetry) is the curfew in Gray's "Elegy," but the curfew is a mere tradition, whereas the "Angelus" is a reality. Longfellow has caught the spirit of it in his descriptions of Acadian life. Though the Angelus sounds at dawn and noon as well as evening, it is as the Vesper bell that its calming, consoling and elevating influences are chiefly recognized. So in Millet's picture, the sun has already disappeared below the horizon, above which the diffused rays of his parting glory have warmed the sky with a softened golden light. The fields seem to feel that the hours of labour are over or drawing to a close. The two young figures in the field give the key to the brooding mystery. They have heard the call, soft yet clear, to prayer, and their hearts are stirred with a sense of awe. The young man has promptly uncovered his head, which is bowed, while the cap clasped in his hands is pressed against his breast. The girl has her hands joined and raised nearly to her lowered face. The scene is wondrously simple, wondrously impressive. But was its merit less a generation ago when neither French Museums nor American Art Associations cared to purchase it? The noble truthfulness of Millet was as true then as it is to-day. What, then, has changed? Whatever it be, France deems it a triumph and a privilege to have "The Angelus" in its own possession, while the United States would add ten thousand dollars to the purchase money to win it for American galleries.

THE HERO OF MONTREAL.

1642.

(PARKMAN'S "JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.")

In the heart of the Royal City, that rises grand and fair
On the banks of the blue St. Lawrence, is throned a stately square;

The "Place d'Armes" is the name they gave it. Ah! fitter
Than ye wot
Was the chivalrous title given that scene of combat hot.

O ye men of the New Dominion, grudge ye your treasure of
gold

To record in enduring marble the valour of the Old?
Ye have girdled the spot with temples to shrine the god
To-day:

Not a stone have ye carved to honour a Hero's brave essay!

Sound ye bells from yon towers his praises! Extol, O Ville
Marie,

The renown of thy valiant Founder, who dared so much for
thee!

Bid your trumpet-tongued heralds cease not to fling their
pæans wide

O'er the field where the doughty Champion brought low the
Redman's pride.

* * * * *

Mid the gloom of the wild-wood's silence see yon devoted
band

Reverent kneel at their leafy altar, and consecrate the land.
See them wrest from the trackless forest a space to call
their home,

Where they sleep 'neath the twinkling tapers hung high in
Heaven's dome.

By the faith of a brave endeavour, and self-forgetting toil,
The germs of a future City takes root in kindly soil.

And the birds, and the trees, and flowers breathe forth a
song of peace,

That descends as a benediction to bid complainings cease.

Now their out-branching roots strike deeper; old friends
lend powerful aid;

And the zeal of devoted woman inspires the soldier's blade.
For the souls of the dusky heathen they claimed as their
reward;

A New Land for their earthly sovereign, its People for the
Lord.

Soon their fate shall be put to the trial. The river from its
bed,

With the roar of a host advancing, in solid phalanx led,
To the sack of some leaguered fortress, rose up one awful
night,

And the hearts of the watchers failed them, before the dire-
ful sight.

Lo! the hand of the Lord, in mercy, the rushing waters
stayed,

As of old the engulfing billows on Gallilee He laid.

And the Cross, in devout thanksgiving, one joyous, happy
morn,

To the summit of far Mount Royal in stalwart arms was
borne.

* * * * *

But the lust of the wolfish prowler is thirsting for his prey;
And the blight of the skulking savage lurks darkly night
and day.

In the soldier's enforced inaction, the foe he could not see
Dulled the edge of his fiery mettle, and chained his spirit free.

Now their murmurs, becoming louder, soon reached the
leader's ear,

And the taunt, undeserved, "Thou coward!" was flung with
mocking jeer.

"Do we never draw sword, Commandant? do naught but
watch and wait,

While the arrogant Redskins flout us, before the fortress
gate?"

In the dawn of a bright March morning, the crisp snow
lying white

Round the fort still enwrapped in slumber, what sounds the
ear afright?

'Tis the bay of the watchful Pilot, as, with her yelping
brood,

She gives tongue to the dreaded tidings: "The foe is in the
wood!"

All was bustle and hurried arming. "Now shall ye have
your will!

And take care that ye fight as boast ye—I promise ye your
fill.

I shall lead ye myself to thrash them—yon curmudgeon feel the
whip;

See that ye be not slow to follow, nor fail their claws to
clasp!"

* * * * *

Bind the thongs of the snowshoe tightly, and test the flint-
lock's prime;

Fill your measure of ball and powder, waste not the pre-
cious time,

Lest the wolves in the thicket hiding shall sneak in fear
away,

And the hunter return disheartened, balked of his long-
sought prey!

* * * * *

At the head of the little column the leader takes his place.
Now they make for the snowy clearing, and cross the open
space;

Till the hush of the woods enfolds them, still as the silent
grave,

Where the plumes of the tossing pine trees their spiny tassels
wave.

On they push through the whirling snow-drifts, 'mid count-
less pitfalls deep,

To the depths of the sunless forest, still wrapt in winter's
sleep:

When a yell from the ambushed demons through all the
arches rang,

And the whiz of the biting arrow answered the bow-string's
twang.

For a moment the bravest falter—the odds are five to one—
But they fight till their powder fails them, for thought of
flight had none,

Till the Captain, to save the remnant, commanded the re-
treat,

And the rush of the fleeing soldiers proclaimed the rout
complete.

The intrepid Commander, scornful on foes to turn his back,
All alone, in the open clearing, defied the howling pack.

Till the last of the wounded stragglers the longed-for shelter
gained

He confronted the shower of arrows the Indian bowmen
rained.

Now, their chief from the van advancing, 'mid yells and
vengeful cries,

With the spring of the panther bounded to seize so rare a
prize.

But the heart of the Soldier quailed not, straight at the
tufted head

He discharged his remaining pistol, and shot the savage
dead!

Then the howls of the shrieking rabble were turned to cries
of woe

As they gazed on their fallen comrade, dead on the crimson
snow.

"Though the scalp of the hated Frenchman ne'er grace the
council tent,

We shall rescue our chieftain's body, and wail his Tribe's
Lament."

Unmolested, the brave Deliverer the fortress wall regains.
Now the women press round him, weeping, to kiss his
bloody stains;

And the men, in glad praise of their hero, break forth in
loud acclaim,

As the sound of retreating footsteps across the snowdrifts
came.

* * * * *

'Mong the names that enrich the pages of Canada's bead-roll
Shines there one in a halo lustrous, the man of noble soul.

Who endured with a faith unswerving, nor reeked the toil
and loss:

MAISONNEUVE, the Heroic, the Fearless, "First Soldier of
the Cross."

Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

* * * * *

Is the dishorning of cattle cruel? Well, Chief Justice
Coleridge, in a judicial decision just rendered by him, says
it is "detestably brutal," and Mr. Justice Hawkins, who

tried a test case with him, pronounces the practice "a re-
volting operation." Mr. Wiley, a Norfolk farmer, was

brought before a bench of magistrates by the Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for "having unlawfully

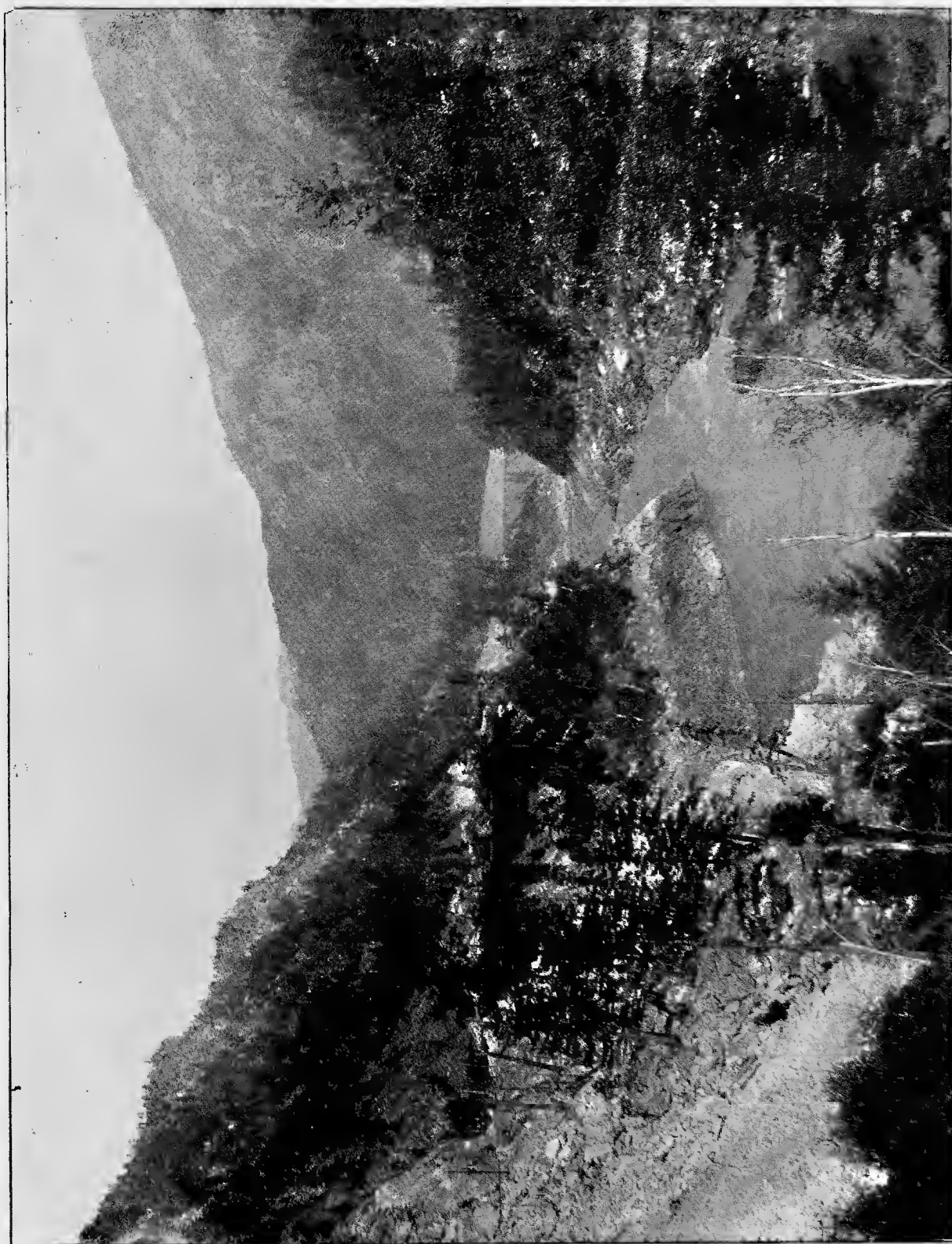
tortured thirty-two bullocks by dishorning them." Mr.
Wiley freely admitted the charge. He placed every con-
venience in the way of the magistrates acquiring evidence as
to how the operation was performed. The defence was
that dishorning greatly increased the value of his cattle and
was necessary.



W. D. BLATCHLEY R. F. GAGEN HAMILTON MCCARTHY T. M. MARTIN W. A. SHERWOOD J. W. L. FORSTER M. HANNAFORD
 M. MATTHEWS, HON. SEC. HON. G. W. ALLAN, PRESIDENT WM. REVELL, VICE-PRESIDENT AND TREAS.

GROUP OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

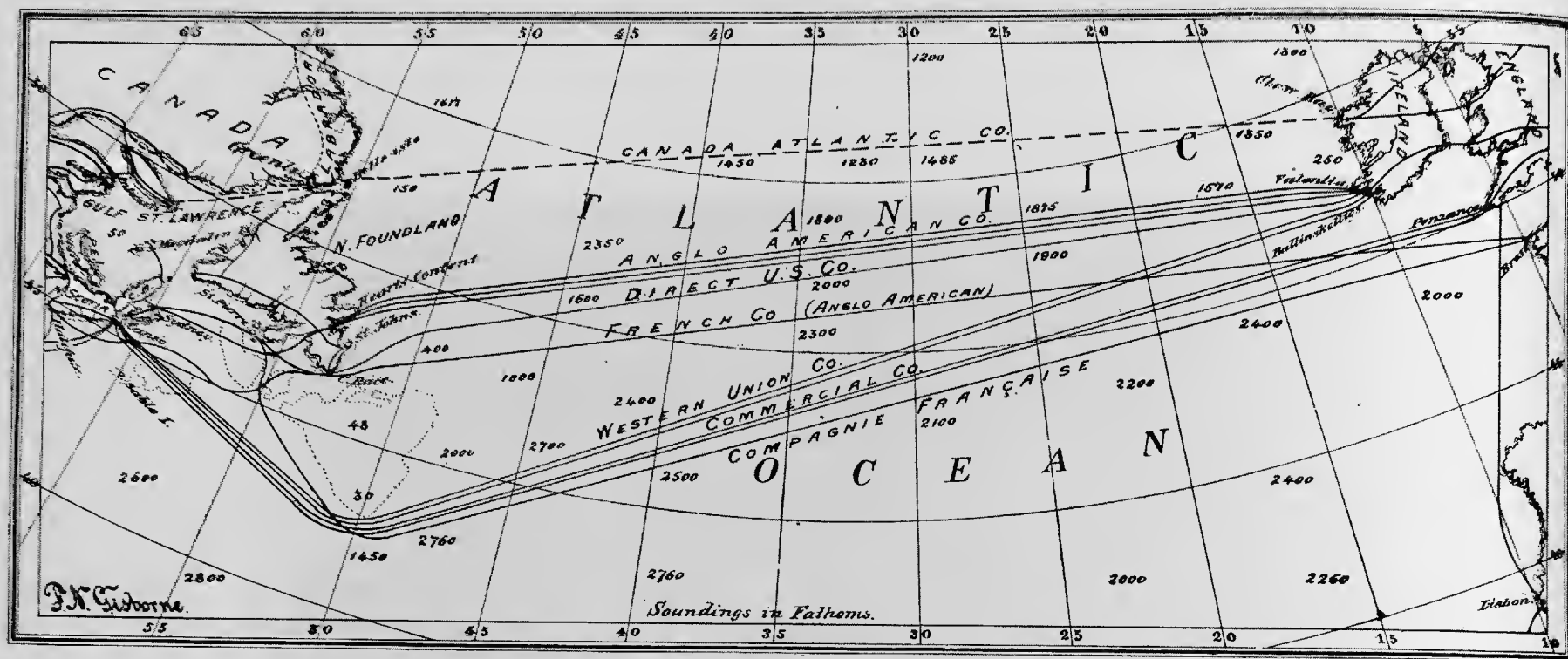
Gagen & Fraser, photos.



ON THE FRASER CANYON, BELOW NORTH BEND.

Netman, photo.

TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLE ROUTES.



— Telegraph lines and cables in operation. - - - - do. projected.

The accompanying map shows the relative lengths and approximate positions of trans-Atlantic submarine electric cables in present operation; also, the proposed Canada Atlantic cable via the Straits of Belle Isle, viz. :—

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CO.'S CABLES.

Laid.	Between.	Nautical Miles.
A.D. 1873.	Ireland and Newfoundland.....	1,881
"	Newfoundland via St. Pierre and Cape Breton.....	293
		—2,174
A.D. 1874.	Ireland and Newfoundland.....	1,840
1873.	Newfoundland and Sydney, C.B....	343
		—2,183
A.D. 1880.	Ireland and Newfoundland.....	1,886
"	Newfoundland via St. Pierre and Cape Breton.....	360
		—2,246
A.D. 1869.	France and St. Pierre.....	2,648
"	St. Pierre and Massachusetts, U.S..	759
		—3,407

THE DIRECT UNITED STATES CO.'S CABLES.

A.D. 1874.	Ireland and Nova Scotia.....	2,423
"	Nova Scotia and N. Hampshire, U.S..	560
		—2,983

COMPAGNIE FRANÇAISE PARIS À NEW YORK.

A.D. 1879.	France and St. Pierre.....	2,242
"	St. Pierre and Cape Breton.....	188
"	St. Pierre and Massachusetts, U.S..	827
		—3,257

THE WESTERN UNION CO.'S CABLES.

A.D. 1881.	England and Nova Scotia.....	2,531
1882.	England and Nova Scotia.....	2,576

THE COMMERCIAL CO.'S CABLES.

A.D. 1884.	Ireland and Nova Scotia.....	2,350
"	Nova Scotia and New York, U.S..	841
		—3,191
"	Ireland and Nova Scotia.....	2,388
1885.	Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, U.S..	519
		—2,907

THE CANADA ATLANTIC CO.'S CABLE (PROPOSED).

A.D. 1890.	Ireland to Straits of Belle Isle, Can..	1,900
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The representative expenditure or share capital of the foregoing companies is approximately as follows :—

Anglo-American.....	\$35,000,000	Each line..	\$8,750,000
Direct United States.....	6,400,000	"	6,400,000
Compagnie Française.....	8,400,000	"	8,400,000
Western Union.....	14,000,000	"	7,000,000
Commercial.....	8,000,000	"	4,000,000
Canada Atlantic.....	1,600,000	"	1,600,000

It is estimated that the *profitably* serviceable continuity of the foregoing cables will be twenty years for the older and twenty-five for the later types; last year's costly experience in repairing the Anglo-American French cable of 1869 is confirmatory of the former calculation.

Thus the three additional cables of the Anglo-American Co., have a prospective existence of four, five and eleven years, respectively, and it is evident that the hitherto controlling power of the Company *re* tariff and pooling dictation is an evil of the past.

The Direct United States Cable has yet a prospective profitable career of five years; the Compagnie Française ten years; thus the Western Union and Commercial Companies, with their later cables of longer life, have control of the situation, as exemplified by the present established tariff rate of 25 cents per word.

A glance at the explanatory map will show how dangerously close together existing cables now lie upon the bed of the ocean, not unfrequently crossing each other westward of the banks of Newfoundland. Indeed, if the true history of repairing expeditions, both in deep and moderate soundings was made public, the facts would be not a little startling to shareholders.

It is with a full knowledge of all the foregoing and other data that the direct Canada-Atlantic Cable (from Ireland or Scotland, via the Straits of Belle Isle) has been projected, as possessing the following decided advantages over all established lines :—

1. The Belle Isle route will be over 150 miles northward of any trans-Atlantic cable now laid, and the depth of ocean (vide map) will be considerably less; it will thus be absolutely free from all risks during the repairs of other cables and can be more readily raised when required.

2. The Company have only to provide and maintain the main cable or cables, of not exceeding 1,900 miles in length, the connection eastward being with the Imperial Government Post Office telegraph service, and westward with the Canadian Government telegraph service at Greenly Island in the Straits of Belle Isle. Hence, the Company will be at no outlay of capital for terminal cables, and no pooling or other pressure is practicable.

3. The capital expenditure of the Company will not exceed \$1,600,000, one of the principal Cable Manufacturing Co's., in London having tendered

to provide, lay and guarantee a cable of the most approved type for the sum of \$1,500,000. Thus the Company's line will cost less than $\frac{1}{3}$ of each Anglo-American Cable, $\frac{1}{4}$ that of the Direct United States, Compagnie Française and Western Union lines and a little over $\frac{1}{3}$ that of the Commercial Co's. connections.

4. The Company's annual maintenance charges, as compared with those of other cable companies, will be very moderate. For instance, per last semi-annual report of 1888, the Anglo-American Co.'s London head office expenses amounted to over \$30,000, and station expenditure to over \$158,000, in all \$188,000; and the Direct United States Co.'s to \$15,000 and \$50,000 respectively, in all \$65,000. Estimating \$30,000 as the maximum expenditure of the Canada Atlantic Co. upon similar account, the economy in that way alone will be equal to a dividend of from 1 to 3 per cent. upon the Company's capital.

5. The British Admiralty chart proves that to the northward, around Belle Isle to Greenly Island, there is a deep water channel, protected by reefs and sand bars, thirty fathoms below the surface. Icebergs very occasionally ground in thirty, but never exceeding forty, fathoms around the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. Thus it will be seen that the cable approaches to Greenly Island are quite as safe as to any other point on the coast of North America.

6. The present number of trans-Atlantic despatches relating to Canadian business alone average 800 per day and are rapidly increasing; and should the proposed Japanese, China and Australian trans-Pacific cables be laid, the business will be almost infinitely added to.

Finally, despite inflated capital and immense annual expenditure, the Anglo-American company have lately paid interim dividends of 2½ and 5 per cent. upon \$22,000,000 of their capital stock, and the Direct Cable Company 3½ per cent. upon \$6,400,000; thus proving, that the Canada Atlantic could have paid, during the same period, at least 15 per cent. upon their capital.

No further argument is required to prove that the Canada Atlantic Company can *command* their own fair share of business; as they can well afford to reduce the total rate per word, or to increase the proportion per word that is allowed to connecting land lines by the existing cable companies.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

We have received the following further communication from the Rev. David C. Moore, Rector and Rural Dean, Stellarton, N.S.:

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—In your number of May 18 you thought it worth while to print and make favourable remarks upon a note I sent you concerning the death of the Poet Shelley.

On the strength of this a friend informs me that further interesting facts concerning Shelley will be found in a series of twenty-three hitherto unprinted letters, in the *Nation* of New York. One letter was written by the Poet himself to Catherine Nugent, of Dublin, and the others by Harriet Westbrook Shelley. The dates are 1812-15. The first eleven are written from Dublin (where the acquaintance began), Radnorshire, Devonshire, London and Stratford-on-Avon. The letters exhibit youthful simplicity in both. Shelley's fondness for Ireland and sympathy with her troubles are unveiled. The Godwins appear upon the scene, and there are some details of the residence of Miss Kitchenier with the Shelleys, which caused unpleasantness. The pity hitherto felt for Harriet Shelley will be much increased by the publication.

The following sonnet is from the pen of "Pastor Felix":

ISAAC DE RAZILLY.

[Isaac De Razilly was now (after the settlement of Acadia by the French, in 1692, by the treaty of Saint Germain) appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Arriving at La Harve (La Have?) he was so charmed with the scenery that he resolved to settle there. He, however, died shortly afterward.—*Campbell's History of Nova Scotia.*]

His eyes were charmed when, first from ocean's plain,
Acadia's forelands rose upon his view,
And his barque skirted where the waters blue
Wash her green isles; and all his heart was fain
To linger on enamour'd, and remain
In thy sweet shelter, beautiful La Have!
Yet one more voyage—its earthly port, the grave;
He sees no more his native France again.
So do glad eyes still greet thee—deem thee fair,
O my loved Country! Wanderers from the sea
Returning, to enrich thee with the stores
Of other climes; so glad will I repair
To gaze on scenes I love, to sing for thee,
To find my rest upon thy peaceful shores.

Our readers will, doubtless, be glad to see the patriotic poem by Mr. J. C. Patterson, M.P., to which "Erol Gervase" referred in a recent communication. The sentiment is, as our correspondent observed, particularly appropriate just now—now and always.

A UNITED CANADA.

What lacketh Canada to make her great?
A patriot spirit breathed into the state;
The mutual aim of all their country's good,
And closer ties of social brotherhood.
Scions of widely diverse nations we,
Ourselves the germ of nations yet to be,
Sprung from opposing sires, 'tis ours to claim
A common heirship and a common name.
'T were time, an' if we'd see our land increase,
That factions jars and social cries would cease.
Community of interests points to this,
That, shaking off the slough of Prejudice,
The curse of narrow foreheads, we should make
A broad-based union for our country's sake;
No parchment ties, more frail than ropes of sand—
These never made a great or prosperous land;
But union built on similar intent,
And nourished by the patriot sentiment
Which holds this faith—whatever may befall,
The good of most the greatest good of all.
All rivalries of races merged in one,
The rivalry which will not be outdone
In service of our country; this the field
Which, fallow now, a noble crop might yield.
This were the true inheritance of their fame,
Those grave old nations whose descent we claim,
The shadow of whose greatness mars our own.
A loftier aim, methinks, to stand alone,
Nor basing pride on mere ancestral glory,
Earn for ourselves a noble niche in story.

Nor yet unmindful of the whence we sprung,
The old world homes afar beyond the seas,
Whereof our fathers tell, whose songs our mothers sing;
But why love this the less though loving these?
The filial love we cherish weakens not
The love we bear the partners of our lot,
And not to love the cradle of his race,
Bespeaks a nature pitiful and base;
Nay, as the old is still to memory dear,
The better citizens we should be here,
Not loving less the land our fathers bore,
But loving this our children's country more.

The time has passed for tricksters and for knaves,
Whose statecraft is the science which enslaves
The minds of men by venal panderings,
And those seductive arts corruption brings
To tempt the lax in principle

Let us have men to guide the helm of state
Whose chiefest pride shall be to legislate
As best may suit the country's permanent good.

Who spend their lives within their country's cause,
Nor seek the uncertain breath of popular applause.
These are the men we want, and by what name,
Or party designated, 'tis the same.

In such as these the nation will confide,
The rulers and the ruled for once allied
In healthy union of sentiment,
And honesty of purpose and intent,
By self-respect, shall win the world's, and stand
A happy, prosperous and united land.

J. C. PATTERSON.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

DEAR SIR,—It appears, in connection with the late collection of mine, "Songs of the Great Dominion," that some of my good friends are under the impression that I will be a pecuniary gainer by its sale, and that they must consequently take a benevolent, practical interest in it for my sake. Will you allow me to correct that impression by saying that I did not undertake the work with a money object, have spent more on it than my author's honorarium, and reap no profit from the sale, being fully repaid by seeing it successful, according to its measure, in consolidating our literature, and in saying a patriotic word for us in Britain.

One other word that may not be out of place is to object to a remark which is often made on this continent, that a professional man who touches literature at all must neglect his business. This prejudice does not hold in England, France or Germany, and causes loss in some directions to our people.

Careers such as those of Sir Daniel Wilson, Sheriff Chauveau, and several of our judges, prove that it is quite as possible to do such a thing within reasonable limits, as to take recreation in athletics or amateur photography, as numbers do, about whom it never occurs to these (sometimes not too friendly) critics to make any remark. It is with a mixture of seriousness and amusement that I have found myself several times confidentially warned that I would be ruined as a lawyer "if I kept on writing books"—the phrase applied to an average of usually, say, four days per annum of such recreation—and this notwithstanding the greatest care never to let anything interfere with business.

Do you not think that such an absurd prejudice deserves frank mention and comment?

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

A DAY IN JUNE.

A sweet June day—the longest in the year!
As the pale darkness melted into dawn,
The earth was fragrant with the dews of night
And resonant with song of joyous birds,
Greeting the daylight with their antiphon—
Then, when the sun rolled back the amber clouds,
And touched the pleasant land with golden kiss,
The trees, all tremulous with sudden wealth
Of leaf, and bud, and flowers, shook out their green,
Until each branch became a spike of flame,
Glowing and glistening in the new-born day—
In the deep wood, where interlacing boughs
Made cloisters for great Nature's worshipper,
The melody of brooks adown the glade
Seemed like a low-voiced call to praise and prayer:
The green, wet mosses full of dewy eyes;
The sweet Linnea, with its tiny bells;
Wood Trillium, hiding near the tender ferns,
And Pigeon berry, with its starry cup,
Looking up, shyly, as the squirrel swung
Among the branches of the silver birch,
Outside the forest, in the warm, soft light,
The golden-hearted daisies starred the fields,
And rustling shadows stirred the bending grass,
Swept by the breeze and sunshine in the hills,
The great blue sea lay glad and motionless,
As the soft sky bent down caressingly;
And left such tender azure on its breast
All things above, below, around, within,
Were perfect in their summer loveliness
On this rare day in June's delicious month,
The bridal time of spring and summer here.

Halifax, June, 1889.

M. F. K. L.

According to *Allen's Indian Mail*, the Madras Museum now possesses the skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India. This elephant was the source of great terror to the inhabitants of South Arcot, by whom it was killed and buried. The Museum authorities despatched a taxidermist to the spot to exhume the bones and transfer them to Madras. The skeleton is exactly ten feet six inches in height, being eight inches higher than the highest hitherto measured in the flesh by Mr. Sanderson.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

What a vast amount of embarrassment, misery and positive crime has been caused by the supposed necessity of keeping up appearances in society! The phrase, "Better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," was, no doubt, originally coined as a sarcasm; but it is surprising how many otherwise intelligent and clearheaded people act as though they thoroughly believed it. Come what may they must keep up with the procession as long as possible. Their books may show that insolvency is imminent, and that only the closest economy can avert a crash. But a retrenchment in household expenses is the last thing they think about. To postpone indefinitely the projected ball, to substitute a few weeks in Muskoka, for the promised trip to Europe, to give up the carriage and pair and use the humble and democratic street car is not to be thought of for an instant. What would society say? Appearances must be kept up at all hazards to avoid the danger of losing caste and the sneering malicious tattle of busybodies who might say unpleasant things if the common sense plan of cutting the coat according to the cloth were resorted to. So women go on scraping and stinting and resorting to a thousand petty shifts and meannesses in those matters which do not catch the public eye—such as their dealings with poor seamstresses and servant girls, for instance—in order to maintain a lavish ostentation in the matter of entertainments and equipage, while their husbands resort to all manner of tricky and dishonourable schemes to raise money to avoid meeting their just obligations. Supposed social necessities are probably the cause of more forgeries, bankruptcies and defalcations than even drink or gambling. Men who cannot keep their heads above water continue to squander their means in display and luxurious living simply because their "set" are extravagant in their expenditures. They have not the moral courage to say at once "I can't afford it," and cut down their outlay—even at the risk of being cut by some of their acquaintances who possess more money than brains. When it is too late and the final crash comes those who have strained every nerve to hang on to the ragged edge of moneyed exclusiveness very soon realize how little such friendships are worth. Those who condemn them most unsparingly are usually the ones whose example and influence have led them to make expenditures beyond their means.—*Saturday Night.*

WASHING MATERIALS FOR DRESSES.

White linen lawns are favored for simple all-white toilets, and coloured and figured lawns are made up in Watteau styles.

Large checks are becoming popular for morning aprons, and some of the summer skirtings for petticoats are in the same style.

The combination of plain or striped materials with figured is carried out in cambrics and linen lawns the same as in all other fabrics.

Silk is used in all possible combinations and with all materials. Even simple gingham toilets are considered incomplete without a silk collar and cuffs or a sash.

To set delicate colours in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Among the most effective wash materials of the present season are linen ginghams, which reproduce the small checked and plaided designs of the old-time lute-string silks, in various dainty colorings.

The rather expensive striped and plaided French rephyr ginghams seen in natty morning dress at the seaside this season show some of the most beautiful and artistic combinations of colour that ever came from the dyer's hands. The pink, heliotrope, lilac, pale-blue, and old-rose shades are particularly exquisite in tint.

An excellent and comfortable way to make up gingham, chambray or percale gowns is with a straight, full skirt, with deep hem, gathered to a belt; full, overhanging skirt waist, fastened up the front with three fancy studs, and easy coat, with rolling collar, and full sleeves shirred to shape at the elbow and finished with a turned-back wristband.

Among the beautiful materials that are useful as well as the Chinese washing silks that are meeting with great favour. As their title indicates, they will bear laundering, and this, it is claimed, with almost as great success as fine linen. They are sold both in plain and striped patterns, and the colours, which are very beautiful, are warranted fast. The silks are used for tea gowns, summer skirting, dressing sacks, wrappers, nightdresses, linings and dust cloaks.

LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.



FALLS ON THE METABETCHOUAN.

L'ivermois, photo.



OUIATCHOUAN FALLS.



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.
From *L'Illustration*.



These are still the days of afternoon teas. Any one, therefore, will rejoice in such presents as tea cloths, whether worked by the giver or made of a simple square of hem-stitched momic cloth. And last but not least, except in point of size, there are the dolies. These need no description. We know them and can make them.

"What shall I give for a wedding present?" is a question often asked. Well why not more often give some of the many things which can be made of linen for the table? Linen is always useful; with a little manipulation it can be made most beautiful; and yet how seldom we see it. Here are one or two little things that can be made. A set of tea napkins made out of the ordinary fringed damask napkins, with a short sentence embroidered in wash silk. Another useful article, and one which can be highly decorated is a carvers' napkin. This should be of fine linen, though not too fine to hem-stitch easily, and should be one yard square. The latest idea in carvers' cloths is to have the decoration across the back only. There are many ways of decorating these cloths. A border of apple blossoms and flying birds, done in indelible ink is effective and unusual.

THE BEST TIME TO BATHE.—The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath-tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks. —*London Lancet.*

WASH YOUR HANDS.—Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door-knobs, banisters, car-straps, and hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency. —*Sanitary Era.*

WHEN TO GIVE MEDICINES.—Iodine or the iodides should be given on an empty stomach. If given during digestion, the acids and starch alter and weaken their action. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check the excessive secretion of the acids of the gastric juice. Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron, should be given directly after meals. Oxide and nitrate of silver should be given after the process of digestion is ended; if given during or close after meals, the chemicals destroy or impair their action. Potassium permanganate, also, should not be given until the process of digestion is ended, inasmuch as organic matter decomposes it and renders it inert. The active principle of the gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by corrosive sublimate, tannin and pure alcohol; hence they should be given at the close of digestion. Malt extracts, cod liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with or directly after food. —*Medical World.*

THALATTA.

In my ear is the moan of the pines,
In my heart is the song of the sea.

—John Keats.

Do you know Cacouna?

Not Cacouna the fashionable, the queen of Canadian watering places, the resort of the pleasure seekers who come thither, year after year, to desecrate the pure temple of Nature with the worship of their god Mammon, who dress and dance and dream of social conquest and society success here by the great lone, solemn sea, much as they do in their city homes, but Cacouna the pure, the primitive, the poetic.

Achille, our host, who is the proud possessor of a cab, has met us at the station and has driven us over the intervening three and a half miles of roughest rural road. Through open country and farm clearings, with here and there a view of a distant town or hamlet, through long stretches of blueberry marsh and of tea-berry and stunted balsam and raspberry bushes, with their ripe red fruit hanging in clusters so close we can almost pick it as we pass.

We have climbed the brow of the hill and are in a narrow street of white-walled cottages, each with its potato garden in full blossom, and the breath of the salt sea is fresh and strong in our nostrils.

"But can it be possible?" we mentally ejaculate, as Achille, with an abrupt turn and a sudden sharp jerk, draws up before the door of one of the tiniest of the tiny cottages. Can this liliputian dwelling, by any possible contrivance, be made to accommodate our party, in addition to Achille himself, his wife, the dark-eyed, smiling woman who is standing beneath the sloping eaves of the veranda to welcome us, and all these children, shy and playful, who scatter at our approach? The question is soon answered, for madame immediately accosts us in profuse and voluble *patois*. She bids us *entrez*, and with smiles and bows and coquettish shrugs of her shoulders she leads the way to the *chambres* allotted to our use.

Let me describe the principal one of these—the one that serves us for *salon, salle à manger* and *étude*. You enter it from the kitchen. The walls and ceiling are of wood, the former painted a vivid orange, the latter white. On the floor are strips of the *catolouque*, or rag carpet, peculiar to the *habitant* domicile. Through an opening in the wall appears the kitchen stove, closed in with sheet iron, black and carefully polished. Opposite us hangs a three-quarter portrait of Sa Sainteté Léon XIII. in scarlet cope; to the left is a glazed and highly coloured representation of the Chapel and Shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, recalling in its situation our own little village of Pointe Lévis, opposite Quebec; behind are St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. Are not we heretics in good company for once?

In a corner is a tall bureau, the drawers of which, all but one, reserved for madame's own use, are, in addition to a cupboard in another corner, to serve as sideboard and receptacle for our crockery, cutlery, table linen and groceries. There are, besides, a sofa of dwarfish dimensions, upholstered in the thinnest and scaliest of black oilcloth; a rocking-chair, conspicuous for its dorsal infirmities; four other chairs, a table, with palsied limbs and a red cotton cover, and on the table a coal oil lamp.

It does not sound esthetic; nevertheless, when our photos and books and work and writing materials are scattered about, and Felicia's easel, with its familiar broken palette, daubed with paints, and the long-handled brushes, are brought out, a stamp of individuality begins to appear upon the alien surroundings; and when Dorothy, our maid, has covered the red cotton tablecloth with a white linen one of our own, and has set thereon our daily meals, and we have read and worked and written and discussed our plans on mornings around the decrepit table, or, on chilly evenings, by the sombre, friendly stove, the ugliness of the little room has almost ceased to worry us.

It is morning now. Dorothy is in the kitchen preparing our breakfast. A moment ago she had hurriedly entered and inquired the French for bacon, some of which she desires madame to fetch her from her storeroom.

Felicia has told her that *jambon* will produce the article, and has practised her on the pronunciation of the word, until she seems proficient. But, alas! not so, for madame fails to comprehend, and now Ludovic, our high school boy, goes to her assistance.

"Mort cochon! Mort cochon!" he vociferates, and, to make his meaning plain beyond the possibility of mistake, proceeds to execute a pantomime of *sus in extremis* by drawing his finger back and forth across his throat and uttering squeaks of agony.

This has the desired effect. "Ah! oui, oui!" madame exclaims, amid peals of laughter, and produces the bacon.

Ludovic is an enthusiastic angler, and he interrogates madame as to his prospects of sport. "Sont il des pêches dans la rivière, madame?" he demands, with confidence, for is not *pêcher* to fish?

Alas! again the stupid madame is bewildered. "Pêchés dans la mer," she repeats. "Non, non!" And it is only when rod and line are brought forth in illustration that she grasps the idea. Life among *les habitants* is purely primitive and idyllic.

"Happy the man whose wants and cares
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native airs
In his own ground."

Achille, our host, owns this little snow-white cot and the ground on which it stands. The potato garden, the pigs, the poultry, the brood of turkeys, so tame that they eat fearlessly from the hands of Ludovic and Felicia; the cow, the horse, the little playful grey and white kitten, the dark-eyed wife, who reminds me of a picture of Madame de Pompadour, and the velvet-skinned children, with their arch or wondering looks. If these children are rude or boisterous, or if they quarrel among themselves, I never hear it, except, occasionally, *le petit, petit*, the youngest, a sturdy *garçon* of two years, who noisily resists madame's attempts to put him to sleep in the middle of the day. Madame, however, invariably triumphs and carries him *en haut* after a struggle, slumbering tranquilly. This woman seems never to worry. She gets through her work with incredible ease to herself and to everyone else.

In the morning she prepares the breakfast for her husband and children. Their living is of the simplest. Curdled milk, *lait caillé*, sweetened with maple sugar, bread made by her own hands, some fried fish, perhaps, a pan-cake, a lump of fat salt pork, or, if it is Sunday, a bit of mutton, with potatoes boiled in the broth. Once Dorothy reports her making a blueberry pie. She sells her eggs to summer visitors; her poultry, her milk, her butter.

Twice a week she scrubs her floor, and on Saturdays she washes her windows and Achille's shirt. She has made the carpet, the mats, the patchwork quilt on Dorothy's bed. I think she must have a sheep and spin her own wool, for I see her knitting stockings and under garments for the family. If she and Achille can read and write I do not know. I have seen no books but our own since we came. They go to Mass and confession, of course, for the Canadian *habitant* is essentially religious.

Last week there was horse racing in the village, near the big hotel (alas!), and a wheel of fortune, and the whole family, down to the obstreperous *Petit, petit*, set out, dressed in their Sunday clothes, to attend. Achille drove them, and they did not return till supper-time. They left the house door standing wide open, and their money in an unlocked drawer, and people came in and out while they were gone, but nothing was touched.

I find myself wondering whether lives such as these comprise the essentials of happiness. Is it enough to eat and drink, and sleep and wake, to work and make merry and to suffer—they must suffer sometimes? Does the strife of politics never enter this Arcadian abode? Is our burning Jesuits' Estates Bill a thing unknown to them? Happy if so. Do they ever long for the unattainable? Are the existence of an outer world of art and science and literature and the profundities of learning beyond the limits of their comprehension? Could I be content with such a life? No. I should fret and chafe for the larger movement of my world: the force, the action, the keen vitality of thought, the intellectual and religious activity. I should

hunger to be where I might scan from my place the things which now to miss awhile is perfect satisfaction.

There is here, besides the big stone parish church, a humbler wooden one for the heretic Anglais—principally the owners of the ornate villas and the smart cottages near the hotel. Anglican bishops and canons have been here in the season and have assisted the Quebec "clergyman in charge" on Sundays and at the daily week-day prayers. It is only of wood—sweet and fragrant pine and birch—this little temple by the sea; but it is singularly chaste in its appointments, and from the first one loves the quiet, reverent service.

But in all this what of the sea itself? "Tell us," you will say, "of this."

Ah! when I try to write or speak of *this*, my pen and my tongue fail me.

Let me, then, first view it in its commonplace aspect. For bathing purposes the water is cold but invigorating, and along the beach are rude dressing-houses, for which, in this primitive place, there is apparently no charge. But the bathers, if sensitive, must protect their feet from the loose pebbles and the broken shale which everywhere abound. This shale—but now, as I write the word, I lose myself at the outset, and drift away into the regions of the ideal.

For what has the commonplace to do here? These rock exposures, these indescribable anticlinals, where, as our college-bred Felicia informs us, the soft Siluro-Cambrian mud has been folded and baked in the earth's heated centre, and worn by the ceaseless tide into forms so eccentric, and yet so perfect, that the eye dwells upon them with a silent rapture of satisfaction, for which words are all too weak. These divine *values*, these masses of light and shade of infinite variety of orange and soft dull red and grey and green. What in human art can equal, or in nature's heavenly handiwork surpass, them? I look upon them till the fulness of their beauty strikes me dumb.

For many days it had rained, and when evening had closed in we had gathered in our little snug-gery, with a blaze of fire in the sombre stove and Ludovic's hammock swinging picturesquely across the room, and had read aloud the adventures of the immortal "Pickwick."

We had not yet seen the moon. But on a certain implusive night, as Felicia and I sat contemplative, on the edge of a cliff, whence a little path winds down to the beach, lo! over the purple hills on the farther shore shot out the crescent "Regent of the night."

Long ago, in childish days, I remember a picture—a common wood-cut—which held for me a singular fascination. It represented Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus to meet her Anthony. What possible connection could there be between this northern moonlight scene, this mighty river-sea, so vast and still, with only the solemn, spiritual sound of the waves lapping at our feet, and the one long silvery line of light where the moonbeams fell—all else in purple or inky shadow—and but one solitary ship, moving, phantom-like, "Over the waters, away and away." What possible connection, I ask, between this and that vivid pageant of Eastern magnificence in the fervid glow of Egypt's noon? Let psychologists answer. For as I looked, insensibly, my thoughts reverted from the one to the other, and I found myself repeating under my breath:

"Flutes in the summer air,
And harps in the porphyry halls,
And a long deep hum like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls,
And the river's murmur heard through all."

After a pause Felicia spoke.

"Do you know," she said, "I have been thinking, sitting here, what a grand thing self-sacrifice is. To give oneself one's life for another—mine, for instance, for Ludovic or for you. I do not believe I should mind it much; indeed, I think I should be glad."

I looked at her. She had taken off her hat. Her face was very pale in the moonlight, and the wind, moving in her hair, stirred it, with a golden glint and shimmer.

"What do you mean by giving one's self for an-

other?" I asked. "Is it to die or to live a living sacrifice?"

"Oh! to die," she answered, quickly. "I do not say I should be willing to live a sacrifice." Then, reflecting, after a silence: "I do not know. Perhaps I might even rise to that. It would certainly be the grander thing of the two."

That moonlight night was the precursor of days of brightness. Mornings when the sea, veiled at first in silvery mists, blushed and kindled under the sun's matin kiss to tints of rose and primrose, and anon to fullest crimson and amber; when the white wake of the ships was flecked with hues of the rainbow, and the dancing yachts and fishing and pleasure craft seemed instinct with life as they shot over the sparkling waves. Noons of golden glory, and sunsets whose effulgence rolled at full tide into the soul, till metaphor seemed lost in radiant reality.

It was on one such evening that Felicia and I sought the beach for Ludovic, who was fishing with the inflowing tide. As we strolled downwards we could see him perched upon a rock in what seemed to us a shining waste of waters, but was, in reality, no more than a succession of small pools, formed by the advancing tide, over which the jutting rocks afforded a secure enough footing back to the mainland. The only danger would be from the slippery nature of the shale, covered as it was at such times with slime and dank seaweed. His rod was poised high in air, his head bent down, his attitude one of keen attention. I shuddered, for the thought came: What if he should move and miss his foothold by a single false step! He cannot swim. It has always been our playful taunt wherever he has gone, by sea or stream, and Felicia has vainly endeavored to stimulate his ambition by her own attempts. But the piscatorial art has sufficed him.

"Lu-dovic! Lu-dovic!" Felicia calls, and he turns his head and sees us.

He jerks up his line, with the silver tommy-cod dangling on the hook, adds the poor captive to the glistening string of its fellow-victims, and, waving the trophy in triumph towards us, begins to descend the rock. He is using all possible caution, but—another step, and, without word or cry, we see him slip into the water.

Transfixed to the spot, I cannot move or speak. The horror of it penetrates my soul for a single instant of consciousness, and then the physical infirmity which from childhood has been my bane overcomes me, and I sink, senseless, on the strand.

When I recover they are by my side, both of them, their garments still dripping wet, the seaweed still tangled in Ludovic's hair. Both their faces are pale as death, but smiling, though unwonted tears are in Ludovic's dark eyes and a strong tremour in his voice as he speaks.

"Don't be frightened; we are both safe," he says, "and Felicia is a heroine, and I mean to have her get a medal from the Government or from some one."

Felicia does not speak, but only smiles. We walk home, all of us, feeling the exercise safest for the two wet ones, though Achille has come with his cab and the doctor from the hotel, and a sympathizing crowd has gathered, some of whom have witnessed the scene and are loud in expressions of admiration of Felicia's courage and promptitude. She had, it seemed, plunged instantly into the water, encumbered as she was with her ordinary clothing, and, with rapid strokes, had reached Ludovic as he rose for the second time, had grasped his garments, and had swam with him to shore.

The wet garments are exchanged now for dry ones, and Dorothy, having kindled a fire in the stove, has brought us tea and cocoa smoking hot, and Ludovic, his natural warmth restored by active rubbing, has resumed his gaiety, and reproaches Felicia playfully for the loss of his fish.

"Now, if only you had saved them," he complains, "it would have been something worth while; but think of it—thirteen of them—a whole baker's dozen—gone at one fell swoop."

Felicia laughs, but I notice that her face is still white, and—is it fancy? a sudden spasm seems to contract it while the smile is still upon it. She says it is, and exchanges a rapid glance with Ludovic. But I catch the glance.

"What is it?" I ask, sharply. "You are keeping something back from me, both of you. I am sure you are."

"Oh, nothing of the least consequence," Felicia says. "I did not tell you, for you are so easily alarmed for us. It was only that, clambering up the wet rocks, after we came out of the water, I slipped, and—my back hurts me, just a very little."

Ah! my Felicia, when we sat by the solemn sea that night, and talked of the sacrifice of self, did we think how soon it would come for one of us? My white lily. I know that she can never be well again, never what she once was; but she will live, and for this I am thankful. She has taken up her cross bravely, and bears it as for Him.

"I wanted to do great things," she says, with a radiant smile through the sharp pain, "and now I can only suffer. But I remember what you told me long ago—I have never forgotten it—that

* * * "Pain in man
Bears the high mission of the soul and fan."

EROL GERVASE.

HUMOUROUS.

SEVERAL Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers, when one of them remarked: "Faith, I'm a brick." "And I'm a brick-layer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

VERY REASSURING.—How often do you get a new rope for this elevator? asked a stout gentleman, as the overloaded elevator slowly ascended to the tenth floor. Once every four months; and if we pull through safely to-day, we are going to get a new rope to-morrow, replied the elevator boy.

SHE had done something naughty and her mother had sent her off to bed a little earlier than usual, and told her she would punish her for it in the morning. The child knelt down to say her prayers, and she put in this interpolation: "Please God, won't you take mamma up to heaven, not for altogether, but just for to-morrow."

MRS. Testy (looking up from the paper): "Isn't this strange? A certain gentleman, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married." Mr. Testy: "Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

TAILOR: "I am in a regular pickle. I can't decide what to do." Friend: "Let me hear what your dilemma is." "You see, Baron Habenichts has given me an order for a suit of clothes. Now, I don't know, as he never pays his debts, whether I ought to charge him a big price, or whether I should charge him as little as possible, so my loss will not amount to much."

IMPATIENCE REBUKED.—Teacher: Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. (Five minutes later.) Now, then, Benjamin, what is that you wanted to say? Benjamin: There was a tramp in the hall a while ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol.

WHEN Franklin was ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society and not well understanding French when declaimed, he determined to applaud when he saw a lady friend express approval. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood French, said to Franklin, "Why, you always applauded most when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily, and explained his dilemma.

THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE.—Magistrate: Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discha'ged; an' I tell yo', yo'r honah, dat I war nebbah so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court-room a free an' honorable man. Magistrate: Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: No, sah; dere was a flaw in de indictment, sah.

A MAN OF RESOURCES.—Assistant Night Editor (calling down speaking tube): Got to have about seven more lines on the telegraph page to fill out the last column. Night Editor: Run in a dispatch from Ujjijijijij, or somewhere else in Africa, announcing discovery that Stanley has been killed by natives. Assistant (some minutes later): Got to have two more lines. Dispatch don't fill column. Night Editor (roaring up speaking tube): Put in a dispatch contradicting it!

"BARRISTER NOLAN," of New York, one day, as he was holding forth in his usual aggressive style before Judge Duffy, was warned several times, but in vain, to moderate himself, and finally, getting beyond the limit, was fined \$10. "Your honour may be just in your censure," he pleaded; "but I have no money to pay such a fine, and where can I get it?" "Oh, borrow it of a friend." "Thanks, your honour. Then I must trouble you, for you're the best friend I have." "Mr. Clerk," said the little judge, "you may as well remit that fine. The city can better afford to lose it than I can."



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A project, long contemplated and earnestly recommended by far-seeing men, is now in course of being carried out through the construction of the Vaudreuil and Prescott Railway, which was begun last week. This line will shorten the journey from Montreal to Ottawa to a considerable extent, and will give the advantages of railway communication with the outside world to a most important section of country. It will pass through Como, Hudson, Grande Montée, Rigaud, St. Eugène, Vankleek Hill, Hawkesbury, Plantagenet Springs, L'Orignal, Caledonia Springs, Alfred, Clarence Creek, Sarsfield, Cumberland and Green's Creek—thus traversing the Counties of Prescott, Russell, Vaudreuil, Carleton and Ottawa. A large number of influential gentlemen from those counties, Ottawa City, Montreal and elsewhere, assembled at Rigaud on the 17th inst. to witness the turning of the first sod on the new road. Judge Foster, who has consented to accept the position of managing-director, set forth very clearly the benefits which the line would assure to a thriving and enterprising population. The ceremony which has come to be associated with so large a share of the world's prosperity and progress was entrusted to Mrs. McMillan, wife of the member for Vaudreuil in the House of Commons, and Mrs. J. B. A. Mongenais, wife of the president of the new road.

The appointment of a Minister of Agriculture in England may tend indirectly to promote our phosphate industry. As we have already pointed out, Canadian phosphate of lime has of late been attaining a high rank in England. Formerly, it appears, it fell somewhat into disrepute through lack of care in preparing it for shipment. The usage now is to free the mineral from adhering substances, such as gneiss, pyroxenic rock, iron, etc., and this treatment has been found so advantageous that it well repays the additional trouble. Canadian phosphate now takes rank in the English market as the best in the world. A sample exhibited at the Cincinnati Centennial Exhibition weighed 870 pounds, and was considered the largest ever taken from a mine. Its purity was no less remarkable than its size. In colour it was a rich green. It was said, moreover, to be a fair sample of the whole mine, which is in the 10th concession of Loughboro, Frontenac County. The vein from which it was taken was computed to be from six to sixteen feet in width and seventy feet in length; but the length increased with the depth of the working. For many years phosphate workings were not carried deeper than from thirty to fifty feet; but now there are places where mining

is conducted as much as a hundred feet below the surface, by means of galleries, which follow the spur or branch veins. This is undoubtedly destined to be one of Canada's greatest industries; but no delay should be risked in taking advantage of new outlets for the trade.

In January, 1885, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, in opening the Provincial Legislature, spoke with emphasis of the unsettled boundary of Alaska and that province. The rights and interests, not only of British Columbia, but of the whole Dominion, were, said His Honor, involved in the question. He considered that Canada was clearly entitled to a valuable strip of country, embracing an area of millions of acres, along the north-west coast; nevertheless, that large tract was claimed by the United States. Both Governments appealed to the Treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain. This is not the first instance in which Canada has suffered from the ambiguous wording of instruments to which the authorities of the Motherland have set their signature.

According to the 3rd article of the Treaty of 1825, the line of demarcation should ascend from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island (which was to belong wholly to Russia) to the north, along the Portland Channel to where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude. "From this last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains, situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich); and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian of 141 degrees, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the northwest." In further explanation of this article, it is provided in the following one that "Wherever the summits of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the coast, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast that is to belong to Russia shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." While, on the one hand, our neighbours are unwilling to abide by a delimitation which, at some points, gives them only a few miles of interior; on the other, the location of the Portland Channel has been disputed. Difficulties have arisen between miners, settlers and traders, claiming to be British or American, as it suits them for the time being to belong to either nationality. It would be well of all uncertainty were ended by a definite understanding between the two countries before more serious complications arise.

Messrs. Dun, Wiman & Company's half-yearly report, recently issued, shows that the total number of failures in Canada during the first six months of the present year was 886, with liabilities of \$7,352,333. By provinces, these failures and liabilities are distributed as follows: Ontario, 443, with liabilities amounting to \$3,359,363; Quebec, 305 and \$3,224,208; Nova Scotia, 52 and \$248,500; New Brunswick, 32 and \$147,528; Manitoba, 25 and \$153,451; British Columbia, 16 and \$115,948; and Prince Edward Island, 4 and \$41,270. These figures, compared with those of

previous years, tell most heavily against this province. Montreal has, however, been fairly well-to-do; several branches of business are thriving and the financial institutions are in good condition. The prospect in the coming months will largely depend on the yield of the crops, as to which, the uncertainty that has prevailed hitherto will now soon be at an end.

There is some prospect of Niagara Falls being turned to account in other ways than as an attraction for tourists. Schemes for using the water power have again and again been contemplated. Now it is to be employed, we are told, to generate electricity on a grand scale. An American company has been negotiating with the Government of Ontario to secure the concession of privileges on the Canadian side. Toronto is to be the eastern limit and chief objective point of the company's operations. The result of the enterprise will be awaited with interest.

One of the latest signs of progress in the Canadian iron industry is the creation of an iron-smelting company at New Glasgow, N.S. Mr. J. P. Watt, a wealthy capitalist of Halifax, is its president. The abundance of coal and iron ore in the district makes the new enterprise virtually sure of succeeding. It is said that blast furnaces will be erected without delay.

The French shore question in Newfoundland has, we regret to learn, reached a stage which portends serious trouble unless the British Government makes some effort to secure a definite solution of it. The relations between the French fishermen and the coast populations are practically relations of hostility. Having again and again appealed for redress in vain, some of the settlers are inclined to take the law into their own hands and to make a bold strike for what they deem their rights. Those who had engaged in the canning business are in the worst plight, as their French rivals, encouraged by the prestige of previous triumphs, have proceeded to extremities and insisted on the factories being closed. Some of the proprietors talk of seeking help from the United States, despairing of any recognition of their claims by the Mother Country. Altogether the situation is extremely anomalous, and for the sake, not only of our fellow-colonists, but of the good will between France and England, which is put in jeopardy by these incessant disputes, it is greatly to be desired that steps were at once taken to effect a satisfactory arrangement. The treaty by which alien fishermen have obtained the virtual command of a considerable portion of a British colony was a grave blunder in the first instance. If for generations no serious results followed, because the coast was all but unoccupied, the case is very different now, and it is the duty of English statesmen to devise some expedient to rectify the error of their predecessors.

On the 1st of October next the convention, recently concluded between the Post Office Department and Japan for the exchange of money orders, will go into operation. The maximum amount of an order is to be \$50. Victoria, B.C., and Tokio, will be the exchange offices in Canada and Japan, respectively.

The present fishing season has so far been marked by no serious trouble. The license system, which was renewed in order to afford an opportunity for negotiations between President Harrison's Government and our own, has served its purpose—a large number of American fishing vessels having

taken out licenses, and, except in one instance, no collisions with our authorities having occurred. In the case of the only seizure that was made, that of the Mattie Winship, the owners of the trespassing craft acknowledged their offense. It is to be hoped that ere long another and successful attempt will be made to settle the long vexed question.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

Certain recent events have, for the third or fourth time since the boon of Responsible Government was granted to the people of Canada, prompted a doubt as to whether that boon is fully understood and appreciated by those who enjoy it. It was only conferred after a long and bitter struggle, not unattended in two of the provinces that constitute the Dominion, by the shedding of blood. On the very eve of the sanguinary crisis, which was destined to bring about the change from the sway of an oligarchy to the rule of the people through their chosen and trusted representatives, the Gosford Commission hesitated to put Canada on the same footing as England as to ministerial responsibility. The reason alleged for the refusal was that the Governor would thus be divested of his traditional and lawful power. It must be recollected, however, that the doctrine was not of universal acceptance at that time, even in the United Kingdom. In 1834 William IV. did not shrink from dismissing the Melbourne Ministry, though it was supported by a large majority in the House of Commons. It was the last occasion on which the sovereign ventured to defy that body and the public opinion of which it is the expression.

Lord Durham, in his famous Report—the most fruitful result of his mission—in recommending the reunion of the Canadas, made it clear that, to restore order and contentment in the then troubled country, it was essential to give the people the fullest benefit of representative institutions. Such institutions involved the principle that the government should be administered by persons who enjoyed the confidence of the people. It was at length recognized that only by that system—the system of Responsible Government—could harmony be maintained. Mr. Poulett Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), on being appointed Governor-General, received definite instructions to carry out the ideas which Lord Durham had suggested as the only practicable basis of conciliation. Resolutions were also passed in the Legislature, which met after his arrival, insisting on the advisers of the sovereign's representative having the confidence of the people. These formal expressions of assent to the great principle of Responsible Government did not, nevertheless, ensure its unbroken observance on the part of either Governor or governed for some years to come. Difficulties arose when Lord Metcalfe refused to surrender what he claimed as the prerogatives of his office; and, in defending his course, that well-meaning but self-willed Governor cited the despatches of Lord Sydenham to prove that his professions did not accord with his real views as to the limitations of his power. In fact, according to Lord Metcalfe, Lord Sydenham held that responsibility, as well as authority, was still vested in the Governor rather than in the Government. Certainly that was the theory to which Lord Metcalfe himself clung with obstinate conviction. Viewed from the standpoint of later usage, his conduct was entirely unconstitutional;

while to him the functions of a Governor, as they are understood and discharged to-day, would have seemed to imply an inexplicable self-effacement.

In Lord Elgin's time the development of the principle reached another stage—the Governor binding himself to the strict execution of his instructions, while a portion of the Legislature and the people found fault with him for doing so. Lord Elgin's firmness, however, prevailed, and, though it exposed him to some temporary unpopularity, his good sense and judgment were abundantly vindicated in the sequel. The illustrious son-in-law of Lord Durham took pride in showing the world that the enlightened and liberal policy of that statesman could be carried out in Canada, and, although the test proved more severe than he had reason to expect (the opposition to Lord Durham's theory having hitherto proceeded from the Governors), his unfaltering courage carried it to a triumphant issue. Henceforth, notwithstanding some passing perils, Responsible Government could rest on a safe foundation. The approval of his course by the Home authorities was a pledge that they would never again interfere with the constitutional rights of the Canadian people, or support any Governor in so doing. And what had come to pass in Upper and Lower Canada had also come to pass in the Maritime Provinces. It had become an admitted principle of the constitutional system that no administration could remain in power unless it commanded a majority of the people's representatives, and that no Governor should overrule any ministry which enjoyed the popular confidence.

After the establishment of the federal régime, this principle was in force throughout the whole Dominion. Temptations to forget or disregard it, nevertheless, did not fail to present themselves. Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dufferin was assailed by the Opposition of the day for hearkening to the advice of his responsible ministers. But, as in the case of Lord Elgin, his critics, in their cooler moments, acknowledged that he had been true to the spirit of the Constitution. Again, when the Marquis of Lorne, from conscientious scruples or delicacy, shrank from exercising his authority in accordance with the wishes of his ministry, and thought it well to lay the question at issue before the Government at Home, the reply that he received from the Colonial Secretary was explicit as to the duty of following the opinion of his cabinet.

In fact, the Sovereign (or the Sovereign's representative) and the Ministry are, as far as the people is concerned, an absolute unity, for all that is done in the name of the former the latter is responsible. To whom? To the people's elected representatives, who, in turn, have to answer to the people for their words and acts. Ultimately the power resides with the electorate. But Responsible Government recognizes no severance between the power and will of the Queen or Governor and those of the Cabinet. To appeal to one is to appeal to the other. The attempt to divide their functions is to assail the principle for which Britons and Canadians struggled so long, and, to succeed in such an attempt, would be to overthrow the balance of our Constitution.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published in *extenso* "The Recluse," which completes the triad, of which "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" are the other parts. The author's characteristics as poet and thinker are said to be "presented in an admirable epitome in the sweet and smoothly flowing fragment."

LITERARY NOTES.

Prof. Paul Lafleur, of McGill University, has an appreciative article on Dr. Fréchette, the poet, in the last *Atlantic Monthly*.

The marriages of British peers with American heiresses will form the subject of a novel which the author of "Aristocracy" is now engaged in writing.

"The Songs of the Great Dominion" has, we are glad to learn, had a hearty reception in England as well as in Canada. Mr. Lighthall's spirited patriotism is its own reward.

"A Modern Mephistopheles," lately published by Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, is unlike most of Miss Alcott's works of fiction. It is a strange story, marked by originality and vigour, and is interesting in more ways than one.

The *Literary World* says it will be welcome news to the thousands who have been delighted with her "Records," to learn that Fanny Kemble has written a novel. The scene is laid in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. It will be published shortly by Henry Holt & Co.

We are glad to learn that Mr. J. M. Le Moine's new volume, "The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F.C.S.Q., in Eastern Latitudes," has already had an extensive sale. It is one of the most interesting and valuable of his admirable and patriotic series. We hope to have more to say of it before long.

Landor's "Pentameron," Poe's "Tales and Essays," and "Political Orations," edited, respectively, by H. Ellis, Ernest Rhys and William Clarke, are the latest issues of the Camelot series of Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, London. The firm is represented in Canada by W. J. Gage, Toronto, and W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal.

Mrs. Deland, the clever author of "John Ward, Preacher," is said to be a rather pretty, little, plump and very pleasant-faced woman of about thirty. She looks upon life, and especially upon literature, as very solemn affairs indeed, and there is little of the *insouciance* and superficial brilliance and brightness of the modern American woman-novelist about her.

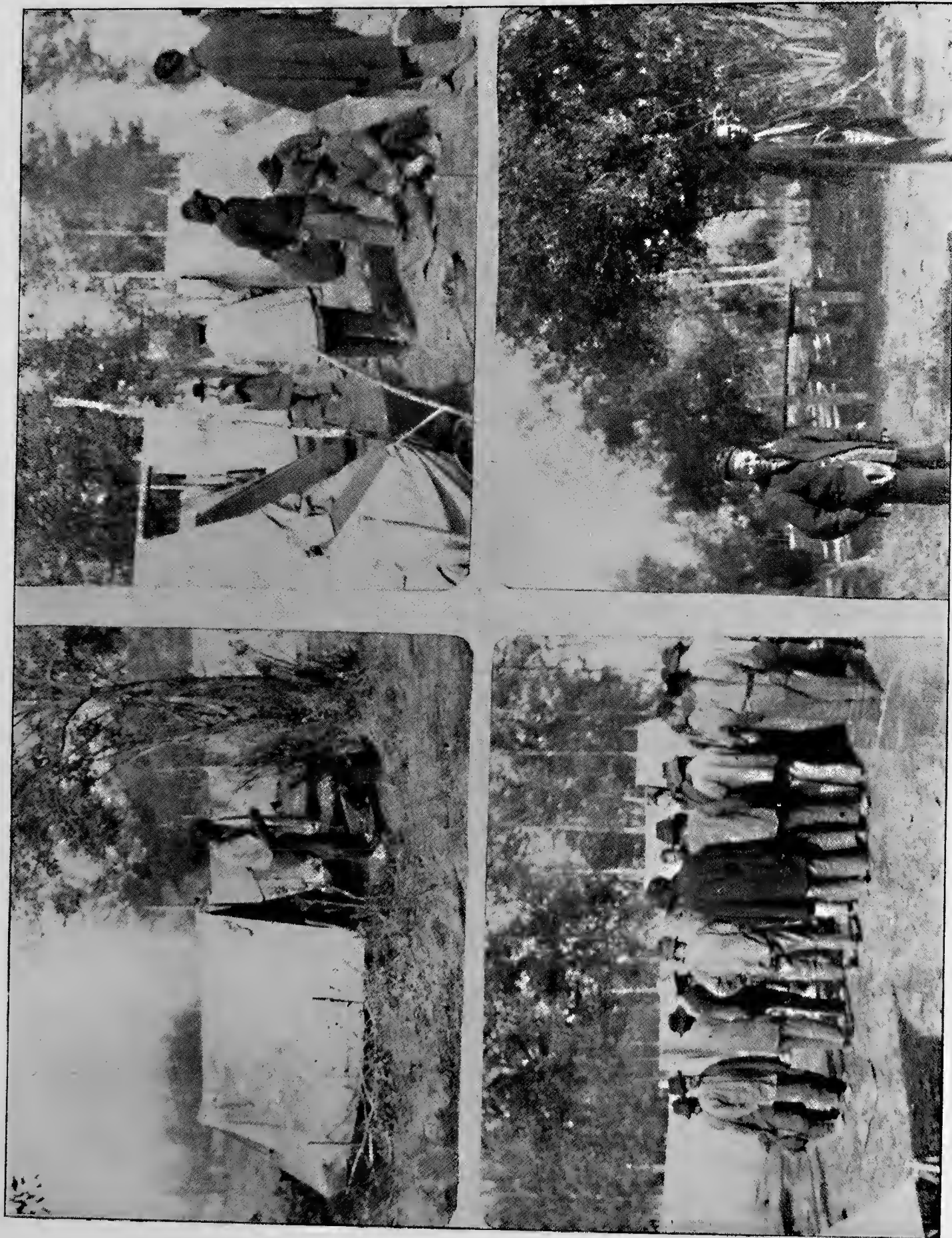
Lovell's Canadian Copyright Series, every work in which is published by arrangement with the author, to whom, moreover, a royalty is always paid, comprises "The Wing of Azrael," by Mona Caird; "The Fatal Phryne," by F. C. Phillips; "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," by Edna Lyall; "The Search for Basil Lyndhurst," by Ross Nouchette Carey; "The Luck of the House," by Adeline Sergeant; and "Sophie Carmine," by John Strange Winter. Several others are announced.

"Acadian Legends and Lyrics," by Arthur Wentworth Eaton, is the latest addition to our growing library of Canadian song. It is brought out in handsome form by Messrs. White & Allen, of London and New York, and does credit to the author and to Canada. A review of the book will appear in our next number. The Rev. A. W. H. Eaton, who is at present doing duty in Boston, Mass., has won high praise for another work, "The Heart of the Creeds: Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." It was published by Messrs. C. P. Putnam & Sons, and has reached a second edition.

We find the following appreciative reference to one of our prized contributors in a late issue of the *Portland Transcript*: "We note the entrance of another singer to the growing choir of the Dominion, and mark a distinct and individual voice ringing sweet and clear down on that shore of mine, the fairest, most romantic of the Maritime. Mrs. Sophie Almon Hensley, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Pryor Almon, D.C.L., and the recent bride of Hubert A. Hensley, Esq., of Stellarton, N.S., is the singer in question, and the author of a little volume of songs, sonnets and rondeaux, printed for private, but worthy of an extensive, circulation."

Mr. Theodore Watts, the leading literary critic of the *Athenaeum*, and the intimate friend of Dante Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and most of the great poets of our time, is remarkable for having obtained, and deservedly, a widespread reputation without having published a single volume. To the newly started *Magazine of Poetry*, published at Buffalo, Mr. Mackenzie Bell will contribute an article about him, prefixed to a selection from his poems. Mr. Bell is well known as the author of "Old Year Leaves," a volume of poetry, which obtained high commendation from the British literary press, and of "Charles Whitehead: a Monograph," biographical and critical.

A gentleman well on in years, the possessor of a thin, sensitive, refined and well-cut face, may often, says a contemporary, be seen on the trains of the Hudson River Railway between New York and Yonkers. The shape of his silk hat is a little old-fashioned and the general air of the man is distinctive and withal aristocratic and intellectual. He scans his morning paper with an eye as clear as when, nearly three decades ago, it epitomized the follies and foibles of New York society in that brilliant satire "Nothing to Wear." This old gentleman is none other than William Allen Butler, whose *Flora McFlinty* will ever stand as the classical American appellation for the "girl of the period."



CHINESE CAMP SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From photographs by Surveyor-General Deville.



CHINESE CAMP SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From photographs by Surveyor-General Deville.



THE HON. E. DEWDNEY, M. P., MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, ETC.—We present our readers with this fine engraving of the Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, in connection with a series of illustrations relating to the Northwest, which we have been contemplating for some time past and are now happy to begin. Of the importance of that vast region, which falls especially within the purview of Mr. Dewdney's administrative jurisdiction, our readers have not to be informed. There are, however, many details associated with the country's condition and progress, natural resources and scenery, and the population that is gradually filling up its waste places, on which Eastern Canada is still in the dark. To shed light on such topics is one of the principal aims of a journal like ours. The Northwest has a history which goes back over two hundred years—a history by no means destitute of romance, and traditions which take us to still remoter periods. The last word has not yet been said as to the origin of the Indians of Manitoba and the Territories, and the story of exploration has still to be comprehensively written. There are many vestiges of the past that are worthy of careful illustration. The sway of the Hudson Bay and Northwest companies and the rule of the united bodies over the great expanse, which once included a large part of the United States, offer a fine field for research, studded with spots as picturesque as any in the world. The later régime of the Dominion—purchase, occupation, colonization, conflict, railway construction, growth of cities and towns—is full of varied interest. It is our purpose to lay before our readers all that deserves attention and appreciation in the whole range of subjects thus outlined, and the Hon. Mr. Dewdney, as the representative of the Northwest both in Parliament and the Cabinet, naturally takes the leading rank among the prominent men associated with this manifold progress. The Hon. Edward Dewdney is an Englishman by birth, a civil engineer by profession. He is still in the vigour of his age, having been born in 1835 in Devonshire, that nursery of great men. He was for some time connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway, but had entered public life long before it was contemplated. In 1868 he sat for Kootenay in the Legislature of British Columbia, and, when that province entered the Confederation, he was among the first members of the House of Commons returned by its constituencies. In 1879 he was made Commissioner of Indian affairs, and in 1884 was nominated Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories. In 1887 he was named Minister of the Interior, in succession to the late Hon. Thomas White, and, as such, sits for Assiniboia in the House of Commons.

CHINESE CAMP AND STREET SCENES, VICTORIA, B. C.—These excellent views of scenes characteristic of Chinese occupations, habits and customs are from photographs by the Surveyor-General, Capt. Deville, F.R.S.C. The Chinese population of our Pacific Province has been the theme of much discussion in the House of Commons, the Provincial Legislature and the press. Some years ago a commission was appointed to inquire into the subject, with a view especially to ascertaining if certain charges brought against the Celestials were true, and, if so, to suggest what course had best be pursued to diminish their number and influence. The Hon. Mr. Chapleau, as head of the mission, with Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin as secretary, visited British Columbia, California and Oregon, and examined a large number of witnesses, some favourable, others opposed, to the presence of Mongolians in American communities. The Report was published in a bulky blue-book, giving a history of the Chinese from the earliest time to the present, setting forth their racial affinities, the peculiarities of their language, their religious beliefs, the diversities in stature, features, dialects and manners of the populations from which the immigrants are mostly drawn, the services they have conferred in railway building, mining, manufactures and other forms of industrial development, the amount of truth in the imputations made against them, the real grounds of the aversion which they have excited in certain classes of the Christian community, their vices—especially the use of opium and certain forms of immorality—their assiduity and frugality, their cheapening of the rates of labour, their quickness in learning, their skill, their usefulness as servants and other points of interest. The result of the commission's labours was the passage of laws restricting their importation, which have in the main been rigidly carried out. The prejudice against them is undoubtedly largely due to the competition which they occasion in the labour market, a competition which, owing to their mode of living, so different from those of Europeans or Americans, has the effect of taking from many of the latter the means of earning a subsistence. In California it is placed beyond doubt that many employers encouraged Chinese immigration while pretending to oppose it, and the debt Celestials are still largely employed in various branches of manufacture. There are some who maintain that their connection with the western coast of this continent is not of yesterday, but has, on the contrary, existed in remote centuries. An alleged find of ancient Chinese coins in British Columbia, some seven years ago, gave rise to considerable controversy. They were said to have been taken out of the banks of a creek in the Cassiar mining district, some thirty in number, of brass, and strung on an iron wire. The latter is reported to have dissolved

into dust on exposure to the air, and some experts claimed that the coins were extremely ancient—1200 B.C., perhaps. Mr. Edward P. Vining has written a book—based on a Chinese work of early date—to prove that the Chinese, with the aid of some Buddhist monks from northern India, discovered America in the fifth century. However that be, there is no doubt that the Chinese of the present day have taken to our western coast as if "to the manner born," and can make themselves quite at home there, and, indeed, anywhere, so long as they find employment and are not interfered with. Our engravings give a fair idea of their looks, demeanour, occupations and amusements. They are greatly addicted to gambling, but the "events" on which they stake their money would not always interest occidental betters—cricket fights, for instance. They also train quails to mortal combat. Hundreds of dollars are sometimes staked on these encounters. They also gamble with dice, cards, etc., and some of them are no strangers to the devices of the Christian sharper, who has occasionally found the heathen Chinese a tough customer, when matched against himself in "intent to deceive."

STAFF OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.—This engraving gives the portraits of the members of our Geological Survey—one of the most important and fruitful branches of the public service. Its history dates back to the early years of the union of Upper and Lower Canada. In the first parliament of the united provinces attention was called to the advisability of establishing such a department, and £1,500 sterling were granted for that purpose. It was not, however, until the 1st of May, 1843, that its actual work began. In the interval Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. E. Logan was appointed chief of the Survey, with the late Mr. A. Murray, afterwards the able head of the Newfoundland Survey, as his principal assistant. The objects of the institution were stated to be the making of an accurate and complete geological survey of the province, and to furnish a full and scientific description of its rocks, soils and minerals, accompanied by proper maps, diagrams and drawings, and a collection of illustrative specimens. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt was soon after attached to the Survey as chemist, and with this small staff and a moderate outlay, the operations of the Survey were prosecuted from year to year. Reports of the work accomplished were presented to Parliament, and the progress achieved in carrying out the provisions of the Survey was remarkable. In 1851 the collection of minerals sent to the first great London Exhibition was pronounced the most interesting and comprehensive of all the colonial collections. In 1855 a like exhibit, sent to the Paris Exhibition of that year, won general praise, and gained high honours for the director. In 1863 a voluminous report was published under the title of "Geology of Canada," which contained, in a condensed form, the substance of all the previous reports, and is still (though out of date in some points) considered a standard authority for the geology of Quebec and Ontario. In the preface to that work Sir W. E. Logan gave some interesting information as to the distribution of the work among his colleagues and himself. Besides those already mentioned, the late Mr. James Richardson, Mr. (now Dr.) Robert Bell, Mr. J. De Cew, Mr. James Low, Mr. Richard Oatey, the Rev. L. T. Wurtel, the late Mr. Billings, Dr. (now Sir) J. W. Dawson, the late Dr. Holmes, Mr. Sandford Fleming, the late Rev. Andrew Bell, Mr. Matthew, Mr. T. Macfarlane, and a large number of other gentlemen are spoken of as official or volunteer contributors of data or specimens. After Confederation an act (40 Vic., cap. 9) was passed setting forth the functions of the head and other officers of the Survey, in view of the enlarged sphere of operations opened up by the union of the provinces. These were, in general, comprised in the following clause: "To elucidate the geology and mineralogy of the Dominion, and to make a full and scientific examination of the various strata, soils, ores, coals, oils and mineral waters, and of the recent fauna and flora, so as to afford to the mining, metallurgical and other interests of the country correct and full information as to the character of its resources." In 1870, on Sir W. E. Logan's retirement from the directorship, Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn, who had served for many years in a similar capacity in Australia, was selected to succeed him. During the nearly twenty years which have since elapsed, the whole expanse of British North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and north to the shores of Hudson's Bay, and to points still more arctic towards the west, has been explored by Dr. Selwyn and his colleagues. The yearly reports and subsidiary volumes on special subjects—those on Paleontology, for instance, by Mr. Billings and his successor, Mr. Whiteaves, and on Botany, by Prof. Macoun—form an extremely valuable library on Canadian geology, mineralogy and natural history. The following are the names of the staff of the Survey, as at present constituted and as depicted in our engraving:

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Dr. Selwyn | 16 C. W. Willmott | 31 Prof. Macoun |
| 2 Dr. Dawson | 17 M. O'Farrell | 32 T. C. Weston |
| 3 J. F. Whiteaves | 18 L. M. Lambe | 33 Dr. Thurlbush |
| 4 Dr. Ellis | 19 Hugh Fletcher | 34 R. L. Bradburn |
| 5 Rev. Dr. Laffamme | 20 J. R. Tyrrell | 35 Robert Chalmers |
| 6 F. H. Adams | 21 A. S. Cochrane | 36 W. McTear |
| 7 Dr. Lawson | 22 H. P. Bruneau | 37 A. E. Barlow |
| 8 A. P. Low | 23 Amos Howland | 38 Alfred Robert |
| 9 Dr. Bailey | 24 James White | 39 W. H. Smith |
| 10 S. Herring | 25 Scott Barlow | 40 E. B. Dewling |
| 11 E. D. Ingall | 26 Wm. R. McEwan | 41 E. B. Kendrick |
| 12 John Marshall | 27 John McMillan | 42 L. M. Richard |
| 13 Dr. R. Bell | 28 Eugene Coste | 43 James McKay |
| 14 R. G. McConnell | 29 R. A. Johnston | 44 E. R. Fairbairn |
| 15 N. J. Groulx | 30 Hy. M. Ami | 45 J. M. Macdonald |

GHOST RIVER CANYON. Our readers have already had opportunities of becoming acquainted with these profound river gorges and their rocky sides, varying from the well-

nigh perpendicular to an acclivity that may be climbed. The canyon of Ghost River is, in some respects, one of the most interesting of the mountain region, and the view in our engraving is of a grandeur rarely equalled.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEAR SPUZZUM.—This engraving calls attention to a leading feature in the section of the old Government road between North Bend and Yale. It is situated at a point which is unsurpassed in scenic attractions of a kind that is characteristic of the Fraser country. The chasm crossed by the bridge is startling enough, but by the time that he has got to that stage on his journey, the C.P.R. tourist is accustomed to nature's terrors.

LOOKING UP SPUZZUM VALLEY.—The creek called Spuzzum, in affectionate remembrance of a savage patriarch, who was once chief in that district, is one of almost countless streams, that swell the volume of the Fraser after its junction with the Thompson. The view up the valley gives a fair idea of what is a familiar spectacle in this region. British Columbia has been called a sea of mountains, but in the hollows of its mighty waves there is fertile soil enough to support the population of a good portion of Europe.

THE MAN WITH A HISTORY.

In one of our ominous Arab wars,
We read of a regiment lured astray,
Surrounded, its men shot down in scores,
In the path of the whirlwind of foes all day,
And faint with the heat of the Red Sea shores,
The sword that shone in each captain's hand,
And the sergeants' uniforms caught the eye
Of the lynx eye crouched in the desert sand;
And singled the officers out to die,
As though they were stamped with a curse's brand.
The last to fall was in school-boy youth;
And yet the soldiery broke and fled
When he fell, as though he had been in sooth
A hero and veteran, who had bled
Long ere the Russians crossed the Pruth.

They broke and fled, and from every side,
Like vultures from far at the scent of gore,
Fresh Bedouins, hitherto unespied,
Wheeled down to finish the work of war,
And gloat over victims before they died.
The soldiers—half boys—had forsaken their ranks,
And huddled like sheep to escape the foe,
Who leapt like lions upon the flanks
Of a herd of terrified buffalo—
Caught—careless with thirst—on a river's banks!
And all to a man must have perished there!
When out of the ranks stepped forth apace,
One with a look of the devil-may-care
In his blood shot eyes and his vice-worn face,
Who flashed the dead officer's sword in the air,
And thundered his orders to form a square.
The men, when they heard the familiar word,
And saw the familiar signal flash,
Fell into their places with one accord;
Defiant alike of the Dervish dash,
And the hail of lead from the ridges poured.
Till a spy made his way from the foe, and led
Swift to the rescue their host, in force;
And the savages reeled away in dread,
Before the charge of avenging horse,
Leaving the man who had foiled them dead
(Pierced through the heart, when the fight was fought,
By a ball, which an Arab, in headlong flight,
Fired at a venture, though fate-befraught),
With the sword of the dead boy in his right,
And the colours fast in his left hand caught.
The Brigadier leaped from his horse in his haste
When he heard the story the saved men told;
And, while the Hussars the foe man chased,
Stooped down to loosen a chain of gold—
A slender chain round the swart neck laced.
Unbuttoned the dead man's stock and shirt,
And drew, from its hiding against his breast,
A wallet of leather engrained with dirt;
Close to his heart for safe-keeping pressed,
And wet with the blood of his heart's death hurt.
And, with dew in his eyes, which the men could see,
Discovered—only the miniature
Of a beautiful maiden of high degree,
Womanly-passioned and angel-pure
And a letter written, while tears fell free,
On paper gilt with the lordly crest,
Borne by her sires in the battles of aye,
In an envelope, worn with the pocket, addressed,
"Captain, the Hon'able Charles Le Grey,
No. 1000 Cromwell Road West."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes advises young men not to smoke. "It is liable to injure the sight," he says, "to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and to enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed."



He reaches success first who oils his wheels with civility.

A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes like a dead wasp.

Life would be one delightful slide if we did not have to drag our sledges back up the hill.

People should always make the most of fine weather when it comes, because there cannot be too much of it.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it is lucky for most of us that there is no building inspector around.

Fame is nothing more than the enjoyment of being abused to your face now, and being praised behind your back some hundred years hence.

There are two things needed in these days; first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work.

There comes a time in most men's lives when the bell rings for prayers; and unhappy is he who finds nothing to answer to his heart's supplications.—*Augustine Birrell.*

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining—they just shine.—*D. L. Moody.*

Only the few favoured by fortune can scale the rock of fame; but there is plenty of other work to be done by the multitude, as good and true in its own way if not so enduring.

Of all charities mere money giving is the least; sympathy, kind words, gentle judgments, a friendly pressure of weary hands, an encouraging smile, will frequently outweigh a mint of coins.

In England young men speak of their father as "the governor," "pater," the "overseer," etc. In America they say "dad," "the boss," or "the old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.

Old age has its privileges. It is a blessed thing to grow old and be respected, and honoured, and humoured. The very old and the very young are the light and the hope of the world. The dignity and wisdom of age and the innocence of childhood are the best features of life.

The Cross of Christ has presided over all the destinies of the modern world; it is linked with its trials, and with all its glories, it has served as a basis to its institutions, and a standard to its armies; it has consecrated the most dazzling pageantries of civilization, and the most secret emotions of piety; it has sanctified the palaces of emperors and the huts of peasants.—*Montalembert.*

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the cry of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away.—*Sterne.*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can give you
For every day:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

FINISH YOUR WORK.—Always finish work that you begin. One thing finished is worth a hundred half done. The completion of an undertaking yields more pleasure and profit than dozens of plans. The man who is always planning and scheming is rarely, if ever, successful. He often furnishes ideas for others, who go persistently to work and finish what his ideas suggested. "That was my idea—my plan," we frequently hear some one say; but the man who carried it out was the one who benefited himself and others. Do not begin what you cannot finish. What you undertake to do, do, and reap the reward of your own ideas and skill.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—The simplest receipt for happiness is to make some other person happy. This rarely fails. We are so eager to do some great thing that we are apt to overlook opportunities which occur every day for doing little kindnesses. A few flowers or a simple delicacy daintily served to one of the "shut-in;" the loan of books to hungry souls who count them a luxury they have no money to buy; a drive into the country for a poor woman whose days are spent in household drudgery; and full pay to the seamstress or washerwoman when her work is done; an unexpected interval of leisure to a faithful employee by now and then cutting short the prescribed hours of labour; a bright, cheerful good morning to a labouring man, with a kind word about his work and welfare—these are trifles, take little time, cost little money, give little trouble, but they brighten the drudgery of work a day life.

MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

This pretty little village is situated on the River St. Lawrence, nine miles above Montreal, and, on the 5th of August next, the citizens intend holding special services—one in the church in the morning and an historical soirée in the evening—in memory of the terrible massacre which took place there in the early days of Canadian history, just two hundred years ago. Three causes may be said to have led up to this massacre. First, in the year 1687 the French Governor, M. de Denonville, according to instructions received from the Court of France, seized a number of Iroquois chiefs, whom he had induced to come to Cataracoui, as if to a conference, and sent them off to France, where they were put to work in the King's galleys like convicts. The second cause was the severe chastisement inflicted by de Denonville on the Senecas, who were the most numerous, if not the bravest, of the Five Nations. The seizure of their chiefs and the defeat of the Senecas roused the ferocity of the other tribes. They attacked the fortified places and ravaged the settlements along the Richelieu, and were with difficulty driven off. In the meantime word was sent out from the Kings of England and France instructing their colonial governors to abstain from hostile acts against each other, and also to see that their Indian allies did the same.

Accordingly, the English Governor advised the Iroquois chiefs to make peace with the French on the following terms: Compensation to the Senecas, the restoration of the Iroquois who had been carried off to France, as well as other captives, and to demolish Forts Niagara and Frontenac. De Denonville met the Iroquois deputies at Three Rivers, and agreed to their terms in reference to prisoners and forts; but the other points were not settled, and the Iroquois returned for further instructions from their own people. On their way they were met by a certain renowned Huron chief, named Kondiaronk "Le Rat," who, with his followers, suddenly fell upon them, killing and wounding several before he would listen to their protestations that they were a peace party on their way home. Pretending to be much surprised at this, he assured them he was acting under orders received from the Governor himself. The Iroquois acted just as "Le Rat" had anticipated; they were completely deceived, and returned home burning with revenge for the supposed wrong done to them. The efforts of "Le Rat" to prevent the Iroquois and French from coming to terms were but too successful, and a terrible act of revenge and slaughter was resolved upon, which culminated in the massacre of Lachine.

Months passed away in doubt and uncertainty, and with the 14th of July, 1689, came the news that the mother countries were now at war with each other in consequence of James II. taking refuge at St. Germain, and the colonial governors were now released from their former orders. As a storm gives warning of its approach, so did the fury which was about to burst upon the unfortunate colonists begin to show itself by certain movements among the Iroquois tribes. Père de Lamberville and LeMoine de Longueuil were sent to quiet, if possible, the hostile feeling of the Senecas, but they failed to produce any effect upon the chiefs. Quietly but surely the Iroquois went on with the preparations for their bloody work.

The 4th of August, 1689, dawned clear and beautiful, as only a Canadian summer day can. A cloudless sky looked down upon the happy homes of the peaceful little village, nestling among the woods which fringed the banks of the broad St. Lawrence. The cheerful clatter of the *sabots* of the housewife as she moved to and fro on her errands, the joyous shouts of children as they mingled at play, and the distant murmur of men's voices as they worked in the fields, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of that quiet scene. No thought of cruel treacherous foe lurking on the other side of the river, with hand grasping tomahawk and poisoned arrow, came to disturb the minds of the people. Night with its creeping shadows came on, dark angry clouds now swept the sky, the wind moaned drearily through

the trees, the waves rose and fell with a sullen sound on the shore. Darker grew the night, fiercer and wilder howled the wind around that doomed place. And then, amidst a storm of rain and hail, numerous canoes glided forth from their hiding place and shot across the water. No sooner had they touched the land than out leaped hundreds of savage warriors, who, with stealthy step, grouped themselves round each home. No cry from sentinel arose to warn those doomed ones of the awful fate which was about to overtake them! If some nervous sleeper did awake and listen for a moment with that nameless dread of some pending calamity, "It was but the noise of the storm," he said, and sleepily laid down again—to wake to what? To the yell of the Indian war-whoop, to the glare of burning houses and the shrieks of men and women as they were hurled into the flames, or fell beneath the tomahawk. The cruelties committed on that awful night were indescribable. Never before or since has so terrible a tragedy occurred in Canada. The few who escaped were cut down as they fled on their way to Montreal. The ruin and havoc extended for miles and miles; not a home was left standing; even to the gates of Montreal they were burned.

THE GARDENS OF JUDEA.

We may conclude that while gardens were known and prized in Judea, they played no such conspicuous part in royal and priestly life as they did in most Oriental countries, while the private citizen, unusually devoted to agriculture and devoid of wealth, rarely, if ever, created them on an extensive scale. Moreover, we can divine that the royal gardens themselves were primarily places for propagation of fruit trees and other useful plants. Even the poetical imagery of the Bible reveals this fact, speaking much more of fruits, sweet-smelling herbs, and serviceable trees than of plants prized for their beauty or for the luxury of the shade they gave. Flowers were not required in religious ceremonies, but incense was, and odoriferous herbs are constantly referred to in the Scriptures, sometimes as very precious things. A "balsam garden" at Jericho was important enough to be noticed by Strabo, but in reading authors of his time we must not forget the great influence which Greek and Roman conquest had then had upon the world. Of course, flowers cannot have been neglected in Judea—there is no civilized time or country when this has been the case. But their rôle was private, not public; and plants are only mentioned in connection with the temple in those simulated forms of pomegranates, palms, and "flowers of lilies," which entered into the carved decoration. So learned and enterprising a King as Solomon may well have filled his gardens with exotics obtained from his constant helpers, the travelling and trading Phœnicians, and the mention of planting "strange slips," in Isaiah, xviii., 2, seems to indicate that they were especially valued. The Levitical law against the propagation of mixed species must, however, have stood in the way of such horticultural operations as have enriched the garden flora of modern people. The Jews had a peculiarly keen sense for the beauty and grandeur of natural scenery and of wild-growing forms of vegetation. Why, then, were their gardens less numerous and important than those of other Oriental nations? Partly, as I have said, because of their relative poverty and simple ways of life, but partly because, while the Egyptians, for example, were artists by nature, the Hebrews were not. The same difference which shows in the history of gardening shows in that of other forms of art. Art of every kind was vitally essential to the religious ceremonials of Egypt, but it played a minor part in Judea, and in many of its developments was absolutely outlawed. It was proscribed as a spring of spiritual danger. But it would hardly have been proscribed for this or any other reason among a people endowed by nature with a strongly artistic temperament. The Jews were a highly imaginative race, but their imagination concerned itself most of all with moral and spiritual things, least of all with the things of art.—*Garden and Forest.*

Noah would have failed as a railroad man. He even built an ark to keep stock from being watered.



GHOST RIVER CANYON, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

From a photo, kindly lent by H. N. Topley.



THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.

From a photo by W. Topley

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| 5 | 17 | | 6 | | 4 | | | | | | 2 | | | 31 | 32 | 1 | 13 | | | | | 3 | | | | | 9 | | | |

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

The physical side of modern education is, to a large extent, a return to the methods of the Greeks. Some of our games were in vogue among both the Greeks and Romans. Professor Mahaffy is disposed to identify our lacrosse with an ancient variety of ball-playing described by a Byzantine writer in these words: "Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize, lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point (a goal). Each of them has in his right hand a racket (rhabdon) of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net-fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the *rhabdoi* (rackets) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Père Lafitau, in his important work, "Moeurs des Sauvages Américains Comparées aux Moeurs des Premiers Temps," has anticipated Professor Mahaffy, who considers the rules for the game of lacrosse exactly the same as those for the Greek game, *episcyros*, as described by Pollux. Ball playing, in some form, is found among almost all nations and has been practised since the earliest times. It is mentioned by Homer, it was common among the Mexicans and Peruvians when the Spaniards conquered them. Charlevoix seems to think lacrosse peculiar to the Miamis, a tribe that lived on the banks of the Fox River, on the farther side of Lake Michigan. It was, however, well known to most of the other tribes west of the Mississippi.

Was it native to America, or did some newcomers of past centuries bring it by sea or land to this continent? Charlevoix tells a story which, if we could credit it, would account for the similarity of usage between the people of Asia and the inhabitants of the new world, which has given occasion to so many conjectures. He relates that a certain Father Grelon, having spent some years as a missionary in New France, had afterwards been sent to Tatiary in the same capacity. In the latter country he was surprised, one day, to meet with a Huron woman whom he had formerly known in Canada. He asked her by what chance she happened to be so far from home, and she replied that, having been taken prisoner in war, she had been conducted from nation to nation, till in the course of time she found herself where she was.

"Capel Court" sends us the following parody on a well known poem of Longfellow's:

THE STOCKJOBBER AND THE SCHEME.

I launched a scheme of promise fair,
The public asked for every share;
For if you frame prospectus right,
The "gudgeons" always keenly bite.

I worked the market with such care
There soon was premium on each share,
And when the stock was firm and strong,
I did not hold my own shares long.

Twelve months afterward—what a joke!
My little scheme went up in smoke,
And the gain, from beginning to end,
Was in the pockets of me and a friend.

Our readers have, no doubt, called to mind

"THE ARROW AND THE SONG."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long—long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

WITH BEAK AND TALON.

Barrel-built, yellow-haired, thin in flank,
Halko the Jarl, the Berserker,
Took his place on the rowing bank,
And yelled, as he grasped the oar of ash:
"Ho! cast off the landward chain!"
(In the red chain rattled amain).
"One! Watch well the rollers' wash,
Dip your blades together as one!
Two! Make of it a single splash!
In the name of the Trinity, three!
Dip!"—and the Serpent shot to sea.

Eight days full they tugged the sweeps,
Eight full days they trimmed the courses,
Full eight days they ploughed the deeps,
Eight days spurred the white sea-horses,
As, like flails, the rowers' ranks
Smote the running rollers' flanks,
Whilst the gull and cormorant,
Screaming, fled before the sail,
And behind was the gale,
Till, in time, with yards aslant,
Ran the Serpent on the strand
Of the Nose of Iceland.

Halk, the jarl, came to a mound
Paven with brown blasted turf,
Lying within reach and sound
Of the ever-flying surf.
Thrice he smote with good grey sword:
"In the name of the Lord,
Open, mound, and let me in,
I am Halko, the berserker."

With a thunderous grumbling sound,
Such as ship on leeshore awes,
Sullen, ope'd the blasted mound,
As the kraken opes its jaws,
And Halk, the jarl, went in.
There three women, giant tall,
In three robes of dusky pall,
Each one, silent, spinning, spinning,
As they've done from the beginning—
Spinning out the fates of men.

Bold, outspoken, cried he then:
"Dames, so grandam-like! what cheer?
What foul witch-woof spin ye here?
Give to me a swatch of web—
See! I cut it with my sword,
In the name of the Lord.
I to sea sail with the ebb,
And want the raven and the kite;
I want the pestilence and the flame
And famine and pain and woe;
Give me the carnage, give me blight
Of dishonoured name and fame
For Snorro Snorrson, my foe."
What happened more no tongue can name,
But, bearing a fateful shred of clout,
Halko, the berserker, came out.

Eight days' run to Skjortahaven—
The ninth day did battle yield,
When the foul kite and the raven
Fed on corpse, with screech and snarl,
Till they could not fly afield,—
But it was on Halko, the jarl.
Thus it has been since the beginning,
Special gifts aye prove a curse,
And the bravest gets the worse
Of the Valkyrs' spinning.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Perhaps some of our readers can oblige an inquirer by giving the names of the authors and titles of the following stanzas:

I.

As you sit where lustres strike you,
Sure to please,
Do we love you most or like you,
Belle Marquise?
Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
Belle Marquise,
Pale tendre rose, Du Barry,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, *certainly*—but to marry,
No, Marquise.

II.

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month in the year;
Will it be morning or noonday or night?
And who will watch at my bier?
As the carriage rolls down the dark street,
The little wife laughs and makes cheer;
But I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month in the year?

A physician in New York reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city there were five times as many cases on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side.

Leprosy is increasing in Russia. During the last ten years 49 patients were treated in the St. Petersburg hospitals, half of whom were natives of the city. The Baltic provinces suffer most from the disease.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro,
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep:
I, whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold:
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out.

The Canoe Sprays

This song of the canoe from the first romancer of to-day speaks his love of nature, his delight in unsophisticated scenes remote from cities, where discursive paddle and sail are exchanged for the hard and fast path-ways of your steam-bound traveller. Robert Louis Stevenson is of Scottish blood, and in his sketch of "The Foreigner at Home" he tells us how it comes that men of his race have enriched English literature with its noblest descriptions of scenery and with so much of its stirring romance:—

"A Scottish child hears much of shipwreck, outlying iron skerries, pitiless breakers and great sea-lights; much of heathery mountains, wild clans and hunted Covenanters. Breathes come to him in song of the distant Cheviots and the ring of foraying hoofs. He glories in his hard-fisted forefathers, of the iron girdle and the handful of oatmeal, who rode so swiftly and lived so sparsely on their raids. Poverty, ill-luck, enterprise, and constant resolution are the fibres of the legend of his country's history. The heroes and kings of Scotland have been tragically fated; the most marking incidents in Scottish history—Flodden, Darien, or the Forty Five—were still either failures or defeats; and the fall of Wallace and the repeated reverses of the Bruce combine with the very smallness of the country to teach a moral rather than a material criterion for life."

Three strains mingle in the blood of Scotchmen.—Celtic, Saxon, Norse. Each brings its freight of sentiment, sense, sensibility. The name and features of Robert Louis Stevenson show him most a Norseman. If we seek confirmation for this, we find it in his delight for the sea which can keep him on deck through most of that least romantic of voyages,—across the curve binding Liverpool to New York. In a yachting cruise his pleasure approaches rapture, for does he not bring to the water not only delight for wave, sky and sea-bird, but that equal gift, an imperturbable stomach in the worst weather? And apart from any betrayals which consist in his glee aboard ship, do we not see a Norseman's weird imagination in the romances he has woven for us? Such men as the author of "Dr. Jekyll" and of "Markheim" must have written the Sagas, told the stories of the Vikings. Norsemen have ever found his painful pleasure in dwelling on the might of nature and the insignificance of man; in probing the deep enigmas of conscience, which some modern philosophers cannot guess, and therefore count insoluble.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, most picturesque of cities, November 13th, 1850. His father, Thomas Stevenson, who died in 1887, was a builder of light-houses and harbours, an inventor who devised many of the most ingenious appliances employed in modern light-houses. He was fortunate in having not only great talent for his profession, but a strong taste for it. Inheritance prepared him to delight in his life-work,—he was the sixth of a family devoted to making the mariner's path one of safety. He was in his brother Alan's service during the building of Skerryvore, the noblest deep-sea light extant. Thomas Stevenson was in many ways as remarkable as his son, but as his field was confined to inconspicuous professional work, few could know his ability and merit. His gifts in conversation were impressive; he delivered his opinions pithily in a copious, unbackneyed vocabulary. This facility of expression did not follow him to the desk. In writing his books on engineering topics, books which stand high as authority, his style was laboured. Toward the close of his life, practice began to give him something of the freedom of a writer that he had always enjoyed as a talker. His was a somewhat sombre temperament, but this fortunately formed no part of his son's inheritance, with whom buoyancy is as natural as

courage. Thomas Stevenson espoused the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, a charming lady whose son is worthy of her simply because he resembles her. As he was an only child, it was but natural that his father should desire to train him up for the profession which was the family's inheritance, and seemed to be its mission as well. But at an early age the boy gave "promise of a disappointment." When but three and a half years old the instinct for composition began to stir within him. His father was absent from home, and his little son dictated a long letter to him, setting forth among other things that he had seen a bird's nest, "and how nice it was for there to be pretty eggies in it for the wee birdies to eat!" At six his uncle offered prizes among the youngsters of his family for histories of Moses. Robert, Bible-taught, was full of Moses and very anxious to contribute and win a prize, but how could he when he was unable to write? His mother came to his rescue by acting as amanuensis. Soon afterward, when he had learned to wield a pen, he wrote a history of Joseph, and a very creditable history it was for so small a boy. Both compositions were illustrated by his pencil, his ancient Hebrew subjects disporting garments much resembling those of modern Scotchmen. He was delicate from birth, often ill, and while yet very young manifested consumptive tendencies, which later assumed the fibroid form of pulmonary disease. When a boy it often became necessary to seek milder skies than those of rugged Scotland, and so long visits were paid to Southern Europe; upon scenes then stamped on his impressible mind he has drawn in writing many of his stories. At twelve he went through the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol; we have the impression transcribed in "Will o' the Mill." He has always been fond of long tramps, and before his health became seriously impaired was able to cover five miles in an hour. He several times tried to get over a mile in ten minutes, but could never manage it. On one of his tramps so fascinating was the scenery before him that he made an inconsiderately long detour. To regain home required an exertion under which he came near sinking. This bit of experience was in his mind when he came to describing David Balfour's utterly fagged out state as a fugitive in "Kidnapped." Ill-health has placed bounds to a natural activity which would delight in the whole round of out-door sports. Caution restrains him to quiet, unextended walks; to sailing, with just a little rowing now and then on calm water. Once in Switzerland, he was so delighted with coasting as to over-exert himself at it, and bring on the first of his hemorrhages.

With such unavoidable interruption as illness occasioned, Master Stevenson received an excellent education. At school it was his invariable practice to start a manuscript magazine among the boys, always contributing a story to it himself. His compulsion to write grew stronger and stronger upon him, but his talent came to the birth neither soon nor easily. In "Memories and Portraits" he says:—

"All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whistle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also, often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory."

When sixteen he wrote an account of the Pentland Rising, which so pleased his father that he had it printed for private circulation. His father—good man—was so convinced that dioptric lights and mathematical investigations into the propagation of waves were among the chief ends of man, perhaps the chiefest of a Stevenson, that the evidences of his son's ambition were quietly blinked. On went the work of preparing the youth for the profession passionately beloved of his father. Harbours and light-houses in construction were visited, and Robert was given tasks in a carpenter's shop and a brass foundry. Incidentally he was brought to ship-yards for such knowledge as circulates in their tarry air. It soon became clear that his heart was in none of these things. One evening his father and he had it out, and he acknowledged that he cared for nothing but literature. "That's no profession," said his father, "but you may be called to the bar if you choose." So, at the age of twenty-one, he began to study law, not however to the abandonment of his pen. His pen was soon to prove full inheritance of his father's constructive genius, but the gift was to be applied elsewhere than on brawling reefs and sea-coasts. In 1873, when in London, Mr. Sidney Colvin saw some of his work and at once recognized its power and promise. He introduced the young author to the editor of the "Portfolio," in which his paper "Roads" soon appeared. A second article, written that same winter at Mentone, "Ordered South," came out in Macmillan, and is reprinted in "Virginibus Puerisque." It alone among all his writings gives a picture of the life he has led for years as an invalid, journeying from one health resort to another. "Ordered South" cost its author three months labour. He felt that he had it in him to write, but to prove it demanded inflexible persistence. His rich mine of expression was gold to be sure, but when did ever mine yield its treasure, smelted, refined and minted?

A legal career abandoned for letters, Mr. Stevenson began work with an earnest industry only limited by his precarious health. Whilst staying at the Burford Bridge inn, where he went to be near his friend, George Meredith, he made a study of the rascal-hero, Villon, reprinted in "Men and Books." His subject inspired him to write concurrently one of his strongest short stories, "A Lodging for the Night." Here he began the first "New Arabian Nights," continuing them through five months of travel which included sojourns in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Barbizon and Le Monastier. This last place came in during his tour in the Cevennes, described in his "Travels with a Donkey," an exquisite little book, entertaining, sprightly and philosophic. He gives us his motive for the tour quite candidly:—

"Why any one should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose. For my part I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilization and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints."

His travels in the Cevennes concluded, his little donkey Modestine sold and paid for, our author found himself greatly invigorated for his work. That autumn and the following winter he wrote "Providence and the Guitar," and the "Inland Voyage." "The Pavilion on the Links" was next commenced in London, to be finished during his first visit to America in 1880. Whilst in California an event occurred which, let us hope, may yet induce him to take up his permanent abode within the wide latitudes of America. This event was his marriage to Mrs. Osbourne, *née* Van De Grift. This gifted lady was born in Indianapolis during Mr. Beecher's pastorate there, and was baptized by him. Her literary talent has enabled her to give her husband invaluable aid as collaborator, an office within recent months also bestowed upon her son, Mr. S. Lloyd Osbourne.

(To be continued.)

Some people never pay anything but visits to their relatives.



MR. HARRY LEE, of the Hamilton Yacht Club, has purchased the cutter Vera, of Port Dover. She is a fine cruising yacht of 30 feet l. w. l., and was built for Mr. Ball, of Port Dover, in 1884, from a design by A. Cary Smith, of New York.

PETERSON TO ROW HANLAN.—Arrangements are being made for a single scull race between Henry Peterson, of Salt Lake City, the Pacific Coast champion, and Ed. Hanlan, who is now in San Francisco. Peterson's friends have already put up \$2,500, and the chances are the race will come off at Garfield Beach about Aug. 1.

BASEBALL is getting to be all the rage in Cuba. At the last game in Havana the attendance was 9,000. The Spaniards never used to patronise any other sport than bull fighting, but now they take far more interest in baseball. Leading citizens assert that baseball will kill bull fighting, and a couple of years from now the latter sport will never be heard of again in the island.

DONOVAN, the winner of the Derby, has been a wonderfully good servant to his master, for as a two-year-old he won 11 races out of 13, worth over £16,000, while this season his victory in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Leicester was worth £11,000, and in the Newmarket Stakes £6,000. To this must be added the £4,000 won at the Derby, and his future engagements comprise many valuable races, which, given good health, he cannot well lose.

WINNIPEG GUN CLUB.—The Winnipeg Gun Club is the senior club of the province, and was organized in March, 1884, with W. R. Hamilton, who has since removed to Montreal, as president. The original members and founders of the club were C. W. Armstrong, Frank L. Patton, W. R. Hamilton, A. Holloway, M. Putnam, F. H. Morrice and B. E. Chaffey. The club has splendid practice grounds on Furby street in that city, and is in a fairly prosperous condition. Its membership list includes the following well-known sportsmen:—A. Holloway, C. W. Armstrong, S. P. Clark, F. H. Morrice, James Joss, P. A. Macdonald, T. G. Poyntz, R. Girdlestone, H. M. Williams, B. L. Chaffey, R. A. Rattan, F. L. Patton, H. J. Eberts, G. W. Allan, T. Howard Wright, H. M. Howell, A. Clarke, G. F. Galt, G. Andrew, H. Galt, W. E. Henderson, G. T. Tempest, A. E. Richards, C. W. Graham, John Galt, C. A. Boxer, J. McL. Holliday, D. Smith, J. K. Waghorn, F. Drummond, Major Bell, M. B. Currie, W. A. Thompson and G. D. Wood.

WHAT BALL TOSSERS DO.—The profession of the baseball player never stood as high as it does to-day. There never was a time when the morals of a young man were investigated upon his seeking an engagement as to-day. The drinkers are being surely and quickly weeded from the ranks, thanks to the severe penalties that are being called for under the rules. The business has attracted a large number of college bred men, and it offers them congenial occupation with large salaries. Many ball players pursue their studies in the winter and play ball in the summer, earning enough to defray all the expenses of their education. Saunders, of the Philadelphia Club, took a course in civil engineering last winter; Gunning, of the Athletics, was in attendance at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania; Bingham, of Harvard, is to graduate from Harvard this year; Knowlton, of the Eastern Club, is a member of the Harvard medical school; Garfield, of the Pittsburg Club, is studying at Oberlin University; Mead and Cahill, of the New Haven team, are graduates of Holy Cross College in Worcester; Tyng is a Harvard graduate, Wagenhurst comes from Princeton, and many other instances could be mentioned. Nor must the cases of Messrs. John M. Ward and James H. O'Rourke, of the New York Club, be forgotten. The former took the course of Political Science in Columbia College, and, with the latter, attended the lectures in the Yale law school, where they received their degrees of LL.B., and were afterward admitted to practice before the bar of Connecticut. Mr. Ward is undoubtedly the most intelligent ball player in the profession. He is a most prolific writer for the magazines and the press, and he has written a book on baseball, which is decidedly the best and most comprehensive of the kind ever issued. —Boston Herald.

SONNET.

"Oh! set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I!"

—JENNINGS.

Higher than I! O infinite Friend of man!
Higher than saint or seer can reach, else dark,
That silent sea on which we all embark,
Rolls round the shore of life's uncertain span,
From sin's mysterious abyss, no plan
But Thine redeems. Christ, the sole star-like hope,
Though searching eyes the wide horizon scan,
Piercing the gloom, where, that ray lost, we grope
From desert realms by unbelief stained,
Or heights by struggling human virtue gained;
Help us to climb—though never to Thy scope
In earth or heaven the creature be sustained,
Yet, echoing David's need, lift me, I cry,
To that strong Rock that higher is than I.
June, 1884.

A. C. JENNINGS.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEAR SPUZZUM, FRASER RIVER, B.C.

Notman, photo.



LOOKING UP SPUZZUM VALLEY.

Notman, photo



VIEWS IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, VICTORIA, B.C.

From photos. by Surveyor-General Deville.



OLD HOMES.—If one runs over the list of the persons known to him he finds very few of more than forty years old living in the houses in which they were born. Of the twenty houses built more than fifty years ago nearest my own, only one is lived in by the family by which it was originally occupied, while most of the others have had numerous successive owners or tenants. Of my own friends near my own age there are but two or three anywhere who live in the houses which their fathers occupied before them. This lack of hereditary homes—homes of one family for more than one generation—is a novel and significant feature of American society. In its effect on the disposition of the people and on the quality of our civilization it has not received the attention it deserves. The conditions which have brought about this state of things are obvious. The spirit of equality, and the practices, especially in regard to the distribution of property, that have resulted from it; the general change in the standards of living arising from the enormous development of the natural resources of the country, and the consequent unexampled diffusion of wealth and material comfort; the rapid settlement of our immense territory, and the astonishing growth of our old as well as of our new cities, have been unfavourable to the existence of the hereditary home. There is scarcely a town in the long-settled parts of the Northern States from which a considerable portion of its people has not gone out in the course of the past fifty years to seek residence elsewhere. Attachment to the native soil, affection for the home of one's youth, the claims of kindred, the bonds of social duty, have not proved strong enough to resist the allurements of hope, the fair promise of bettering fortune, and the love of adventure. The increasing ease and the vast extension of means of communication between distant parts of the country have promoted the movement of the population.—*Charles Eliot Norton.*

TASTE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—Taste is one thing; display is another. It is not pleasant to right-thinking people to have a man continually telling his neighbours how rich and lucky he is, either by his way of dressing his house, or himself, or his family. Those people who put everything they possess on show in their parlors, succeed in making those apartments look like shops, and the eye tires with a jumble of objects and confusion of tints. There should be useful spaces of comparative barrenness or subduing shadow in every room that is much occupied, for it is better that there should be too little decoration than too much. One would not wish to see his wife always attired in her most expensive and uncomfortable costume, and wearing all her jewels at once, yet there is a similar impression of unrelieved display in not a few domestic interiors. It is wiser for the householder to entrust a professional decorator with the task of beautifying his house than for him to undertake that work himself, when he has not the aptitude or training for it. Speaking on this point, Edmund Russell, the artist and lecturer, says: "Don't emblazon your front door with armored knights and rampant lions, because they don't belong or grow there. Don't put your initial or your name on everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork, or look at a pillow-sham, will read, 'John Smith, my property.' It's all right to mark things of use in some such way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them, mark the letters small, and put them on the back of the object, not in front. The lady who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in a glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and

when you have a picture, don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of colour and gilt gingerbread."

CARE OF CHILDREN.—Children should be bathed freely, and should be allowed plenty of fresh air and exercise. The sleeping apartments should always be well ventilated. Plenty of good food should be given, and children should not be allowed to eat confectionery, cakes, pies, or any similar articles. Unripe fruit should be forbidden. Exposure to sudden changes of heat and cold, to wet and dampness, or to the direct rays of the summer's sun, should be avoided as far as possible. Avoid any crowding of the room occupied by the baby, especially at night. Do not keep a young child in the same room in which cooking or washing is going on. Keep the windows of the room open day and night in hot weather. The clothing of a young child should be loose and light during the summer months. Have the night dress thoroughly aired during the day, and the day clothes aired during the night. Do not keep the child's head heated by any covering, except when exposed to the heat of the sun. Children suffering from diarrhoea should be taken directly to a competent medical man. Purgative medicines should be avoided. Avoid also the so-called soothing syrups, cordials, etc.; they all contain opium in some form, and often children are "soothed" to death. A house in which children are often ailing with sore throat or diarrhoea is probably wrong in its drainage. In such instances be sure to ascertain the soundness of the sanitary arrangements. Every person, whether young or old, attacked with looseness of the bowels should at once give proper attention to the trouble and not allow it to run on. In very warm weather all persons should live temperately and regularly on those articles of food which they are used to and which agree with them. Fresh fish, fruit and vegetables may be taken with impunity, provided they are sound and free from taint. All food that is tainted and smells disagreeably should be avoided. Great care should be taken not to give stale, sour or tainted food to children. Sour or tainted milk is one great source of diarrhoea in children, and should on no account be given to them. Intemperance and drunkenness invite attacks of cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery. Temperance in eating and drinking is a great safeguard against diseases of the bowels. It is of the utmost consequence to avoid all foul smells, as of privies, sinks, closets, drains, garbage and the like. See that your privy pits are well cleansed and disinfected with copperas (sulphate of iron), by first dissolving one and a half pounds of the material in a gallon of water, and then flushing your soil pipes with it, or by emptying the solution into the privy pit, sprinkling well the sides of the pit.—*Dr. C. W. Chancellor.*

WONDERS OF THE CAMERA.

The peculiar rhythmical effects which accompany discharges of powder and of nitro-glycerine compounds have been elaborately investigated by the aid of photography. It has also been suggested that careful photographs, taken of steel and timber just at the point of rupture under a breaking load, would conduce to our knowledge of the complicated subject of elasticity.

The lightning flash can be investigated. Dr. Koenig, in a recent communication to the Physical Society of Berlin, states that he has photographed a cannon-ball which was moving at a rate of 1,200 feet per second. The ball was projected in front of a white screen and occupied one-fortieth of a second in its passage. Marey has photographed the motions of limping people, and has thus given surgeons the materials for a study of lameness. It is said, moreover, that photography often reveals incipient eruptive diseases which are not visible to the eye. Photographs taken by flash-powders of the human eye, showing it dilated in the dark, give the oculist a new method of studying the enlarged pupil.—*Prof. Townbridge.*

POT POURRI.

Slowly but surely our Canadian ladies are beginning to realize the delights of keeping a rose-jar, so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, who never tire of telling how, in their young days, they gathered the great clusters of roses, still wet with the dew of early morning, to add to the old family rose-jar which stood in the hall or in the drawing-room. Some of these had been in the family for generations, and were handed down with as much pride as though they had been some rare jewels. In how many of the old country homes in England could we not find such jars? What wonderful stories they might unfold to us as they have quietly stayed in their places through the many changes in the old home! Those of our readers who are so fortunate as to possess a garden can gather their own roses; but, if they have none, they can ask any of the florists to save the rose leaves for them. Though of course roses grown outside are preferable. To those who have not as yet commenced to keep one, I would say begin at once, and see if you are not amply repaid for your trouble. Among the many recipes for making one are the following:—

POT POURRI No. 1.—Take half a peck of fresh rose leaves, gathered, if possible, before the sun is on them, their fragrance being stronger in the early morning.

Take a large bowl, or earthen jar, strew a handful of table salt on the bottom, then three handfuls of leaves, then salt, and so on until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt.

Let it remain five days, stirring and turning twice each day.

Add to this, at the end of the fifth day, three ounces of bruised stick cinnamon, three ounces of bruised alspice.

This is the stock.

Put it into the permanent jar, layer by layer—first a layer of leaves, then a layer of spice—and sprinkling between the layers one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered, a little ginger root, one grain of finest musk, half a pound of freshly dried lavender flowers, two ounces of finely powdered orris root.

Then add the following essential oils at your pleasure: jasmine, rose, geranium, lavender, rosemary, violet, etc.

Lavender, Florida, and magnolia water are excellent added from time to time, as also any fine cologne, rose or May-flower water.

POT POURRI No. 2. DRY.—Dry the rose leaves in the sun; then add two drams of spikenard, one dram of Benjamin, one-fourth dram of cloves and orris root, three grains of musk, one-half dram of Sal Prunella. Break the greens a little and mix them well with the rose leaves.

POT POURRI No. 3. WET.—Have a large stone jar with a lid, into which throw rose leaves fresh from the bushes. Between every layer throw a large spoonful of bag salt, roughly pounded. Each day when you add more flowers, stir with a wooden spoon. After one month the curing will be complete. Transfer the mass to a china jar, and spices added, any liquid remaining to be poured away, but the mass left wet. The spices are: One-half ounce of cloves, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one ounce allspice, one ounce gum storax, one ounce orris root, one dozen grains of musk, a few sage leaves and some lavender cut small, two drams of spikenard, all roughly powdered and thrown in with the leaves and well mixed.

THE JAPANESE WOODEN SHOE.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the road! They all wear wooden sandals, and their stockings are a kind of mitten with a finger for the big toe. During wet weather their sandals become stilts, and the whole Japanese nation increases its stature by three inches when it rains. These sandals are held to the foot by straps coming over the toes, and there is a straw sole between the foot and the sandal of wood. A tall Japanese on a stilt sandal closely approaches the ridiculous. He sometimes tucks up his long gown under his belt to keep it from being splattered by the mud, and the backs of his bare calves seem to be walking off with the man. The Japanese walk is peculiar. The men put their feet straight in front of them like the American Indian. They lift them high off the ground, and they have a get-there air about them. The women waddle and waddle: they bend over as they walk, and they have what is now in America the fashionable stride. Their little feet in sandals turn inward, and all female Japan is pigeon-toed. Your Japanese beauty is not averse to showing her ankle, and the soul of the Japanese bean does not flutter when he sees a two-inch slice of cream-coloured skin above the three-inch foot mitten. The Japanese shoe store is one of woodenware rather than of leather, and the cobbler mends his shoe with the chisel and plane.—*Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.*

DOLLARD.

[The colony of New France had been repeatedly scourged by the Iroquois, and was, in the spring of 1660, in terror and despair, expecting another attack. It was known that large numbers of Iroquois had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa, and that they intended making a descent on Montreal. Dollard, a young officer, 25 years of age, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, conceived the idea of saving his country by a display of heroic valour. With the consent of Maisonneuve, the Governor, he persuaded sixteen brave men to join his enterprise, all of whom bound themselves by oath to fight to the death, and neither to give nor take quarter. They met the enemy at the foot of the Long Sault rapids of the Ottawa, which had been called "The Thermopole of Canada"]

The priest was at the altar, where
The open missal lay,
While, through the window, stole the fair
First streaks of breaking day;
Adown the chapel, in the crowd,
A solemn stillness fell,
While, in the tower, rang aloud
The startled sanctus bell.

Before him knelt, of France's sons,
A score of hearts as true
As e'er received God's benisons,
Or love of country knew.
With falt'ring voice he turned and spoke,
And bade them truly swear
Their death oath, while the incense smoke
Wreath'd upward through the air.

In low, stern words they made their vow
Before the Sacred Host—
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
They would not count the cost
To save their country in its need—
Like rocks to stem the sea,
Or dare again the Grecian deed
Of famed Thermopolæ.

The Mass is sung and Ville Marie
Is gathered on the shore
To say the parting word, to see
What love-lit eyes of yore
Beheld from many a moated keep,
When knights, with banners gay,
Troop'd o'er the bridge, rode up the steep
Green hill, and spurr'd away.

The river gleams in summer hues,
The lush grass trampled lies,
Where late were beached their bark canoes,
Where now a thousand eyes
Strain westward, o'er the path of light
Across the river run,
And where the billows, green and white,
Leap up to kiss the sun.

And then suspense! From out the town
No toiler drives his plough
Afield, where fertile acres down
Slope from Mount Royal's brow;
And women weep within the fort,
Or start, as if they saw
The phantom of each wild report,
The scourging Iroquois.

But Dollard leads his band to death—
Five days they stem the stream,
Then, watchful, pass, with bated breath,
Saint Anne's fair isles between;
Along the river's marge they glide,
Across the Mountain lake,—
The loon calls o'er the waters wide,
The night hawk in the brake.

They meet, where rushing, half amazed,
In many a light canoe,
The dusky foe, his war-cry raised,
Comes tumbling down the Sault;
The poplar shivers at the sight,
The trillium hangs its head,
The lily shows the garish light,
And shrinks within its bed.

A fort, built by Algonquin braves,
Twelve moons ago or more,
Gives shelter, where the water laves
The long, low river shore;
And day and night, bereft of sleep,
In smoke, and blood, and grime,
At bay the savage hordes they keep,
And calmly bide their time.

Seven hundred braves are Dollard's foes,
His men are scarce a score,
And truly every hero knows
For him life's dream is o'er;
No more he'll see Mount Royal's crown,
With hue of maple green,
Or hear the great waves rolling down
The rapids of Lachine.

They fought for God and France, they fell
As heroes only may;
They smote the Mohawk ranks so well
They slunk in fear away—
In haste they crossed the gleaming wave
For far Oneida's shore;
New France, which Dollard died to save,
Had rest and peace once more.

We all must die! Then better far,
For home or country's weal,
The bullet in the thick of war,
The sharp, quick thrust of steel,
Than coward ease; and better fate
Adown the ages rung,
Than only an unhonour'd name,
Unknown, unloved, unsung.

Kingston, May, 1889.

K. L. JONES.

RICHARD COBDEN'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a Country Councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white. The expression of her face is refined and gentle, and she wears picturesque and becoming costumes, which complete a very attractive personality. And yet, with all her gentle womanliness, no one has done peripatetic agitation more persistently than she. She has lectured and spoken all over the country on all manners of topics. Her name is, of course, a very valuable piece of political stock in trade. It cannot be said that she really speaks well, and she dislikes it above all things, and yet her name, her pleasant voice and her obvious sincerity and genuineness never fail to make an impression. She is certain to carry her audience with her. Miss Cobden lives alone in a cosy little house out at Hampstead. Two of her married sisters are well known in the artistic world, one as the wife of Mr. Sanderson, barrister and artistic bookbinder, the other as the wife of Mr. Sickert, one of the cleverest members of the "Impressionist" school. The farmhouse at Midhurst, Sussex, where Cobden spent his declining years, still remains in the family, and his political daughter has always made use of the connection to keep alive a little spark of local liberalism in the heart of one of England's most Tory counties.

OLIVES.

The olive is one of the oldest trees mentioned in history. The ancients had almost a religious regard for it, and its branches early became the emblems of peace and good will. In this age it is valued chiefly for its oil. In Southern Europe, where it is extensively grown, the fruit, which is a small green oval, is gathered when rare-ripe and spread for several days to dry and ferment. It is then crushed in a mill, the stones being so adjusted as to avoid breaking the stone of the fruit. It is then put into coarse bags and the oil is expressed by a screw press. The crushed mass is ground a second and sometimes a third time, to obtain lower grades of oil. Besides its very extensive use as food, the oil is valuable for its medicinal qualities and for cutaneous application. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is used to fatten hogs, and as a fertilizer. The green fruit, pickled in salt water and spiced, is esteemed by many as a relish.

NIGHT AIR.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—*Sanitary World*.



"HAVE you ever been through the St. Lawrence rapids?"
"No; but I married my third wife last week."

A GREAT many girls say "no" at first; but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives.

TEACHER (to pupil): "Johnie, what is a demagogue?"
Johnie: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whiskey, or any other liquor."

GIBSON: "I don't think I shall put my yacht into commission this season. It costs too much money—a regular fund, eh?"
Dumley: "Yes, or a floating debt."

"WHAT are you doing, Patrick?" "Wakin' up your husband, ma'am." "But why?" "Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the dhrapa to make him sleep."

"THIS heading, 'French Duel; a Man Hurt,' doesn't fill the line by about three-quarters of an inch," sung out Slug 47. "Fill out the line with exclamations points!" thundered the foreman.

"ENJOYED your party, Bobby?" "Oh, awfully." "Well, what little girls did you dance with?" "Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights downstairs with Willie Richardson, an' I licked him every time."

When some one with a monster foot
Comes down upon your corn,
How clearly you recall the fact
That man was made to mourn!

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then very few are going that way."

"Sing Sing!" shouted the brakeman, as a Hudson River train slowed up at that station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger with short hair and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car, in charge of a deputy sheriff.

"MA," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby. I hope you'll never do such a thing as that." "No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby, emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."

THE night before May—"Call me early, mother, dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May." "Don't be a fool, Maud. I'll call you early enough. Take up your bedroom carpet the first thing, and after that I'll find enough to keep you hustling."

SANDY BURNET, a canny, well-to-do tailor in G—, was one night aroused by his wife with the cry, "Get up, Sandy, there's a burglar in the house." "Wheest, then, till he get's something worth while, an' we'll tak' it frae him. I ken burglars," said the poor tailor, who was all of a tremble.

THE grave of Miles Standish has been discovered at South Duxbury, Mass., but it has been decided that the skeleton found therein has been that of a woman. When a woman crowds a man out of his own grave, the woman's rights movement has gone about far enough. We had a different opinion of Miles.—*Norristown Herald*.

AFTER breaking the wishbone—She: "There, it's yours. Now wish; but mind, you musn't tell your wish or it will never come true." He (tenderly): "But may I not tell you?" She: "Oh, dear, no." He (pathetically): "It never can come true unless I do tell you." She (shyly): "Well, then, in such an exceptional case, perhaps you had better tell me."

A GENTLEMAN was once in a company where it came to be disputed whether it was better for a man to have sons or daughters. When asked for his opinion, he gave the following sage response: "I ha'e had three lads and three lasses. I watna whilk o' them I liked best see lang as they soaked their mither; but de'il ha'e my share o' the callants when they began to sock their father."

A LEARNED Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the object of the court reminded him that there was one of the criminals on whom he had not passed sentence as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship. "I really beg his pardon. Bring him in."

"YES, Jennie," said the young lady's beau, as he clasped her small hand in his and gazed lovingly into her melting eyes. "although I'm in comfortable circumstances now, I've seen the day when I've been hard pressed." "Indeed?" she said. "Yes, indeed; pretty hard pressed." "I don't remember," she said, with a shy look, "of ever having been hard pressed." She was a moment after.

AN Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the Court the jurymen found them not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar the judge, addressing the jailer, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep these respectable gentlemen until half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like at least to have two hours' start of them."

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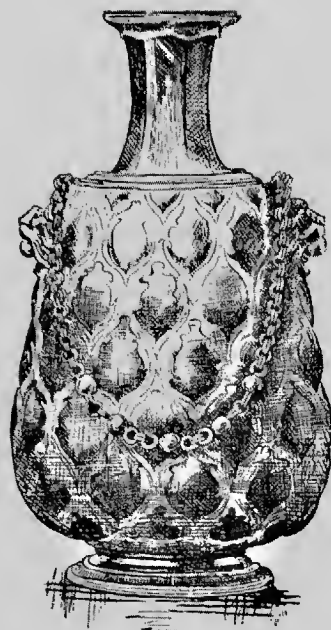
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THE KOLAPORE CUP,

Just won by the Canadian team at Wimbledon.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:
"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

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At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:

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